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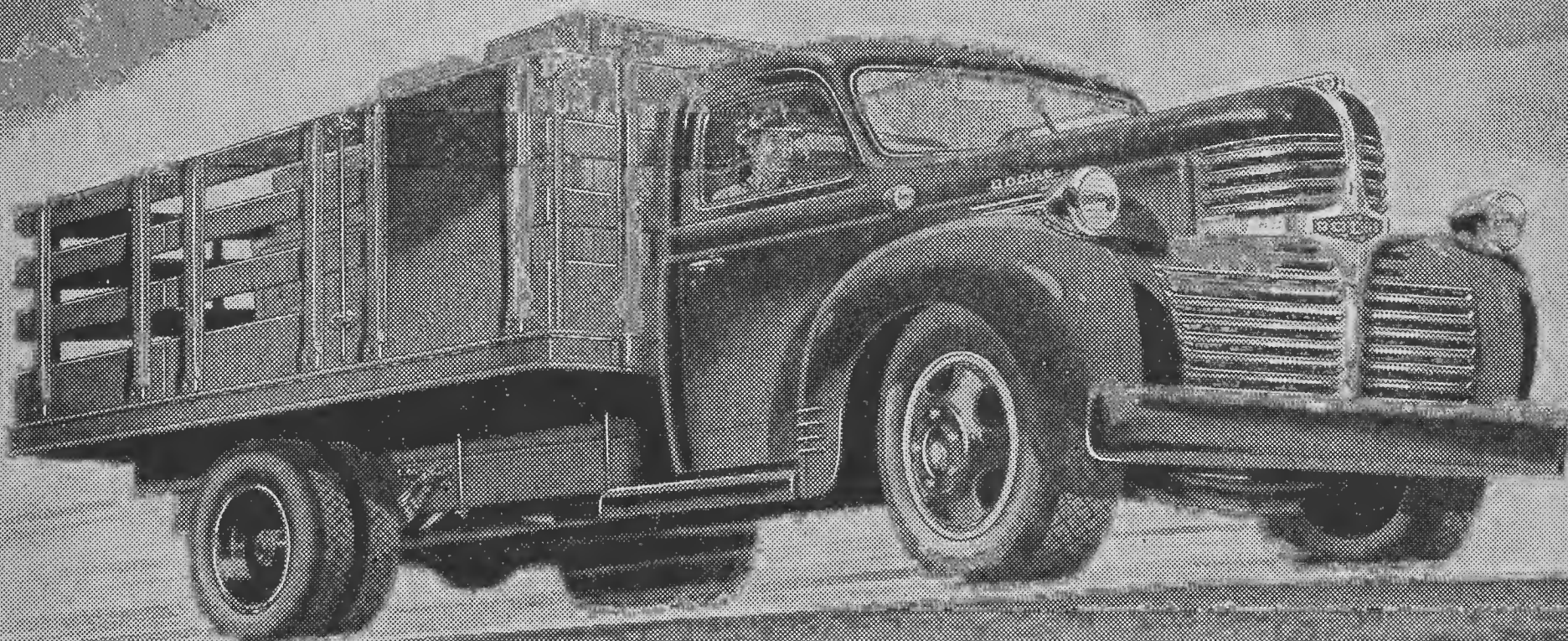
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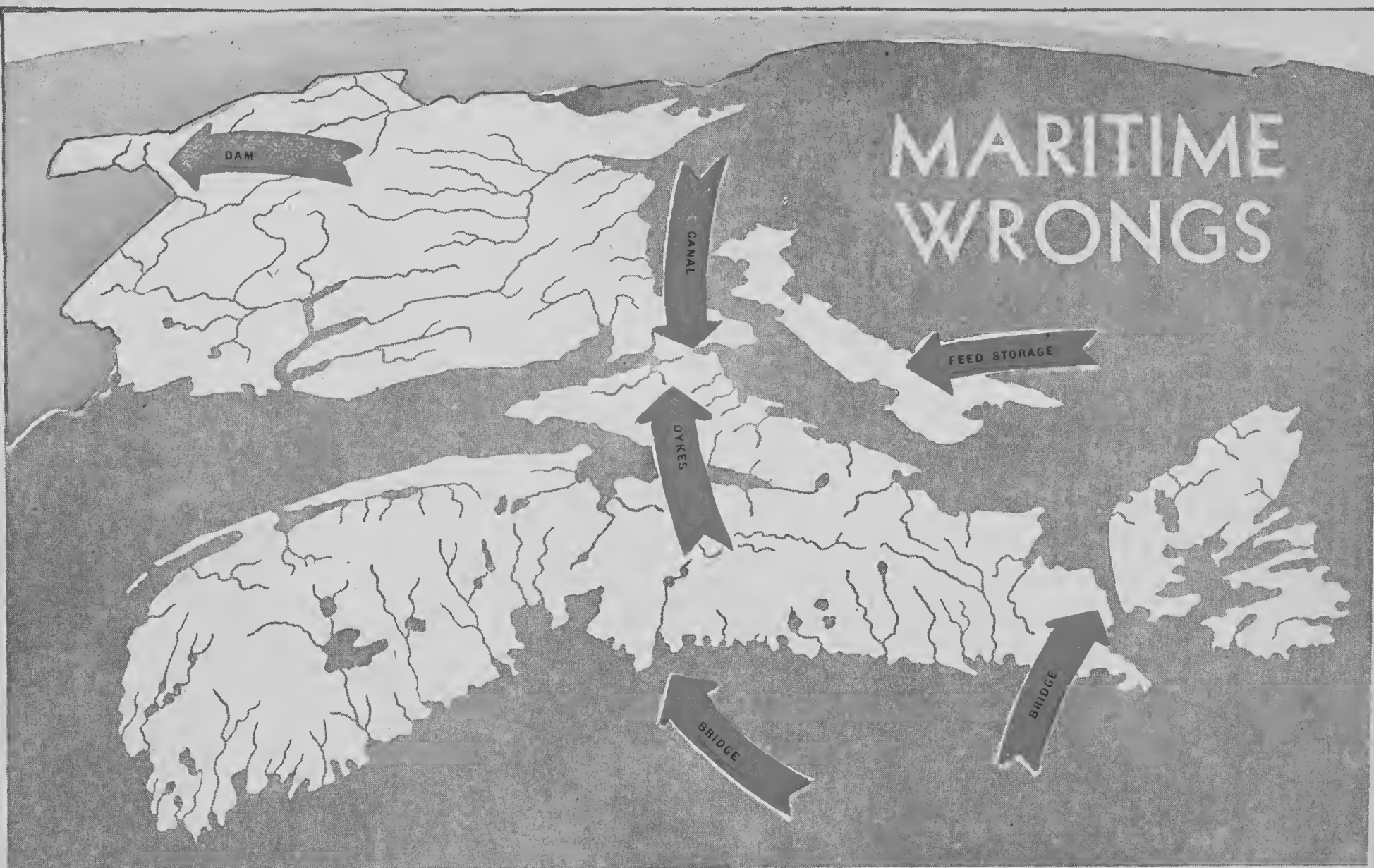
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ASK a real old Maritimer to expatiate on Maritime Rights and on your head he will launch a tirade about Maritime Wrongs. Adopting the same technique, but putting it in reverse, I have called this article Maritime Wrongs though it will deal exclusively with Maritime Rights.

Something happened to the economy of the Maritime provinces in the years succeeding confederation. In 1867 they were by far the most advanced and prosperous area in the new born Dominion of Canada. Thousands of square miles of forest resounded every winter to the woodman's axe and the crash of falling timber. Every summer the saw mill whistles summoned thousands to work. Was not Paul Bunyan, the fabulous lumberjack, a native of New Brunswick?

No race of men ever excelled or equalled the Maritimers in building wooden ships and sailing them. The narrative of that most romantic episode in Canadian history was rescued from oblivion by Frederick William Wallace, in his *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*. Read that book and you will run across the names of remote Pacific islands, once as familiar to Maritime bred seamen as the names of their native hamlets, but which passed out of the vocabulary of Canadians until they appeared in the news despatches during the recent Pacific war.

But all that was to pass "as snow from the fence in springtime." They still cut logs but the old timber kings wouldn't use these little sticks as skids for real logs. The wooden ships, fastest of their kind in the world, gave place to steam propelled iron tramps. "He has left the sea and gone to steam," the old seamen would say of the man who forsook canvas and took a "job" on the new kind of vessel.

Gone as snow from the fence in springtime! But it brought no springtime to the Maritimes. It brought decades of stagnation. But tongues and pens did not stagnate. What some of the old boys said and wrote about confederation fairly sizzled and smoked. One of them, in the Annapolis Valley, who died last spring, regularly flew the Union Jack at half mast on Dominion Day.

But the Passamaquoddy duck is dead. The Passamaquoddy duck always flew backwards because it was more interested in where it came from than in where it was going. And Maritimers are now less interested in pre-confederation glories than in future prospects. They still say that the Maritime provinces are the neglected children of confederation and say it in unmistakable terms. But they are determined that they shall be neglected no longer. They have a program. There are certain things that need to be done, with federal assistance, and this country is not going to be left blissfully unconscious of what these things

The "neglected children of Confederation" propose to recover their aforesaid prosperity by more determined bargaining with Ottawa

By R. D. COLQUETTE

are. The program is not a document, with a long preamble and a list of demands labelled A, B, C and so on far into the alphabet. Here they are pressing for one project, there for another, but piece them together and they assume quite definite form and substance.

To begin with matters agricultural, the dyked lands of the Bay of Fundy, famous in poetry, urgently need a strong policy of conservation. For the "dykes which the hand of the farmer had raised with labor incessant" have not been holding their own. They are in a state of disrepair. In many places the sea has been actually breaking through. "My marsh land has gone back to sea," say many farmers. Shortage of help and high wages is one reason. Another is the lack of a conservation policy, like the P.F.R.A. Some will say, "Why spend \$50 an acre reclaiming land from the sea when it is worth only \$40 when you get it reclaimed?" But that isn't the whole story.

IN Halifax I talked with Deputy Minister of Agriculture Walsh on the subject. "Here is the picture," he explained. "Take a farm of say 70 acres; 15 acres of it dyked land growing 2½ tons of hay to the acre and the rest up-land where the farmer keeps his livestock, pastures his cattle, grows his grain, roots and vegetables and perhaps has an orchard. Now if that 15 acres of dyked land goes back to sea, what happens? His whole farm is thrown out of gear. It isn't an economical kind of farm any more. It isn't simply a matter of reclaiming 15 acres of marsh land; it's a matter of reclaiming a 70-acre farm, putting it back into gear so that it will properly support a farm family again.

"Since 1943 we have had assistance from Ottawa on a 50-50 basis to meet emergencies, for we can't afford to do it alone. Keeping the water out, that is keeping the dykes repaired, is not an expensive job but if the sea breaks through we have one heck of a time on our hands. These dykes were built away back 150 or 200 years ago with cheap labor and materials. The Acadians had learned the art in Europe. Now we have machinery but there is a lot to learn about using it. Things have changed but the tide still comes up

twice a day. On one repair job we tried to get a contract from a firm of engineers but they were new to the work and would only take it on a cash-plus basis. They did give us an estimate—a maximum of \$45,000. But the work washed out on them two or three times and the final cost was \$238,000! You couldn't charge these experimental costs up to the farmers.

"THIS is a matter of water control," continued Mr. Walsh. "It is the reverse of what you have on the prairies. There you are bringing the water to the land. Here we are keeping the water away from the land. Besides the building and repairing of dykes the matter of drainage comes into the picture. What we would like to see is a 10-year joint federal and provincial program. A commission should be set up to plan the work on a big scale, long-term basis. Our engineers are not familiar with this kind of work. Some of them should be sent to Holland where they have reclaimed land from the Zuider Zee. The Dutch should be able to teach us a lot about pushing back the sea. We should employ the best brains and the best machinery. This year a bill was prepared but sidetracked, to extend the P.F.R.A. across the country. We would like to see it put to work down here."

As a rank outsider who may be putting his foot in his mouth, I would venture the suggestion that the Dutch might also be able to tell Canadians how to put reclaimed marsh land to more intensive use than growing cattle fodder. But the Maritimers seem to have a good case when they quote the assistance given by the federal government to reclamation projects in the West and ask why they don't get more attention down there. Maritime agriculture has its healthy spots. You sense it in the Annapolis Valley, where they grow the famous apples. You can feel it in the potato growing sections of New Brunswick. Over on the Island, with its hog, dairy and potato pattern, farming has a healthy tone. But elsewhere farming seems to be ailing. It needs to be revitalized. Perhaps a comprehensive and dramatic project, such as attacking the dyke land problem in a thorough going, all-out manner would have a stimulating effect on Nova Scotia and New Brunswick agriculture which would be as valuable as the actual reclamation work itself.

There are islands galore around the coasts of the Maritimes but when a Maritimer speaks of The Island every other Maritimer knows which one he means. When I was over there last spring I noted some apprehension as to what livestock men would face when the government stops paying the freight on western feed grain. One proposal that is being

Turn to page 22

If you have low blood pressure or failing eyesight maybe you can sit through a stampede without a cheer or a groan; otherwise, you'll be thrilled by the display of courage and skill at a . . .

THE Wild West show is rapidly becoming the most popular outdoor entertainment of western Canada. Visitors think naturally of Calgary when the word stampede is mentioned but Calgary is only a main event of the season. The big show is followed by local stampedes in every corner of the cow country. Communities too small to catch the eye of the map maker want to see their local boys in action, and the boys are not reluctant to perform. And how those stampede crowds cheer deserving performances. How they love it!

"Chute Number Three!" the announcer bawls. "Keep your eyes on Number Three, Lay-dees an' Gen'lmen. The rider is Kid Karson, and the horse is a raw-boned black killer called Coaldust. Watch it, now; this is the boy who won some big money last week at Calgary. And Coaldust is a horse who's never been ridden the full time by any cowboy—as yet! There goes Kid Karson now, down from the top of the corral. He's forking the bronc—No, he's on the logs again. Coaldust is acting up; the boys had a terrible time getting the saddle on this horse. He's a regular snake in the chutes, the way he twisted around and changed ends in that narrow pen. There! Kid Karson's on him, Lay-dees—The gate's opening! Ride 'im, Cowboy!"

A throaty roar goes up from the watchers as the black bronco comes charging out into the open, head down and back arched, his forelegs stiff and his hind feet chopping out jolting bucks that have the cowboy rocking wildly in the saddle. Suddenly the bronc rears, then pivots quickly and lets loose with a wild scream of rage and plunges into a galloping, bucking run. Kid Karson's hat is off now and he's trying desperately to keep his right hand waving high in the prescribed manner while his left hand grips leather and his boots try to rake the horse's flanks fore and aft and still stay in the stirrups—the free hand, the raking, and keeping the stirrups are prescribed procedure and failure to follow the technique cancels the rider's chance of winning top honors. After 10 thrill-packed seconds, the klaxon blares out its message of "time" and the cowboy gratefully drops his right hand to the pommel and hangs on. A couple of riders bear down on him; sighting them, the Coaldust bronc charges away in a plunging race straight for the corral logs. At the last minute he swerves, rearing and bucking again. By this time one of the riders has come close and reaches out an arm; Kid Karson leans into it and kicks his feet loose and is lifted bodily from the buckers and eased to the ground. The ride is over.

"That was a swell ride, Kid!" blares the announcer. "Give him a big hand, folks—Kid



Karson, riding Coaldust, a horse that's never been ridden a full 10 seconds until now. Good going, Cowboy!"

Then the announcer will tell the crowd something about Kid Karson's background. He may be a boy from Alsask, Saskatchewan, from Pine Lake, Alberta, or hailing from a spread in the Cariboo valleys of British Columbia; perhaps from one of the many Indian Reserves throughout the west, or from some of the cowboy ranges across the border, Wyoming, Montana, or even distant states like Arizona and Texas. Contestants will come any distance if the prize money offered by the rodeo committee is attractive enough to make the trip worthwhile. The local boys may be content to try only for the plaudits of the crowd, but most rodeo men are primarily competitors trying for the top money. Stampede events are the most keenly contested sporting events in North America today, with all large and still growing following of spectators cheering on the semi-professional performers. Each dollar earned as prize money by a cowboy contestant is counted as one point if the rodeo is affiliated with the International Rodeo Association, and at the end of every summer the cowboy who has piled up the greatest number of scoring points in prize money earned qualifies for the title of World's Champion Cowboy.



Illustrated by
DAVID RANSON

crash together in looping around the barrels and bring the crowd to its feet in "Ohhhhhing" alarm. It's the unpredictable happenings that change the prosaic pattern of rodeo doings into something the cash customers pop their eyes to watch and talk about for days. Human nature being what it is, the more spills and chills a sport has to offer the more thrills for the spectators.

THERE'S the steer decorating stunt, for an example. In the United States they still permit bull-dogging, but this has been replaced in Canada by steer-decorating and the change was timely. Bull-dogging features the cowboy flinging himself headlong from his horse onto a galloping steer and grabbing its horns and twisting, flopping the animal over on its side in a daring demonstration of man-skill pitted against brute-strength. Too many men got staved-in chests, a steer horn in the vitals, or a crippling injury that invalidated them for life to condone the continuance of that bull-dogging feature on the Canadian shows. Yet the stunt is still featured in the States, and it is said that the spectators get quite frenzied about cheering such displays. In Canada, steer decorating takes the place of the dogging job. The Canadian contestant rides alongside the galloping steer and flings himself earthwards and reaches for the steer's horns, but with a colored ribbon clutched in his hands with which to festoon the animal's horns. The stunt is still risky, but nothing like the old bull-dogging, man-killing act of yesteryear. How long does it take to decorate a steer? Well, at Red Deer's 1946 Rodeo the expert, Mel Fengstad, performed the feat in the fabulously brief time of three seconds; the other cowboy contestants at the same show were piling up 40 and 50-second scores for the same stunt.

Steer riding is comical to watch, for the beef cattle come out kicking and give the riders a pitching, poop-deck sort of ride that looks grotesquely funny from the bleachers but which leaves the contestants breathless and dizzy. Getting piled from a steer's back has its risks, too—the distance to the ground is not as great as from a bronc's back, but the bawling, staring-eyed steers may suddenly turn and try to horn a fallen rider. The Brahma bulls used in the American shows are vicious animals with Spanish fighting bull blood in them, and the riders have to be extremely wary of their erstwhile mounts once they hit the earth.

Calf-roping is a fast action event, with a fleet-footed calf allowed a brief head-start and the cowboy

Turn to page 29

by
**KERRY
WOOD**

with the International Rodeo Association. The other 60 odd shows are strictly home-consumption products, some of them one-chute shows with a tiny set of bleachers only large enough to accommodate 20 or 30 families of spectators from nearby farms and featuring local riders on district horses. It takes clever organization and an extensive corral layout to stage a good-sized rodeo, with over 100 head of horses and horned cattle packing those corrals for the cowboy contestants to ride. In this day of high construction prices an eight-chute corral with separate steer and calf chutes and the holding pens back of these chutes, together with the fenced arena where the rides take place, will cost in the neighborhood of \$3,000; more if fancy touches are added. This initial expense prevents many a small town from staging a stampede, though the ambition may be there.

RODEOS always follow a certain fixed pattern of events, but almost anything can happen once the event is "on" and it is that thrill-packed uncertainty of the speedy action which gets the audience geared to the screaming stage. A long-horned steer may turn on its rider and charge. A bronc may go over backwards and roll on a man. The chuck-wagons may

GREEN GRASS WYOMING

by

MARY O'HARA

WHEN Ken awoke he did not know where he was. Piece by piece the memories came back to him, and at last he sat up wondering how long he had been there. He leaned against the hay waiting for the heavy load of sleep to lift.

It had been early in the afternoon when he had come to the haystack—now it had the feel of milking time, or even later.

He was hungry. He had eaten something as soon as he had arrived from the valley, but he hadn't wanted much. Now he felt as if he hadn't eaten for a week.

He stood up, stretched, brushed the hay off himself and looked around, coming back to the world from the far journey which he had made in spirit as well as body.

A glance around told him the time. The dogs were waiting outside the kitchen door to be fed. The cows had been milked and were standing by the corral gates placidly chewing their cuds. His eyes were arrested by the sight of a large black car drawn up behind the house—Ah! The guests had arrived! The child—Ken began to feel quite himself again, alert and eager. But first to get something to eat. There was still an hour or more before supper.

Buttermilk—there was likely to be a big can of it standing in the cold-water trough in the spring house.

At the door he almost collided with a girl who was coming out, very carefully carrying a tray on which there was a small pitcher. She was walking slowly, her eyes on the pitcher.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ken.

She looked up, showing no surprise. She had a quiet, child face, direct grey eyes under dark eyebrows that went up at the tips like swallows' wings, and straight brown hair in a smooth, shining fall to her shoulders. It was held out of her eyes by a blue velvet ribbon.

"Hello," she said gravely.

"Oh," Ken said again, embarrassed, "who—well I guess—oh, you're the child."

"I am Carey," she said quietly.

"Oh," Ken stared at her, thinking he had never seen anyone like her before. What was she anyway? Child or young lady?

Seeing the question in his eyes she gave her full name sedately, "Carey Palmer Marsh."

"Oh. Well. I see. Well—is your mother here too?"

"My mother is dead."

This came in the same quiet way.

"I'm sorry." After that Ken could think of nothing to say. She stood now and then looking right at him, now and then down at the pitcher of buttermilk. Perhaps she was wondering why he did not step to one side and let her pass, but he simply could not move.

"Is your father here?"

"My father is dead too."

"Oh, excuse me! I'm terribly sorry."

"You don't have to be sorry. All that was long ago. I never knew them. I've always lived with my grandmother. That's Mrs. Palmer. And then when I was five, Grandma and I left Philadelphia and came to live with Uncle Beaver. You have met him."

"Oh, yes. I met him a year ago at the races. Oh, I'm terribly sorry about the filly and my stallion's stealing her. She's yours, isn't she?"

It seemed for a moment as if Carey would be unconcerned about this, too. She made no reply, keeping

Ken meets Carey Marsh
and joins the search for
Jewel, the expensive filly,
in this second instalment of
a thrilling serial

her head down. Then it turned sideways as if to hide from his eyes, and he saw big drops sliding down her cheeks. She strained still farther away from him, and then suddenly her face contorted, her mouth went square, showing most of her teeth, her eyes closed tight, and tears drenched her cheeks. Still she made no sound. Now Ken knew that she was just a child.

"Oh, I'm sorry! But don't cry! We'll get her back. Here—you'd better give me the tray—you'll spill it—" He seized the tray, but she recovered herself and clutched it tight.

"No, that's for my grandmother. She wanted some fresh buttermilk."

"I'll take it to her."

"No. She always wants me to wait on her."

"I'll carry it to the house for you then."

"You can hold it for a moment, please."

KEN took the tray and tactfully turned and surveyed the Green while she took a handkerchief from the pocket of her jacket and wiped her face.

When she had regained her composure but was still mopping she said, "What did he steal her for and how could he?"

"That's what stallions do. They get a band of mares and then they take care of them and of all the colts and take them where there's good food and shelter."

Carey showed signs of weeping again. "Maybe he'll kill her."

"Oh, no, it's not like that. He wanted her for his band of mares. Those are his wives. A stallion has a

It was Gus who found her, as if he had known exactly what to expect.

lot of them—about twenty. It's kind of like falling in love. He knew she was a winner and he just kicked the crate to pieces till she was free and ran away with her—kind of eloping."

"But what if she didn't want to go?"

Ken grinned. "Well, he'd make her. That's what a stallion does. But he'll take good care of her—Oh, the very best care! You don't need to worry about her coming to any harm!"

Carey's tears were drying and she looked at Ken, intrigued by this strange tale of wild-animal romance. "You really think he fell in love with her?"

"I'm sure he did."

"What's he like?"

"Well, he's just the most wonderful horse you ever saw! He stands sixteen hands high and he's so perfectly formed, like a carved statue! And he's pure white. And he's so strong, so full of power—you can't just understand what he's like until you see him."

"Thunderhead," she said softly, savoring the name, "Thunderhead. That's a good name for a horse like that."

"He's named after a cloud," said Ken eagerly. "From the day he was born I wanted him to be a racer and I asked Mother to give him a big important name, that would be right for a white horse, and she looked up into the sky, and there was a big white thunderhead creeping slowly up, so she named him that."

"It's beautiful," said Carey slowly. "I wish I could see him."

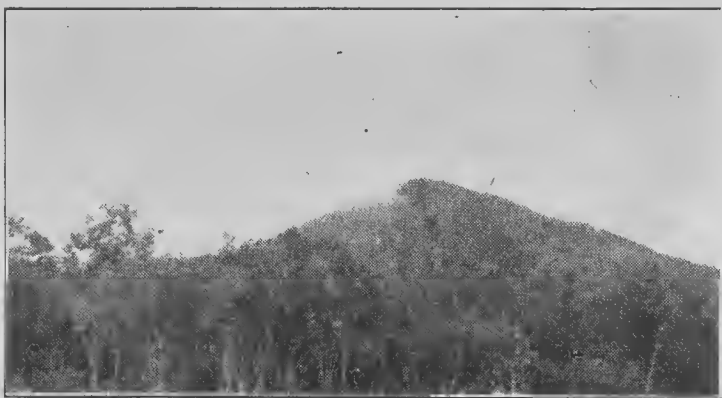
"Oh, you'll see him! We'll get them both!"

Carey looked at him, thinking of him, now, and

Turn to page 38



Illustrated by
CLARENCE TILLENIUS



A familiar spectacle; grass on the sunny slope and trees on the shaded slope of a hill or valley.



A road cutting revealing varying thickness of top soil in undulating land.

THIS SOIL WE USE

SOIL is the most important thing in the world, next to life itself. This statement is justified, because without the soil there would be no life as we know it. Not only agriculture and farmers, but all plants and animals that live on land are completely dependent on the soil. If we had no soil, there could be no great cities, railways, education or government. There would be no people to govern, because man could not eat. The earth would be dead and lifeless.

Soil, as we think of it in connection with the life of man, is useful partly because it also contains life. The dead, lifeless material of the earth, mainly in the form of rock that is weathered and beaten down into fine particles by sun and rain and wind, develops under its surface a life all its own, of insects, bacteria, earthworms and other forms of life. This soil population feeds on decaying vegetable and animal matter, and in many different ways helps to bring about numberless chemical and other changes which make more nutrients available for growing plants, and incorporate decaying material into the soil so as to make it richer and more fertile.

Soils are formed very slowly. How slowly we do not know, because soil science is still too young to have found out the rate of soil formation under different conditions. At one place in Russia it was known that surface soil had been removed 600 years earlier. In a study of the soil at this location, it was shown that the top soil which had been formed again in the period of 600 years varied from six to 10 inches in depth, while in an area beside it, which had been undisturbed, the top soil was from 25 to 60 inches deep. Examples can be found in western Canada which show the same slow process of soil formation. We have all seen the infertile, barren, weedy areas where soil has been stripped off during highway or railway construction. Frequently these places are still infertile and unproductive, as much as 40 years later, because enough time has not elapsed to develop a true soil to replace the one which was removed.

Because soils are so important and are so difficult to replace, or restore, the importance of soil knowledge can hardly be overestimated, especially by the farmer. To a very great extent, his soil represents his capital, and if it becomes unproductive or is washed away, the loss is really one of capital plus future earning power.

There are five principal influences under which soils are developed. The first is what is called the "parent" material, that is, the sub-soil of the earth underlying the top-soil, and from which, or on which the latter was

formed. The second is climate—wind, temperature, evaporation and humidity. The third is vegetation, or the kind and amount of grass or tree growth. The fourth is the topography, or lay of the land—whether it is level, rolling, flat, hilly and so on. Finally, there is the factor of time. All of these soil-forming influences work together to produce soil; and all over the world they combine in different proportions to produce the very great variety of soils that are to be met with.

Oil has recently been found in Alberta, and potash salts in Saskatchewan. These occurrences remind us that below the surface of the prairie provinces there are layers of shale, limestone, salt, sandstone, rock and other similar materials. These materials in themselves lack fertility and will not support plant growth. The fertility of prairie soils is, therefore, due mainly to other influences, one of which is particularly important.

GEOLOGISTS whose science it is to study the formation of rocks and the history of the physical earth, report that about 15,000-20,000 years ago most of Canada was covered by glaciers. Today, Greenland and the southern con-

the glacier and spread over the prairie provinces.

In some areas in the West, especially where the land is rolling, the glacier left a mixture of everything it had gathered up or pushed in front of it, including stones, gravel, sand, silt and clay from many different places. Some of the stones now found in western Canada came originally from what is still the rocky, unsettled and barren area around Hudson's Bay, Lake Athabaska and the Churchill River basin. The glacier gouged up other stones from layers of limestone rock. The immense force and strength of the glacier formed gravel by grinding up and crushing the rocks with which it came into contact. Silt and clay came from either shale and sandstone beds, parts of which were scraped loose by the moving glacier, or from the grinding up of rocks and gravel. A mixture of stone, gravel, sand, silt and clay thus provides the most common type of soil material in the prairie provinces.

Not all of our land is stony. Stony-free soils come from materials which have settled out of water. Geologists estimate that at its centre the glacier was 8,000 feet thick. Such a mass of ice, when melted, would release tremendous volumes of water, giving rise to huge rivers, miles in width, flowing away from the melting glacier. Flowing water has a natural sorting action on the material it carries. The heavier material released from the glacier would be carried by the water only a short distance, and would be laid down quickly, or left at the place where the melting occurred. Thus we find some areas where the soil is too stony to cultivate, and in other places gravel pits have been formed.

THE wide glacial rivers eventually found their way into lakes and, as they approached these lakes, would flow more slowly. The coarse, medium or fine sands would settle along the rivers or near the edges of these lakes, giving rise to our sandy soils. The silt and clay would not settle readily, and eventually covered and practically filled up the lake bottoms. Thus the Regina and Portage plains are level because at one time they were covered by lakes, the bottoms of which over a long period became filled and levelled off with fertile soil materials. In the Peace River area and at Drumheller, in Alberta, level areas originated in the same way.

The soil of a very large part of the prairie provinces arose originally from the action of glaciers. One example of an exception is part of the Cypress Hills on the Alberta-Saskatchewan border, which were not covered by the glacier. Nevertheless, the

Turn to page 65

by

C. F. BENTLEY

continent of Antarctica are largely covered by similar sheets of ice, thousands of feet thick. It is believed that before the glacial ice covered what are now the prairie provinces of Canada, the land was not suitable for agriculture. It was cut up by valleys, coulees, creeks and ravines; and infertile layers formed from limestone, shale and sandstone made up a large part of the land surface, so that plants could grow well only in small areas.

When the great ice sheet moved down over this infertile land, it scraped off, broke up and carried along with it chunks of limestone, rock and other materials which, as they were transported by the moving ice, were ground up and mixed together, these producing highly fertile material. This fertile mixture was eventually spread out like a blanket over the prairies, as the ice melted. The coulees and ravines were levelled and filled. Sometimes the blanket was 10 feet deep, sometimes as much as 500 feet. The mixture of materials was, of course, not uniform, so that there was a great deal of local variation in the soil materials left by

Brown

Black

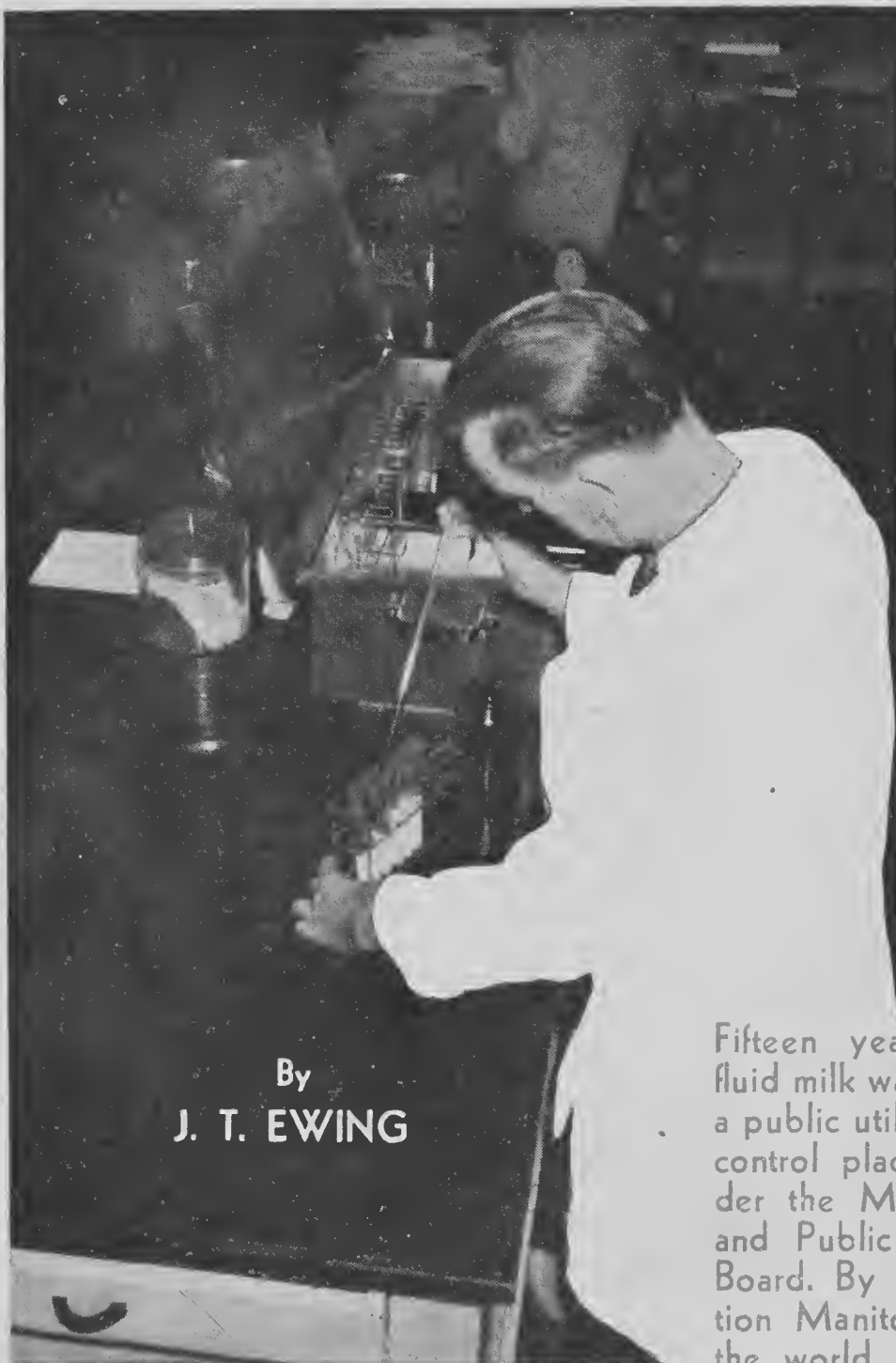
Transition

Some Typical
Soil Profiles

Grey Wooded

The soil we use was provided for us largely by the glaciers thousands of years ago, and improved by time until now it has become our greatest national asset

MANITOBA PIONEERED MILK CONTROL



By
J. T. EWING

A lab technician conducting the Resazurin test to determine keeping quality of milk.

Fifteen years ago fluid milk was made a public utility and control placed under the Municipal and Public Utility Board. By this action Manitoba led the world in milk control

plant. The retail price was raised to 10 cents by wagon delivery and eight cents at the store. Subsequent schedules were supported by statistics, facts, and experience covering all phases of the industry, from representative data on costs of production, to final costs of delivery of a quart of milk.

ALL this happened 15 years ago. The legislation under which the utility board exercised its control of milk, was designed as an emergency measure only and was renewable each year. Five years' experience in milk control convinced all interested parties that milk control was an indispensable part of the fluid milk industry. The Municipal and Public Utility Board felt that the importance of the work merited more time and attention than it was able to give. Accordingly, early in 1937 the legislature approved an act providing for the organization of "The Milk Control Board of Manitoba."

Somewhat wider powers were given this new board than were provided in the original legislation. Arrangements were made for accounting and banking; auditing by the Comptroller-General's department; licensing of the producer, distributor, storekeeper, etc.; bonding of distributors to the extent of monthly purchases from producers and liability to the consumer for milk tickets bought for current purchases but unredeemed from time to time; check-testing of the butterfat analysis of producers' milk by dis-

tributors and of the correct weighing thereof; surveying conditions in the field of production; trade practices in the channels of distribution; the economic position of the consumer; an examination of the industry in its relation to agriculture and in the wider field of provincial and national dairying in particular; the correlation in the industry itself of producer, distributor and consumer; study of co-operative methods obtaining in the industry, in Canada and elsewhere; and consideration of, and issuance by, the board of orders and regulations in accordance with the act.

Three members and a secretary comprised the board, appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council. A. O. Marrin, first chairman, was succeeded upon his death in 1941, by Roy McPhail. The other original members, Prof. J. M. Brown and B. E. Lewis, and the secretary, J. D. Cameron, are still serving.

MR. McPHAIL intimately knows the problems of the producers, having for many years been closely connected with their organizations. He organized and was first president of the Manitoba livestock co-operative. Mr. Lewis was selected because he knew the Greater Winnipeg milk shed very well. At the time of his appointment he was secretary of the producers' association. Prof. Brown, from the Department of Animal Science, University of Manitoba, was chosen because of his technical knowledge of animal husbandry. Mr. Cameron has been associated with milk control since it was initiated in 1932. He has a wide knowledge of business practice gleaned from many years' experience on the staff of a large packing firm.

Stabilization of the fluid milk industry was of course the main objective of those in charge of milk control, from Cottingham to McPhail. But while an assured supply of milk at fair prices to the consumer was one of the main aims, it was recognized that the producer's returns must be sufficiently high to provide an incentive to continue in the production of fluid milk, which costs more to produce than when milk is separated, and the cream sold for butter-making. Accordingly, while the board has not squeezed the distributor, most of the savings in cost of distribution, and advances in price to the consumer, have been to the advantage of the producer.

This does not mean that distributor expenses have not risen. Labor and equipment costs are much higher. Substantial savings, however, have been effected in plant operation by installation of automatic machinery, and in cost of deliveries by shortening the routes and increasing the size of the load carried by each driver.

The greatly increased consumption of milk, particularly since the war began, has been a leading factor in reducing distribution costs. Since 1932 consumption has increased 81 per cent. In 1932-33, 61,948,932 pounds of milk were bought at Board prices, while by 1945-46 this had increased to 112,220,619 pounds.

When the consumer was paying an average price of eight and a half cents per quart for his milk in 1933, the producer was getting \$1.533 per hundred, on the basis of 3.5 per cent butterfat. This meant that the farmer received four cents a quart and the distributor, four and one-half cents. Five years later, in 1938, milk was retailing at an average of 9.6 cents. Now the dairyman was getting \$1.933 a hundred, or 51.93 per cent of the retail price.

The producer's share of the proceeds from the sale of fluid milk continued to climb, even during the war, when the government subsidy was not included in the price the distributor paid him. At present, with the consumer paying an average of 13.152 cents per

Turn to page 63

WHEN Manitoba led the world in milk control legislation in 1932 she was not dealing with a surplus, as is so often the case when reform measures are introduced. The problem then was to avert a milk famine.

Behind it all, of course, was the depression, with 30-cent wheat for the farmer, and business stagnation for the tradesman. Because milk was an indispensable food, store managers, anxious to keep up their sales volume, made milk a "loss leader." Milk was sold over the counter as low as five cents a quart. The idea, of course, was that a housewife attracted into the store to buy the cheap milk, would stay to do all her household shopping.

Three or four new distributors were entering the field, buying equipment at depression prices. The resulting milk war was fought by the distributors, but the producers paid its cost. Wagon distributors, to meet store competition, reduced their price to five cents per quart, and even less, but also reduced the price paid to the dairyman. The price of raw milk eventually fell as low as 93 cents per hundred pounds.

Long established producers were being forced out of business. Milk cows sold went to the stockyards as canners instead of being bought by other dairymen. There was talk of a milk strike.

A year or two earlier, investigations by Dr. H. C. Grant, of the Economics Department, University of Manitoba, had shown that producers were receiving less than the cost of production for their milk. He suggested that fluid milk should be made a public utility, like electricity and telephones. W. R. Cottingham, K.C., chairman, Municipal and Public Utility Board for Manitoba, agreed that some action should be taken.

Mr. Cottingham brought the matter to the attention of Hon. John Bracken, at that time premier, who asked him to prepare a bill which would give the utility board authority to fix the wholesale and retail prices of milk, and to regulate its sale in accordance with the best public interests. Mr. Bracken himself introduced the bill into the legislature, and it was passed in May, 1932.

Nothing had been done to implement its provisions a month later, when a mass meeting of producers held in the Winnipeg Amphitheatre rink again focussed popular attention on the problem. It was at this meeting that strike action, by withholding milk, was advocated.

Public hearings held during July and August failed to find a solution to the problem by the interests in the industry itself. Another hearing began early in September. Out of this hearing came the order, made effective on September 12, 1932, establishing certain principles which are still the basis of milk control in Manitoba, as well as in the other provinces and in nearly half the States of the United States. Here are the principles then laid down: (a) The classification of the industry by channels of distribution—pasteurizing plants, wagon, store and wholesale, and raw milk via the so-called producer-distributor or peddler; (b) The schedule of re-sale prices therefor and the areas affected; (c) Regulation of terms of purchase and sale according to law and municipal by-laws, concerning health and public welfare; (d) Systematic returns by pasteurized distributors of transactions coming under the board's jurisdiction, for statistical and regulatory purposes; (e) A schedule of prices applicable to producers of milk for fluid use; (f) Setting up of quotas for individual shippers; (g) Prohibition of "combination sales" and "loss leaders" by distributors and storekeepers; (h) Assessment on the industry for administration of the act. (Three cents per 100 pounds on sales of fluid milk was the amount assessed, half being paid by the distributor and half by the producer. Two years ago this levy was reduced to two cents a hundred).

The first schedule of prices was reached by a compromise between those asked by the producers and those considered necessary by the distributors. Price to the producer was set at \$1.55 per hundred, f.o.b.

THE Country GUIDE

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A Word for the M.P.

The third session of Canada's 20th parliament lasted five and a half months. It was a gruelling session. Those who can recall the days preceding 1914 have but to compare the simple legislative fare laid before the members in those days with the scope and importance of the issues discussed and decided upon today to realize that we are living in a different world and that Canada is assuming her full responsibilities in it. This was not alone emphasized by the 1947 budget, with a surplus the size of a pre-World War I budget. The debates also covered such matters as peace treaties with enemy countries, Canada's contribution to UNRRA and her loans to Britain, France and other smaller nations, her obligations as a leader among the secondary powers in United Nations, her part in implementing the Bretton Woods and other international movements for world recovery and betterment and other issues of world significance and magnitude.

On these issues there was a great measure of unanimity among the four major parties and groups, a heartening condition of affairs. A member of parliament is now expected to understand and vote intelligently on a vast variety of questions about which the political stalwarts of an earlier and simpler time never had to bother their heads. Not only that but domestic issues are infinitely more complex than they were a generation ago. The members have their own private interests to look after for politics is a precarious vocation which may be rudely terminated at any general election. It is a serious matter for the great majority of them to be absent from their business or profession for months on end. Taking into consideration the time spent at home on political matters it can be safely said that most of them have to give up at least half their time to their public duties.

Two Worlds

When Russia rejected the Marshall plan for the rehabilitation of Europe the average Britisher, according to reports from London, shrugged his shoulders and expressed relief. It is quite possible that he instinctively came nearer the mark than some of the thoroughly informed commentators who saw in Russia's action the beginning of the end. Anyway Britain and France immediately invited the countries affected to a conference in Paris to consider plans for co-operation in putting the Marshall plan into operation. Russia, of course, was out. What is more she cracked the whip and her satellites came to heel, though most of them would have gladly co-operated and some of them had already accepted the invitation. The conference, free from Russian obstruction, was short and business like. In a couple of days committees were set up and balance sheets of the participating countries' needs will be submitted to the United States by next September.

Much as western peoples commiserate the satellite nations whose governments have been seized by ruthless communist minorities, why should sacrifices be made to rehabilitate them when such rehabilitation would only strengthen the communist bloc? Russia has stripped most of them of machinery. Why should American and Canadian money be spent in replacing it? It might be carted off too and might as well be

as far as building up potential against western powers is concerned. As to the necessity of a rehabilitated central and southeastern Europe before world commerce can function properly, a lot of nonsense has been talked about that too. That region hasn't poured much into the stream of commerce in the last eight years and the world could struggle along without anything from there for the next eight years, or the next eighty.

The simple fact is that this is not One World but Two Worlds. It is deplorable but that doesn't lessen the fact. What Russia's action did, in rejecting the Marshall plan and forbidding her satellites from participating in the Paris conference, was to widen the rift which already existed between the two worlds. All this talk about a federation of European states, or of customs unions of groups of states is as out of date as last year's weather forecasts. The states which would benefit most are already grouped, and how, under Russian domination. The western world can write them off and let Russia look after their rehabilitation. The only thing that can be done about it is to contain Russia within the present lines of cleavage and to help the nations which are still unfettered by Moscow to set up in business again.

The ultimate question is whether or not the two worlds can avoid an obliterating collision. Bevin recently predicted that war will not come in this generation. He is hopeful that a reconciliation can eventually be worked out between Russia and the United States. It is well known that at present Russia is in no better condition than Britain or France to precipitate another war. When the first world war broke out Kitchenier was called into the conference with the British cabinet. Wars, he told them, took unexpected courses. It can also be said that peace takes unexpected courses. Before the world is ready for another war who can say what will happen? The prophets of gloom may yet be confounded.

Midsummer Madness

An amazing proposal has been made by The Letter-Review, a quite widely quoted sheet of opinion issued at Fort Erie, Ontario; under whose auspices it does not say. The proposal is to scrap the International Fund, the Food and Agricultural Organization, the International Trade Organization and other associated efforts except the World Bank, because they tend to make it difficult for free countries to collaborate. The exception of the Bank is made on the grounds that it should be kept going until the

people come to their senses and realize that international loans are in reality gifts.

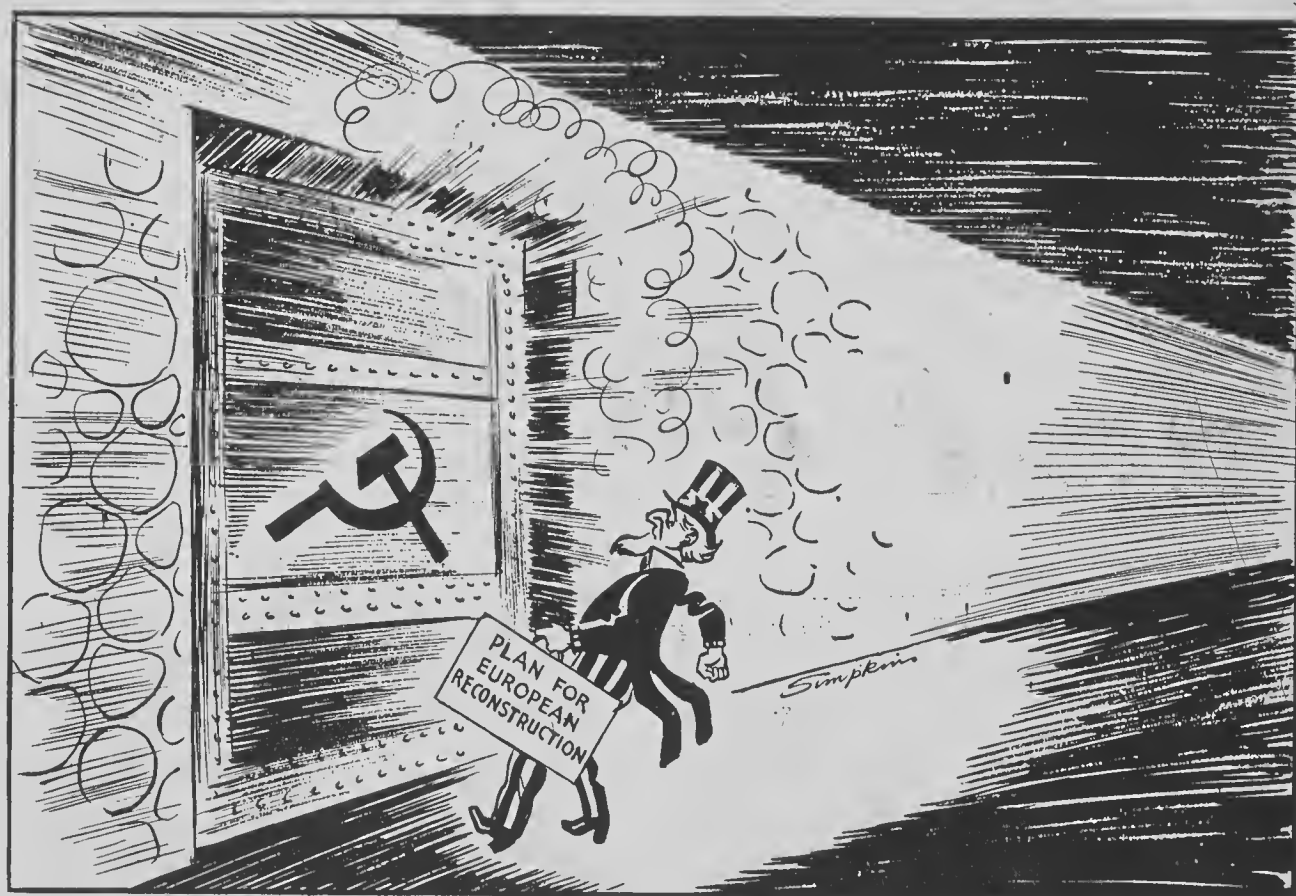
This kind of thinking shows a clear-cut failure to differentiate between emergency measures for rehabilitation and permanent institutions for planned human betterment. The Bank is to extend assistance to nations which need it in rebuilding their shattered economies. The Fund is to help redress trade balances and stabilize currencies and exchange. F.A.O. is to study food supplies and requirements in food deficit areas and help raise nutritional standards. The purpose of the I.T.O. is to promote prosperity through mutual agreements to reduce trade barriers.

Granted that as yet none of these organizations has been able to perform its full functions, that is no reason for scrapping them. War devastation was far beyond the calculations of the best minds at San Francisco and Bretton Woods and there were many good minds at both conclaves. A great world emergency exists, an emergency rendered infinitely more difficult by Russia's refusal to co-operate. To meet it; to get the economies of the nations moving and in mesh again, the United States and Canada have advanced great sums and will be called on to advance much more.

But emergencies pass, if they are met with appropriate and adequate action. This one will pass unless the world is allowed to proceed headlong into further chaos. When the emergency has passed these international organizations will be able to discharge their normal functions. There will be plenty for them to do. Much of the trouble in the world, aside from war and its immediate consequences, has been due, in recent decades, to the maladjustments and misunderstandings which these international institutions were designed and created to correct. If they fail the world will fall back into a sickening cycle of booms and depressions; food surpluses will pile up in some areas while in others people will go hungry and trade wars and competitive inflation will be the recognized order. To talk of scrapping them at this juncture is premature dog day madness. As for the International Bank, instead of being the only organization to be retained it is the first one which will, in all probability, reach the time when it will be no longer necessary.

The Needle's Eye

Entering Confederation would be a serious and complicated business for Newfoundland, as the long stay at Ottawa of the Newfoundland delegation clearly showed. It would mean far reach-



Family Conclave.

Under the PEACE TOWER



CONSIDER the case of Janus, as we survey the current scene on Parliament Hill. Janus, as you recall, had two faces, one that looked forward, and one that looked back. I am going to don my own special made-to-measure Janus face, so that I can look back at the session of 1947, look forward to the session of 1948.

I cannot see that anybody got very excited over the late and unlamented 1947 session. What parliament did seemed to suit the people very well. What it didn't do seemed also to suit the people very well. True, there were a good many thousand people who didn't much like a lot of things, but by and large there was no real uproar. The political seismographs up here in the Press Gallery, that can record the tremblers of discontent 3,000 miles away, waved but weakly if at all, throughout the session.

But nothing is so dead as the last session of a parliament, unless it is yesterday's newspaper or an ant-riddled mackerel washed up on the beach. Therefore, we can leave the third session of the 19th parliament at that.

The only thing anybody really wanted anything done about, the government failed to do. The people wanted houses, and the people didn't get houses. Originally, they started out to blame Mackenzie King. They ended up helplessly, blaming everybody and blaming nobody. The Canadian public has achieved the apathy we all attained during the depression. We seem to feel that nobody can do anything for us.

To me, the real clue to the housing problem is contained in an advertisement which appeared in a western paper. It promised dish washers in British Columbia lumber camps, the wages of \$7.41 per day. Now if a dish washer gets \$7.41 per day, as against a wage of approximately half that, less than three years ago, it must be pretty obvious that this increase in expense can only be passed along in one way. You guessed it—it is added to the cost of your lumber. Yet you cannot exactly blame the "pearl diver" either for (a) getting all he can get, (b) finding he needed more money to get along. Caught as we are in this vicious upward swirl of the inflationary spiral, we are being carried skyward helplessly.

To get down to cases, no one is able to keep the cost of living down, and therefore nobody can keep the cost of lumber down. Therefore, buildings cost more, and ordinary people cannot afford them. Where do we go from there?

So I say that the only thing the people really wanted done, the government couldn't do; or at least it didn't do. For the rest, and for all we can remember of it, most of the time the boys might as well have stayed home.

But what of 1948? What of Mackenzie King? What of John Bracken? I think that now we are in August, with something more than three months to go before we start a new year. We might take off the 1947 face. We now don the 1948 face.

The Janus face that looks forward is bound to eye speculatively the three queries above. First of all, what is the 1948 session going to be like? Again, will it be the last session of the present parliament? Will it be the last session of Prime Minister King? Will it be the last session of a Liberal government? Everyone of those is a \$64 question.

We have gone into this before. But actually, much depends on Prime Minister King. Here again we enter another forest of interrogation

points. How good is Mr. King's health? Can he stand another session? Will he quit after a short spell, or go right through? When will a convention be held if he quits?

I think that partial answers and half guesses are the only responses to be made to this flurry of queries. Actually, if we have a good winter, and if we have a complacent opposition, and if there are no great national issues (much virtue in IF, says Shakespeare!) Mr. King might run through a normal session, and not worry about a convention, or change of leadership till fall. But if his health fails again, if he gets as weak this winter as he did last, then the history of Canada will be changed quickly. So it all depends on the vagaries of a septuagenarian's heart.

After King, of course, anything can happen. Hon. Dark Horse, whom we shall call his successor, will have the say, and when and how we shall have a general election will rest on his younger shoulders.

Then we come to the question of John Bracken. There are a good many Progressive Conservatives who do not think he is strong enough to carry the party to victory in the next general election. The Tories feel sure that, with King out of the way, it is their chance to win. They are rather desperate about it, and quite a section of the P.C.'s want Hon. George Drew, Prime Minister of Ontario. Not so long ago, the Ottawa Evening Citizen carried a front page story, suggesting that Bracken might be eased out. While this brought immediate protestations of loyalty from federal Conservatives at Ottawa, no denial was forthcoming at Queen's Park. The Palace Guard there in Toronto, eager for the fleshpots of Ottawa, are really urging Drew on. Actually, he doesn't need urging. At 53, he sees dazzling political vistas ahead. He is also terribly ambitious. If this is a sin, make the most of it. Therefore, I say, you cannot think of the 1949 general elections—assuming that's when we get them—without thinking of Drew ousting Bracken.

The C.C.F. are the lucky ones. They have M. J. Coldwell for leader. He's solid with his followers. A real statesman, both parties might well look at him wistfully. Quite a few Liberals wish he would cross over and lead them. Quite a few Conservatives wish they had a man as good.

So as we look forward into 1948, we have to watch the manoeuvres of the parties themselves, rather than what may be before parliament. Actually, no one seems to care much what laws are coming up. No one seems to be saying: "There ought to be a law—" The reason they

Turn to page 37

The opinions expressed Under the Peace Tower are those of our correspondent and not necessarily those of The Country Guide.

ing and deep cutting changes in the political institutions and policies of the Old Colony. Of her budget of \$37 million, about half is raised through tariff taxation. Since most of the goods entering into direct consumption are imported, the tariff greatly increases living costs. A large proportion of these goods come from Canada and would enter free under any Confederation arrangement, with a consequent reduction in the cost of living. The tariff on goods from other countries would be taken over by the Canadian government. Newfoundland would also lose the revenue from income taxation but would be reimbursed on the same basis as the other provinces under the Dominion-Provincial arrangements. If the public debt, which is only \$78 million, were taken over by the Dominion the new province would be in the happy position of being debt free, while if it were not taken over it would be a heavy burden because, as a province, Newfoundland's revenues would be reduced to little more than one-third of their present volume. The national public services of all kinds would have to be extended to the new province, which would have to revamp completely its present government machinery to suit its new status.

Aside from the economic and political adjustments there is a consideration which has an important bearing on the situation. It is the time factor. Newfoundland has been enjoying the greatest boom in its history. Should linking up with Canada coincide with a depression, or even a moderate recession in business, Confederation would be blamed for it. The question of Newfoundland's future political status will be decided by a plebiscite. The choices are a return of self government, a continuation of the present Commission rule or confederation with Canada. There is no foregone conclusion about the outcome of the plebiscite.

Richard Bedford Bennett

R. B. Bennett attained the prime ministership just as the full impact of the greatest depression in history was making itself felt. It was not in a man of his masterful personality and complete self confidence to recoil from such a challenge. He firmly believed that he could defeat the depression and restore prosperity to his country. His first great move was to make a horizontal increase of 25 per cent in the tariff and to forbid an increase in prices. Various other measures followed. He was wrong about the tariff and later admitted it. The Ottawa agreements were largely ineffective as were several other attempts to get the industrial machinery of the country back into gear again. No country of 11 million people, so dependent on exports, could save itself from the world wide breakdown. The depression, which put him into power, lasted long enough to put him out of it.

Some lasting institutions came out of the Bennett regime. The Bank of Canada was established. The P.F.R.A., a great conservation movement which will eventually become national in scope, was established. The Canadian Wheat Board was set up and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation took the place of the former system, which was breaking down. A series of broadcasts, largely on the New Deal pattern, was followed by an advanced program of social legislation, most of which was later declared ultra vires. From it, however, stems most of the social security measures now in force in Canada, and which will be added to as the years pass.

Great as were his gifts, he had one fatal shortcoming as a political leader. He did not draw out and develop able lieutenants, a failing from which his party suffers to this day. His special program broke with party traditions and many of his followers gave it reluctant support. His resignation from the leadership, his removal to England, and his appointment to the House of Lords were a strange postlude to his career as a Canadian statesman. To his party he was one of a long line of great Conservative chieftains and political friends and foes alike are agreed that he was a great Canadian.

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Full Program In B.C.

Great activity at coast but Britain's dollar shortage causes some concern

By CHAS. L. SHAW

BRITISH Columbia is to be spared this year a repetition of the prolonged industrial tieups that marked 1946. In this column last month a hopeful view of the situation was taken, and this has now been borne out by a settlement of the major disputes then prevailing.

First, the forest workers came to terms with the operators, assuring continuous production in the province's major industry which last year accounted for revenue totalling more than \$170,000,000. In the important coastal region, the men were given a 12½ cents an hour increase "across the board" and a 40-hour week. In the interior, they were agreeable to the same increase, with a continuance of the 44-hour week in view of the different seasonal conditions of their work.

The operators had originally offered a straight increase of 10 cents, but this was rejected by the unions. Happily, a compromise was arranged, and while this will result in the forest industry shouldering another heavy increase in costs, the logging camps and mills will continue to operate and that is the main thing. With all sections of the country demanding more lumber than ever, this is cheerful tidings.

The main concern of the lumber industry now is the future of the British market. The United Kingdom is so short of dollars that it may have to curtail its purchases next year, but meantime the industry in British Columbia is protected by the contracts extending into next summer.

The fishermen went to sea last month, too, without the usual delay resulting from disagreement over prices. Prospects for a heavy pack of salmon are favorable, although the high-priced sockeye may not be so abundant. On the mining front peace prevails, too, and it's about time, because last year many of the gold and copper mines were shut down by labor troubles for as long as five months.

Every industry in the west coast province will be affected by the decision of the Transport Board on the railroads' application for a 30 per cent increase in rates, and this was touched on briefly last month. Since then, regional hearings have been held in Vancouver.

In marketing the 1946 crop, B.C. Tree Fruits paid rail transportation charges amounting to more than \$3,500,000. The organization emphasized that in reaching the Canadian market eastern fruit growers now enjoyed an advantage not only in lower rail charges but in having competitive truck services.

THE proposed rate increase, declared executives of Tree Fruits, may so curtail the area of profitable distribution that quantities of the products of British Columbia's fields and orchards may again go unharvested, with consequent loss to the growers and the carriers, as was the case in 1940 when about 250,000 boxes of apples were not harvested owing to inability of the prairie consumers to pay a price which, after exacting the freight charges, would leave nothing for the grower beyond picking and packing costs.

Domestic markets for apples from British Columbia are all the more important this year because of the fact that the United Kingdom will be taking only a small quantity, if indeed she is able to take any at all, owing to dollar shortage. A suggestion made by some British Columbians that the province's growers make a gift of apples to the United Kingdom this year has so far not met with much response, most of the criticism being that such an offer would not be practical.

Most of the progressive farmers of the Fraser Valley keep an accurate set of books which tells them at the year end just how they made out financially; but until now there has been a lack of authentic information covering the valley as a whole. To remedy that lack, the University of British Columbia's department of agricultural economics has been making a comprehensive survey.

The survey is still a long way from complete, but nearly 100 farmers have been pretty thoroughly canvassed with a view to ascertaining their costs and their revenues. Most of the farms visited were segregated into two groups—specialized berry farms and diversified farms producing some berries. No attempt was made to gather statistics on the dairy group, although this will probably be undertaken later.

Average returns, costs and labor income from small fruits for 78 farms surveyed showed: Total revenue per acre of small fruits, \$1,201; total costs, \$901; labor income, \$300; average acreage in small fruits, 4.18; average labor income \$1,256. Production per farm averaged 22,781 pounds of small fruits of all kinds. Hence the farmer's net income or profit, when all expenses were computed, averaged five and three-tenth cents per pound produced.

This should dispel the idea that small fruit growing is a sure-fire method of making a fortune. As Dean F. M. Clement, of the university's department of agriculture, points out, several of the growers operating small acreage in the valley are making a bare subsistence income.

THE hop season will soon be in progress in the Fraser Valley, and for the first time in Canada a big stationary mechanical hop picker will be in operation this year in the Sardis district. However, this doesn't mean that manual labor will not be required to the same extent as in the past, for the outlook is for a big crop, and it is likely that 3,000 pickers will be in the fields at the peak of the season.

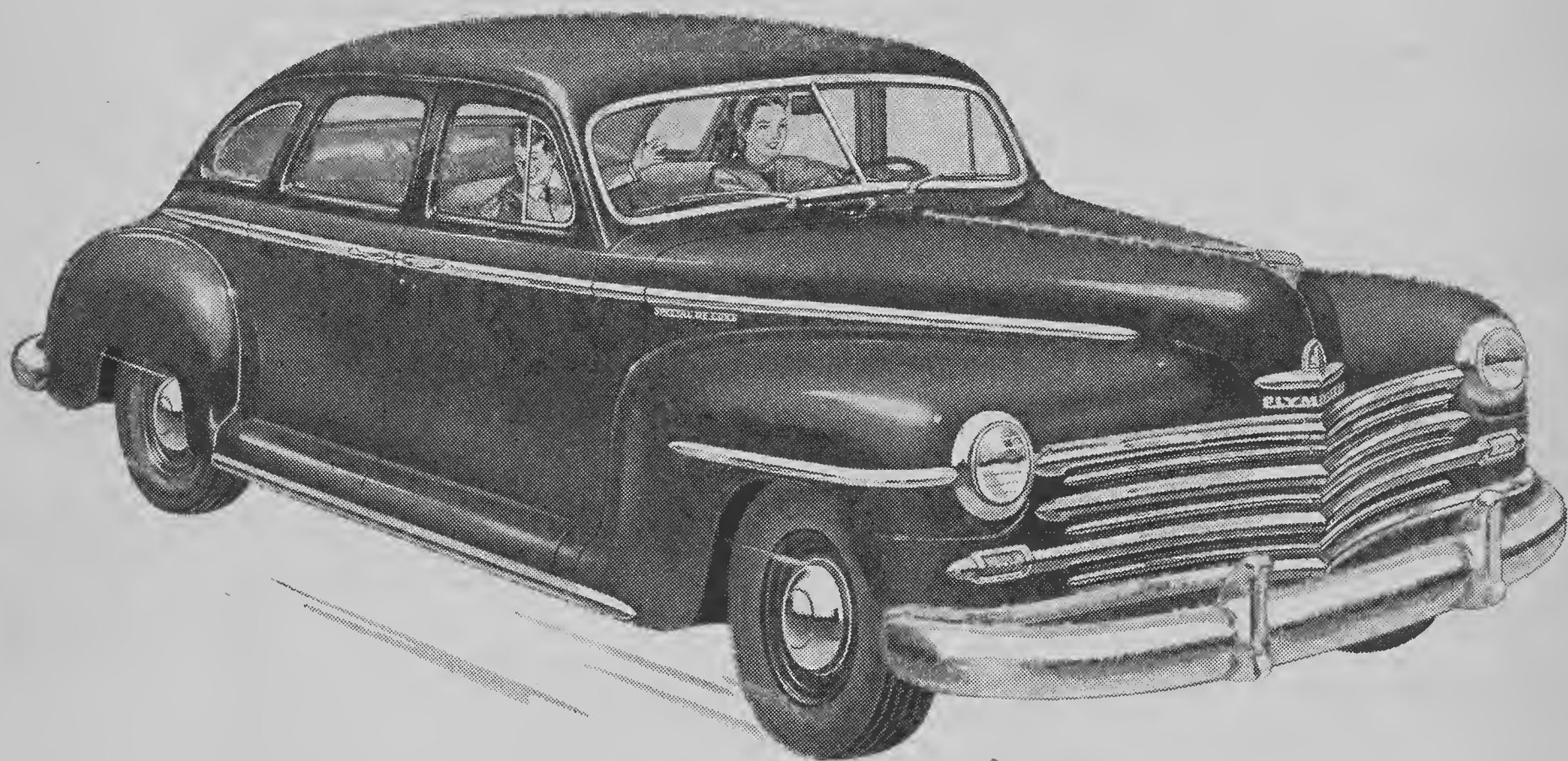
The mechanical picker will handle about 50,000 pounds of hops daily, equal to the work of 500 manual pickers, it is said, but there is a tremendous backlog of hops to be harvested. An average picker, by the way, earns about \$7.50 a day, picking 100 pounds, but four years ago a hard-working, 17-year-old averaged 298 pounds a day, and last year an efficient woman picker earned \$11 for her daily work.

Even with all the heavy yield from nearly 600 acres in the valley, brewers will have to import some hops from the United States and as far away as Czechoslovakia.

This is a year of experimentation in the Fraser Valley, and one project being studied is controlled sprinkler irrigation, which it is hoped, may provide greater stability in yields per acre. The experiment is being made on the Edenbank Farm, Sardis, owned by Oliver Wells, grandson of the original settler, who displayed an artistic sense as well as a practical one when he chose this matchless location. A seven and a half horsepower pump has been installed, working from Luk-a-Luk Creek and capable of delivering two inches of water on the acreage in eight hours.

According to Dr. Norman MacKenzie, president of the University of British Columbia, there should be an increase of at least 50 per cent in farm production in the province during the next decade. But an objective such as that can be attained only by financing of new irrigation projects to bring potentially producing arid and semi-arid lands into actual production.

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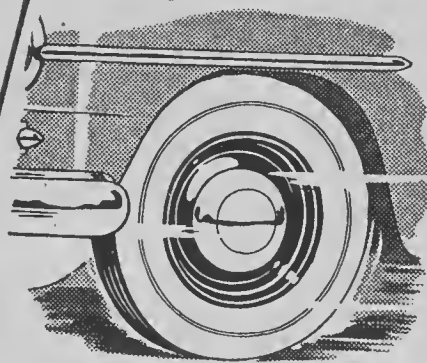
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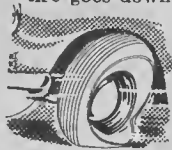
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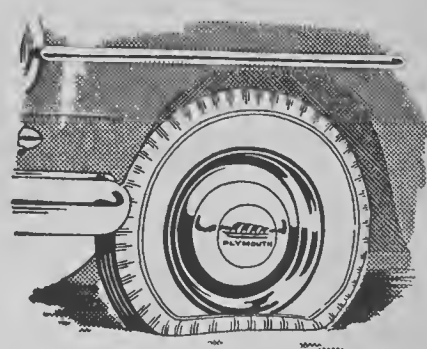
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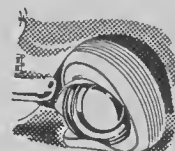
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Famous Bull Mourned

THE American press noted with suitable trumpeting the death of the great Hereford bull, Hazford Rupert 81st. As a three-year-old he won the 1936 Chicago International grand championship, premier show award for the breed on this continent. He was then sold to cattleman Roy J. Turner, now governor of Oklahoma, for \$18,500, not an exceptional price for bulls which have attained this distinction.

But "Old 81st" achieved a record in service before which his show victories pale into insignificance. In nine years he sired 118 females which sold at an average of approximately \$1,200, and 160 bulls which brought an average around \$2,100; a grand total of \$486,225. The only one of his sons which shamed the old sire was T. Royal Rupert 99th, which sold for a record breaking price of \$38,000. When this off-shoot turned out to be sterile, Governor Turner had to refund the purchase price.

About a year ago Old 81st began to develop arthritis and his days were numbered. Nevertheless by the use of artificial insemination 190 cows were got in calf by him before he was despatched. Even the method of his going was dramatic—spinal anesthesia and the severance of an internal artery. He was buried with fitting honors under the elms on the Oklahoma ranch he had enriched.

Encephalomyelitis in Cattle

DURING July an outbreak of encephalomyelitis, which is commonly a very serious disease of horses and human beings, occurred in Saskatchewan among cattle for the first time, according to Dr. R. B. Waechter, provincial veterinarian. The outbreak was in a relatively large area in the Gravelbourg district along the Wood River and later spread to the Rush Lake area. A large number of cattle were affected, and there was nearly 100 per cent mortality among infected animals where immunization was not practised by the use of encephalomyelitis vaccine.

Dr. Waechter reported that no losses whatever had occurred where animals were vaccinated. He strongly advised, however, refraining from immunizing herds indiscriminately unless a qualified veterinarian had diagnosed the disease. The outbreak seems to have been confined to calves and cattle under two years of age. Symptoms are nervousness, convulsions and blindness resulting from infection of the eyes. Saskatchewan farmers have been urged to report suspicious cases to the provincial veterinarian, Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture, Regina. Where prescribed, vaccine is available from the University of Saskatchewan, Veterinary Laboratory.

Sask. Emergency Feed Program

IN view of the serious crop condition over a large area of Saskatchewan, the Minister of Agriculture, Hon. I. C. Nollet, announced late in July a four-point government emergency program to assist farmers in the northwestern part of the province in obtaining feed and fodder.

The program involves: 1, Payment to farmers or groups of farmers to assist them in transporting haying equipment and machinery to and from surplus areas where hay can be put up; 2, Payment of one-half the cost of freight up to \$3 per ton on feed moved by farmers desiring to take advantage of the program; 3, Guarantee by the government that it will purchase, at scheduled prices, supplies of hay put up by farmers in addition to their own needs; and 4, \$2 per ton straight assistance to the farmers unable to be away from home, but who arrange to obtain feed from

surplus areas, provided advantage is taken of the government policy before November 1.

The minister urged that success would depend on the efforts of individual farmers, and he has requested farmers in the southern and eastern portions of the province to put up all possible hay to help meet the emergency. Several factors have combined to make special efforts very important at this time, among which are the flooding of some natural hay meadows, the severe winter of 1946-47, a general lack of straw as the result of the more widespread use of combines, an increase of 600,000 in the cattle population since 1940, and comparatively high prices for grain, leading to a lessening of interest in hay production.

Co-op. Does Well

TWO years ago The Country Guide carried an account of the Creston Valley Co-operative Association. Recently Arthur Glasier, Wynndel, B.C., an enthusiastic member, sent us information as to the success of this co-operative for the year 1946.

Sales amounted to more than \$500,000 and total profits, as shown on the balance sheet of the association, amounted to \$44,386.65. Mr. Glasier calls our attention to the fact that \$44,000 is about \$2,000 for each clerk employed; and a large display advertisement in the Creston Review of Thursday, June 26, announced the fact that this sum will be distributed to members as rebates on their 1946 purchases.

The Association separates its activities into two divisions, producer and consumer trading. Consumer operations accounted for \$461,000 of sales last year, and the balance sheet of the Association shows 12,753 fully paid shares at \$5 each, in addition to general reserve of \$76,815, and cash credit balances of \$2,930. Current assets amounted to \$129,866, and fixed assets stood at \$46,987.

Co-operation in Europe

THE International Labor Office reports that on January 1, 1946, there were 8,269 primary co-operatives operating in Roumania, and that in the first six months of 1946, 1,913 new co-operatives, involving 368,821 members, were established. Nearly all of these were purchase and sale co-operatives, which now number more than co-operatives of any other type. Formerly, the number of people's banks, or credit co-operatives, was greater than of any other type. Some of the other kinds of co-operatives were land-leasing co-operatives, and for forestry purposes, as well as fishermen, vine growers, dairy and consumer co-operatives. Of the 6,734 organizations reporting at the beginning of last year, total membership was 2,085,852.

The National Institute of Co-operation has acted as agent of the state for the purchase of agricultural products, principally cereals from the U.S.-S.R. The Institute also is charged with the responsibility of providing the villages with their quota of industrial products and operates its own productive plants for processing marmalade, twine and string fibre, hulled barley, flour, wheat, rye, coffee substitutes, fresh and salted fish.

THE Swedish Government, in 1945, set up a committee to draft legislation for co-operative production, since there was no legal foundation for joint land ownership or joint farming in Sweden. The committee has recommended joint farming societies, which it advises should have the same access to government loans and grants which is available to individual farmers. In other respects, proposed details of operation are more or less similar to co-operative farming projects which have been con-

sidered in western Canada during recent years.

DURING the last ten years the number of rural credit co-operatives in Turkey has decreased, but the number of members and the amount of loans has substantially increased. Roughly, one-fourth of the money lent consists of the resources of the co-operatives themselves, and about three-quarters is provided by the Agricultural Bank.

Farmers Own Land Bank System

IN 1917 the United States government furnished nearly \$9 millions to 12 banks operated under the Farm Credit Administration. It was intended that, eventually, these banks would be owned by member-borrowers, through national farm loan associations. On June 30, the last Federal Land Bank retired stock held in it by the Federal government, so that now all 12 are owned by the farmers and ranchers who use them.

Ever since 1917 each farm borrower had to purchase stock in his National Farm Loan Association equal to five per cent of his loan. With this money the Association in turn purchased stock in the Land Bank. As the business grew and the member-owned capital stock increased, the capital owned by the government was paid off. Four of the 12 banks were operating on their own as early as 1923. By 1932 all but about one-fifth of one per cent of the total Federal capital in the Land Banks was owned by the borrowers. Then came the '30's, when the Federal government not only purchased \$125 millions of capital stock, but paid the banks \$188 millions so that they could extend loans and defer payment. By June 30, all of this new and old capital stock had been repaid to the government, and next year the last of the \$188 millions advanced will be returned.

Fibre From Proteins

SILK and wool are proteins that are natural fibres. Other proteins, such as those contained in milk, peanuts, soybeans and corn, can be made into fibre by chemical treatment which arranges their tiny molecules differently.

Artificial fibres have been made from peanuts, corn and chicken feathers at several research centres of the United States Department of Agriculture. These synthetic or artificial fibres not only feel like the natural protein fibres such as silk or wool, but they are also able to absorb dyes. Fibres made from milk can be mixed with rayon and wool, as well as with the fur used for felt hats. The new fibre made from peanuts is called Sarelon. It is light cream in color, and has a feel midway between that of silk and wool. It dyes about as well as either and insulates, as well as absorbs moisture, much like wool. When wet, it is low in strength, and is most useful for mixing with cotton or other yarns.

The protein in corn has also been used to produce another artificial fibre suitable for blending with rayon, cotton or wool. This zein fibre is as strong as wool when dyed and can be cleaned by washing with soap solution.

About 175 million pounds of poultry feathers are wasted each year. Keratin is a fibre protein found in feathers, and scientists at the Western Regional Research Laboratory in California have found a way of producing a useful artificial fibre from this material.

All of these artificial fibres are comparatively weak when wet and research is under way to strengthen them.

Australian Sheep Dogs

AUSTRALIAN sheep men, like flock owners in Canada and elsewhere, depend largely on dogs for tending their flocks. A story has recently come out of

Australia about a sheep dog which followed a sheep down a 120-foot mine shaft into which the animal had fallen; and this devotion to duty has also brought to mind an incident occurring when the lowlands of New South Wales were in flood, and it was decided to move some sheep to higher ground. One of the dogs associated with this flock was June, a collie, which disappeared one night and was not found until two days later, when she was located on a small island in the centre of the surging river, guarding 30 stragglers. It appears that she had to cross four fast-flowing streams, in addition to the much wider Murray River, in order to reach the place she felt she ought to be.

The Australian sheep dog must stand a great deal of heat and be able to stand up to rough ground. Special efforts have been made to breed dogs suitable for this purpose, beginning in the early days with imported champion dogs.

For Customs Classification

THE perennial argument about rhubarb is settled—or at least it has been authoritatively dealt with. A United States Customs Court, with a woman sitting on the bench and delivering judgment, has decided that rhubarb is a fruit and not a vegetable. The reason given for the ruling is that rhubarb "is commonly used as a fruit," which seems an eminently sensible basis for the decision.

This is one of those arguments about words which cannot be settled by reference to the dictionary or to the various experts who might be presumed to speak with finality. The Encyclopedia Britannica informs us that the term fruit is a loose one, including the stalks of the rhubarb. The same authority, a few thousand pages further back states that "rhubarb used as a vegetable consists of the leaf stalks of Rheum rhaponticum," and adds the information that "it is known in America as pie-plant."

The office dictionaries are no more use. All of them evade the issue. One says that rhubarb is a hardy perennial herb. Another calls it a polygonaceous plant of the genus Rheum. Rhubarb's status was definitely uncertain until some hapless wight got himself pulled up before the beak for failing to contribute sufficiently to the national treasury.

Frogs' Legs Are Delicious

SINCE 1937, Cuba has developed a new crop and a new export—frog legs! In 1945, Cuba exported to the United States more than 300,000 pounds, worth more than \$100,000. The Cuban Ministry of Agriculture believes that these exports can be doubled.

Drought reduces the frog population, but the actual frog leg in Cuba depends on the price and demand for tobacco. When tobacco prices are low, workers and growers turn to frog hunting. It is not considered economical to produce frogs on a commercial scale, since the cost of artificial feeding would be high. Cuban frog species eat shrimps, minnows and other small species, becoming cannibalistic when natural foods are scarce.

Hunters bring frogs alive to cleaning stations where the frogs are cleaned and skinned by hand, the legs placed in iced tanks and wooden cases, and trucked to Havana for repacking and shipment. A great delicacy, frog legs in prewar days were inspected, cooled in ice water and thoroughly washed, individually glazed with ice at low temperatures and each piece wrapped in paraffin paper. Shipment was made in wooden boxes containing 200 cartons, each of which carried eight to ten pairs of legs. Due to wartime scarcity, packing is now in bulk without ice coating.

A Deputy Minister Speaks Out

WE in Canada are now well on our way to test the practicability and to experience the implication of a partially planned or controlled peace-time agriculture. The government of Canada has negotiated long-term commodity contracts with Britain for the disposal of a substantial portion of our major agricultural commodities, including wheat, beef, bacon, eggs, poultry and cheese. The effect of such contracts is that free operation of private enterprise has been curtailed in the marketing of these products by the functioning of duly appointed government boards.

"Further, the people of Canada have, in the Agricultural Prices Support Act, established facilities for the purpose of supporting future prices of farm commodities, in the hope that producers may not suffer unduly from low prices paid for agricultural products. Therefore, we have shown our willingness to be subjected to self-imposed price regimentation with respect to certain phases of agricultural production.

"I would respectfully suggest that it is the responsibility of every farmer and citizen to study without bias the contracts and policies now in force, to measure his or her personal reaction, the behavior of his neighbors, the national benefit and risks, the international implications and possibilities with respect to such measures."

The speaker was O. S. Longman, deputy minister of Agriculture for Alberta, who not long ago addressed a short course for co-operatives at the University of Alberta. Mr. Longman pointed to the fact that, while Canada has not as yet evolved a complete agricultural policy or program, we have been able to declare certain objectives or ideals for the attainment of which the provinces must be largely responsible to the extent that they can "study, plan and play their natural and effective parts in attaining their share of the objective."

Mr. Longman believes that one of the benefits of the war was that the Canadian farm people, farm organizations and provincial and Dominion officials have been brought together in a common cause, so that we have all emerged "with a greater understanding of each other's point of view; we have a greater knowledge of each other's environment and resources, (so that) with the knowledge and experience so gained, we should be qualified to plan a mutually beneficial agricultural policy or program for the Canada of tomorrow, but we must begin today."

MR. LONGMAN believes that in this country we should have an agricultural program or policy, the primary purpose of which should be to provide those engaged in agriculture with a satisfactory standard of living and reasonable amenities of life; permit them to meet their normal obligations and to gain a reasonable competence for their declining years. He believes that such an objective involves: (a) policies with respect to the acquisition, holding, utilization and reclamation and preservation of land, as well as an understanding of the regional adaptation and efficient use of the soil; (b) the improvement and maintenance of soil productivity as a basic consideration for the future of agriculture in eastern Canada as contrasted with our lesser immediate concern on this score in western Canada where our soils are relatively new and rich in fertility; (c) the encouragement of crop production and utilization suitable to a particular region, and the development of a permanent form of agriculture based on



While Alberta has developed many other sources of revenue, her mainstay is still her wheat crop.

O. S. Longman advocates an agricultural production policy for Alberta and for Canada

the proper correlation of land, climate, crop production and livestock to meet human needs; (d) the transportation and the interchange of primary farm commodities as between surplus and deficiency areas of production, which means a transportation policy that will permit eastern and western Canada to live together as an economic unit; (e) a greater understanding and display of mutual aid as between the agricultural regions of Canada; (f) stabilization of farm income on a national basis in such a way that the consumer may share fairly in such stabilization.

Mr. Longman based his address on a planned agricultural production program for Alberta and, for purposes of illustration, used certain comparative figures for eastern and western Canada with respect to our chief grain crops and our principal types of livestock. The following are the figures used with respect to acreages of crops and numbers of livestock in western Canada (corresponding figures for eastern Canada in parenthesis), all figures representing millions of acres or millions of livestock: Wheat 22¾ (¾), oats 10¾ (¾), barley 6¾ (¾), milk cows 1.3 (2.6), other cattle 3.9 (2.8), total cattle 5.2 (5.4), sheep and lambs 1.9 (1.7), hogs 3 (3), poultry 43.7 (45.8).

After showing that in 1944, for example, eastern Canada produced a total of 142 million bushels of wheat, oats and barley, as compared with 985 million bushels in western Canada, of

which 550 million bushels were oats and barley, Mr. Longman pointed out that dairy cattle, hogs and poultry, all heavy grain-consuming animals, constitute the major sources of livestock revenue in the eastern provinces. They cannot be fed from grain produced in the East and must, on the basis of the best available estimates, be fed about 100 million bushels of coarse grains grown in the Prairie Provinces. "The bringing together of eastern demands and western commodities should be one of Canada's major self-help programs," said the deputy minister.

He believes that the key to eastern markets lies in reduced transportation costs, and put forward a suggestion that we cannot have a Canadian agricultural policy "until we have a transportation policy that will permit the farmers of western and eastern Canada to enjoy transportation privileges equal to or better than those extended to farmers whom we serve in other countries. The present freight assistance policy on feed grains," he contended, "is ample proof of the benefit that low-cost transportation can bring to both eastern and western farmers. If the present assistance policy is discontinued, two parties will be adversely affected, the farmer-purchaser in the East and the producer in the West."

REFERRING specifically to a planned agricultural production program for Alberta, Mr. Longman analyzed the problem with some thoroughness, and



Foothills sheep in feedlots at Picture Butte, Alta., where they will be finished on grain and refuse from the sugar beet crop.

from this analysis the following paragraphs are quoted:

"... The populations of Manitoba and Saskatchewan are relatively static. In Saskatchewan there has been a population decline in recent years. The rural and urban population of Alberta will continue to grow. In Alberta we have a sizable area of virgin land yet to be settled and an area that can be reclaimed through irrigation. Fortunately we transferred a substantial percentage of settlers from our drought area to better sections of the province when it was possible for us to do so, and we are not contemplating a decline in population in such areas; in fact there will be an increase as irrigation projects develop.

"It is true that wheat has been the corner stone of western agriculture, but to what extent? Statistics reveal that in the Province of Manitoba, the acreage sown to barley is approximately equal to that sown to wheat (wheat 2,132,000, barley 2,139,000), while the combined acreage of oats and barley in 1945 was approximately double that of wheat. In Saskatchewan the oats plus barley acreage approximates half of the acreage of wheat, while in the Province of Alberta, the acres devoted to wheat and the coarse grain acreage are about equal. In other words Alberta and Manitoba are much less dependent upon wheat economy than is the case in Saskatchewan. With respect to Manitoba, I should also mention that Manitoba and Alberta have a larger percentage of their population in the urban centres (Manitoba 44 per cent, Alberta 38 per cent, and Saskatchewan 32 per cent); and therefore, consume a relatively larger share of agricultural products in the domestic market.

"While Alberta and Manitoba may have something in common with respect to population, when we come to the cost of transportation of farm products to export markets, we constitute the extremes. Manitoba's proximity to the Head of the Lakes provides her with low freight rates, resulting in an increase of unit value of all farm commodities and particularly grains. Therefore, it is not surprising to find Manitoba grain or crop conscious, due to the relatively high values for cereals and other crops. Manitoba enjoys an eight to 10-cent export freight rate on grains compared with Alberta's 26 to 30-cent rate, and is relatively near export markets for feed grains, malting barley, flax and other minor crops.

"I would remind you that Alberta contains 22 per cent of the cultivated land of Canada, and 30 per cent of the cultivated land of the western provinces, including Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia. The war created two major opportunities for disposal of our surplus agricultural products. First, the great potential market for foodstuffs which is offered by 46 million people in Britain—people who seek a high standard of living and a variety of commodities. The food demand in Britain is enormous, and I would suggest that every Alberta farmer study its possibilities. Second, we have the increased demand for western-grown coarse grains and dairy products in eastern Canada and British Columbia. These markets provide a partial answer to the question of disposal of our surplus commodities.

"During the past ten years, Canadian production of wheat has fluctuated from 156 million bushels to 527 million bushels per year for the Prairie Provinces. In Alberta, the variation has been between 75 million and 180 million bushels. Such wide variations create

Turn to page 30

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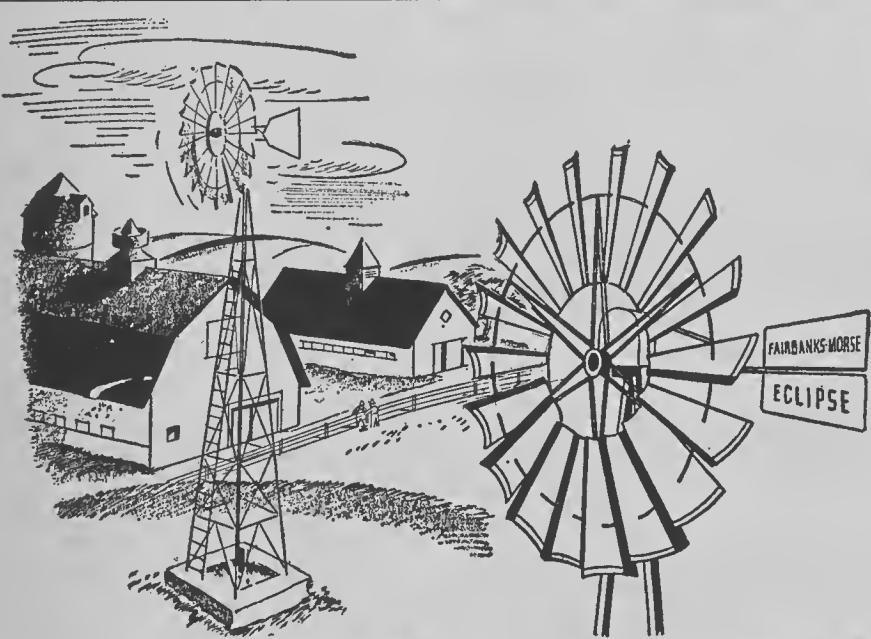
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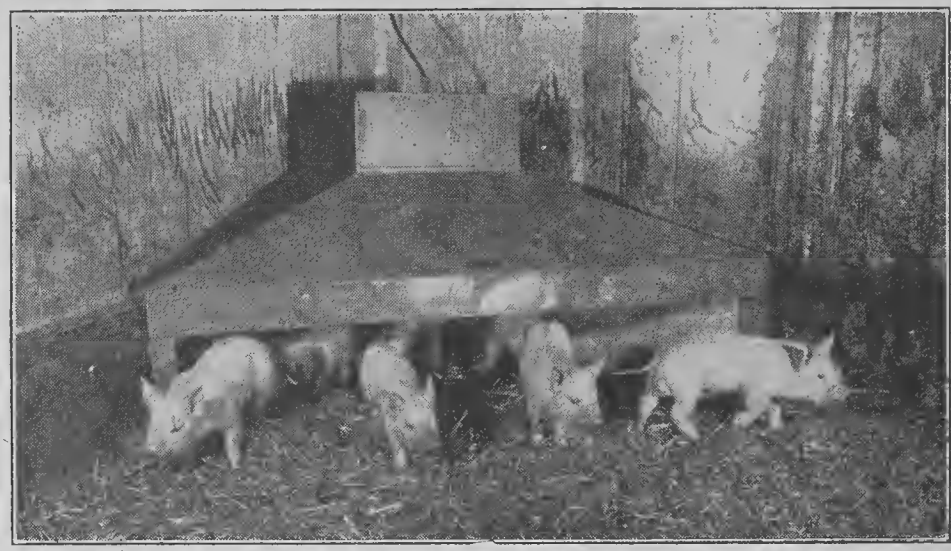
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LIVESTOCK



Rural electrification has an effect on livestock practice. Above is an electric pig brooder on the farm of J.J. Siemens, Altona, Man.

Size Counts in Cows

AT the New York State Agricultural College, studies of dairy herd improvement association records led to the conclusion that for each 100 pounds increase in weight of Holstein cattle, there was an increase of about 100 pounds in average milk production. Thus the difference between the production value of heifers grown to weigh about 1,000 pounds at maturity, and other heifers better cared for so that they weighed 1,400 pounds as mature cows, would mean the difference in total milk yield over a six-year milk period, of approximately 19,000 pounds of milk, all of which emphasizes the importance of growing-out dairy heifers to good size.

Buck Lambs Not Wanted

THE market wants ewe and wether lambs preferably. During the period from September to December, inclusive, in Canada, between 30,000 and 40,000 buck lambs are marketed each year, of which 60 per cent or more have come from the province of Quebec in the last seven years. The percentage of buck lambs reaching the Toronto market in September is substantially higher than in October and November. It is some higher also on the Winnipeg market, but even in September runs only to four or five per cent of total lamb marketings.

Lamb consumption in Canada is low, amounting to only 4.8 pounds per capita as compared with seven pounds in the United States and 73 pounds in New Zealand. Packers claim that producers who market buck lambs are only damaging the lamb industry, and point out that buck lambs are not satisfactory to the trade because not only are the loins and hind quarter (higher priced cuts) deficient, but the neck and fore-end, which are lower priced, are also heavy and rough. The flesh color of buck lambs is often bluish, and therefore somewhat objectionable; the meat is coarse when cooked and the flavor is often unpalatable.

Hornless Cattle Are Desirable

THE trust monies of the Horned Cattle funds of the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba have been increased of late years and although designed to lessen the damage inherent in shipping stock, and consequently financial loss, the administrators of these funds admit that no progress in the direction desired has been obtained over the seven-year period such penalties have been in force.

Herds of naturally polled beef cattle have been in existence in Canada for 80 years or more; and some importations of polled cattle, red in color, have been made from Britain's eastern counties. The greatest advance in the

polling of purebred cattle started in a purebred Shorthorn herd in Minnesota, about 60 years ago. These cattle were of the noted dual-purpose Shorthorn family Gwynnes, a Bates tribe, and they came on the scene just previous to the divisions of that breed into two sections—beef and dual-purpose (milking or dairy) types. Shorthorn men in the U.S. were quick to recognize the polled advantages in shipping, feeding and housing. These polled specimens are termed by geneticists (scientific breeders), mutants or sports, and they tell us that using the Mendelian term, the polled character is dominant over the horned or recessive.

The monies collected as penalties by the provinces are to be used for the improvement of cattle. The principle behind the penalty, apparently, was not entirely appreciated, for a large portion of the fund has been used to purchase horned(!) bulls. Even the big packers and abattoir men, although fulminating against horns, illustrating damage to carcasses in their periodical bulletins, both by word and picture, evince a reluctance to urge the use of polled bulls for breeding off the horns. To repeat, the geneticists tell us the polled characteristic is dominant over the horned.

The writer has used in his herd three polled bulls. Consecutively, the first, termed pure polled (obtained from the United States), in our herd of horned cattle polled his progeny 100 per cent. We followed with a polled son, out of a horned cow. He polled all his female progeny, but not all his males; hence we again went back to Indiana for another polled sire, and will go on from there, having several polled females to displace the horned cows.

Practically all the polled breeders in Canada are west of the Great Lakes, but in the U.S. practically 10 per cent of the beef-type Shorthorns being registered are polled. At the first International Live Stock Show at Chicago where an Englishman, J. B. Ellis, had been brought to judge the finished beeves, he remarked, on viewing the polled classes, "The new breed makes me a bit fearful for the true Shorthorn." The breeders of polled Shorthorns have steadily improved their type, and continually, by purchase of the top ranking specimens from horned Shorthorn herds, are rivalling those herds for favor in the cattle markets of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the Argentine. The milking (dairy or dual-purpose) section of the breed in the U.S., which now registers 40 per cent of all American Shorthorns, has also followed suit, using similar tactics in "de-horning by breeding"—painless and bloodless!

When the late Duthie Webster visited Canada and the U.S. a few years ago, he expressed admiration for polled Shorthorns and, but for restrictive regulations, would have taken specimens

back to the Old Country. In Canada, the Canadian Shorthorn Association registers polled purebred Shorthorns, indicating by an X before the registered number that the animal in question is polled.

Progress in polling the whitefaces has not been as rapid, yet with both Shorthorns and Herefords, polled specimens have at times headed the breeding classes in the show rings. The trend is shown in the conservatively minded agriculturists of Great Britain, for, recently, the Jersey cattle club there has granted permission to its members to exhibit dehorned specimens of that great butterfat-yielding breed.

Opposition to polling by breeding is another case of conservatism of vested interests, although mostly undercover. Such opposition is based largely on false premises—e.g., polling is said by opponents to mean "loss of size, of bone, of milk production." Such allegations are evidence of lack of argument, and a losing cause. Dean MacEwan of the University of Manitoba, whose success with breeding horns off rams is an accomplished fact, once said to the writer, "You don't have to apologize for breeding off the horns."—Stockwell.

Feed Grains To Be Scarce

THE extremely hot weather experienced in western Canada during the latter part of July, coupled with the disastrous weather conditions at seeding time in eastern Canada, point to the definite possibility of a critical feed situation during the 1947-48 crop year.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics on July 18 estimated 600,000 fewer acres of oats seeded in the prairie provinces than in 1946, and 1,200,000 additional acres of barley, as well as about 350,000 fewer acres of wheat.

The probability is that the total coarse grains supply will have to be stretched severely to meet the minimum feed needs of the Dominion. Contrary to the usual occurrence, the northern half of Saskatchewan is this year suffering from an extremely short crop, and the same condition is prevalent in eastern Alberta. Southern Saskatchewan, where crop conditions were very promising early in the season, experienced severe crop deterioration in the latter part of July, owing to extreme hot weather. Thus, with a severe feed grain shortage in eastern Canada and in north-western Saskatchewan, areas in each case where there is a substantial concentration of livestock, the possibility of an adequate supply of feed grain for these areas is slim.

This will be a pay-off season for those western farmers who have made a regular practice of building up a reserve feed supply. The good crops experienced in recent years have tended to mask the importance of this kind of insurance for the livestock producer. We know only too well that short-crop years are an inherent factor in prairie agriculture, and that each time when they occur thousands of farmers are caught short of feed grain and some liquidation of livestock is necessary, which would not be necessary to the same extent if the practice were more general of maintaining fairly adequate reserves.

The seriousness of the situation in eastern Canada is illustrated by figures prepared by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, which show that between 1935 and 1946 the number of grain-consuming animal units in eastern Canada increased by around 25 per cent, or nearly two million animal units. At the same time, the acreage devoted to forage crops in eastern Canada, from 1940 to 1945, increased by something like the same percentage. On the other hand, the acreage devoted to grain production in eastern Canada dropped between 15 and 20 per cent as a result. It was during these same war

years that free freight subsidies on feed grain shipped to eastern Canada came into effect, and since 1943 have been applied to something more than three million tons of feed grain per year.

Co-operative Hog Production

MUCH attention is being given to various aspects of co-operative production in the Province of Saskatchewan. It would appear from the June issue of "Co-operative Development" that attention is now being turned to the possibilities of co-operative hog production. Alarmed at the declining hog production and fearful of the effect of this decline on the agriculture of the province, attention is being turned to the possibility of co-operative effort.

The Department of Co-operation and Co-operative Development evidently take seriously the suggestion that within a few years' time as much as one-quarter of our present wheat acreage may be lacking an outlet on the world cereal markets, unless new uses for wheat are found in the meantime. A partial solution is suggested in the field of large-scale hog raising.

A recent statement by L. W. Pearsall, manager of the Canadian Meat Board, indicated that in June this year the prairie provinces marketed 13.3 per cent fewer hogs than in June, 1946, though this was a smaller decline than in May, when marketings in the prairie provinces were 20.5 per cent below those of May, 1946. Throughout Canada, according to Mr. Pearsall, hog marketings in June through inspected packing plants, were increased 15.4 per cent over June, 1946, which compares with an 8.2 per cent increase for May. These increases, however, were largely in Ontario and Quebec, which showed increased marketings in June of 39.6 and 66.7 per cent respectively. The increase in the Maritime Provinces was 32.8 per cent.

Notwithstanding these figures, indicative of an upturn in hog marketing for the Dominion generally, the Saskatchewan department has this to say with reference to prairie hog production:

"Most of our hogs to date have been produced on mixed farms as a sideline. Many of these hogs were cared for by the women and the children, or by the farmers themselves before breakfast and after supper, which meant additional hours of work. With the advance of mechanization, few women now look with favor on carrying big buckets of slops, or wading around in rubber boots. With the present high return from grain growing, many farmers now consider the hours previously spent on feeding hogs to be more valuable spent as leisure time."

The department not only feels that it is incumbent on us to hold our position in the British market for Canadian bacon, but that large-scale hog production, though practicable, will be found suitable only on a few individual farms, owing to the fairly large amount of capital required to achieve low-cost production.

It is suggested that producers who grow suitable feeds or those whose labor could be contributed to advantage, might join in a hog production co-operative, and that on this basis, with a well-qualified person to actually look after the hogs, the business could be organized on an eight-hour, daytime basis to utilize a fairly uniform amount of labor throughout the year. Labor-saving devices could be economically installed, more pigs could be saved to marketing age, efficiency in feeding and management introduced, improvement in quality made more probable, and all of the advantages of specialization achieved. No hog production co-operative has yet been formed, so far as The Country Guide is aware.

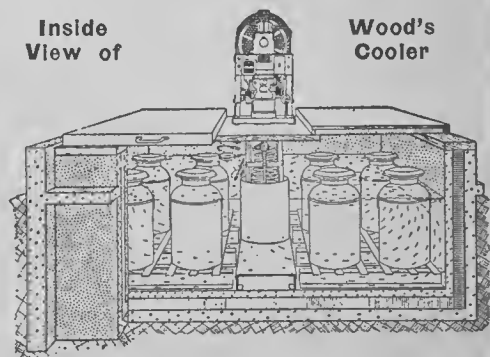
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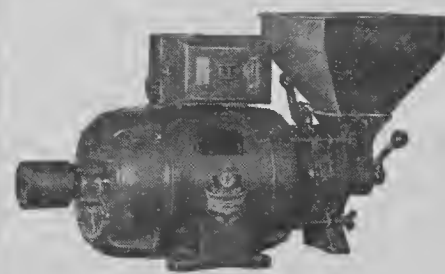
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War On Cougars

The price of tolerance is too high so B.C. plans protection for its livestock and wild game

By HARRY GREGSON

A NEW war, of a novel kind, is about to be launched in British Columbia. The Provincial Government has decided to institute an offensive against the cougar and other predatory animals. It has increased the grant for game conservation this year from \$40,000 to \$75,000.

A large part of this appropriation will go to establish a school for cougar hunters, under the supervision of James Dewar, the "king" of B.C. cougar hunters. The school will begin with eight students, who will make it their life work to outwit the clever and savage cat, which has already cost \$1,000,000 in bounty money since 1910, with no apparent difference to its numbers or depredations.

The Provincial Government pays a bounty of \$15.00 for each cougar proved killed. But this is inadequate. Hunting cougars is an expensive business. Trained cougar hounds are worth \$500 apiece. A hunter may chase one animal for a week and if he gets it \$15.00 is a poor reward.

The cougar is a cunning animal. From the moment it opens its slate-blue eyes at the age of two weeks until it reaches old age 15 years later, it never ceases to learn. It learns to follow noiselessly in its mother's tracks while, still a kitten and to approach the unsuspecting prey against the wind, making those 25-foot leaps, which even the old and experienced buck cannot always escape.

It kills deer chiefly by springing on their backs and jerking the neck backward with a sharp movement of a muscular paw. These paws can break the back of a timber wolf at one blow.

The cougar is expert at hiding its tracks. It seldom travels in a straight line and wanders sometimes 25 miles in arcs and semi-circles.

It can be successfully hunted only with the aid of experienced dogs, which will distinguish new from old scent and by their bark, spare the hunter many hours of heavy foot slogging through the undergrowth. The good cougar hound "cuts" from one scent to another, instead of following its devious windings. The cougar hound will never let the excitement of the chase lure it too far from its master as it knows cougars are dangerous and will soon finish off the too adventurous hound. Once having "treed" the cat, the cougar hound will bark ferociously and bare its fangs if the cougar shows signs of coming down. . . but wise hound as it is, it will keep out of the cougar's way if it descends.

BY combining courage with discretion, it keeps the cougar hesitant until the hunter can arrive and administer the coup-de-grace with his gun.

Then the hound gets its reward by being permitted to worry the carcass. For this reason, many shot cougars are not photogenic.

March, April and May are the best cougar-hunting months, but in practice, the animal is hunted all the year round. Trappers detest the giant cat because where it operates, all wild life decamps. A cougar is reckoned to kill 52 deer each year and there are certain types even more destructive. They get blood-lust and kill not for hunger but for the sheer joy of it. Anything living, except human beings, which comes their way, is their prey and they will attack elk and even bear.

As a rule the cougar respects humans, yet a cycling policeman at Lake Cowichan, B.C. affirms that he was chased by a cougar in January. He was being overtaken when a hunter brought

the animal low with a well-aimed shot.

Recently a farmer of Grinrod, 30 miles north of Vernon, B.C., was badly mauled when a cougar dropped on his back from a tree.

ONE of the most sensational cougar attacks on a human being occurred in Washington State on December 17, 1924. James Fehlhaber, a boy of 13, set out to fetch some mules from a nearby ranch. Searchers saw that the tracks of a cougar merged with those of the lad. Later splotches of blood were discovered in the snow, which led to the finding of Fehlhaber's partly devoured body. The cougar was trapped soon afterwards and in its stomach were discovered human hair and a number of trinkets belonging to Fehlhaber.

Women as well as men take a hand in cougar-hunting in B.C. "Queen" of the cougar hunters is Mrs. Joan Yates, of Sooke, B.C., who has killed 14 cougars in five years with her .450 shot gun. "I can't sleep when I know there is a cougar about," she declared.

Nancy Crowther of Powell River, B.C., claims six cougars. She bagged a mother cat with three kittens in 1945, after they had attacked her goat-herd in broad daylight.

One of the difficulties in keeping down the numbers of cougar is that the animals breed chiefly in virgin forest. To penetrate these forests calls for time and money. With age the cougar gets cunning and often descends to the farms, finding the hen houses and domestic cattle easier prey than wild life. The cougar who preys on the farmer's stock is just as hard to shoot as the one who stays in the dense forests. He makes up in cunning what he lacks in staying power.

Some game experts maintain that savage though the cougar is, it keeps the deer "healthy" through chase, thus inducing alertness and physical fitness. They also maintain that if the deer were left to multiply without the cougar to keep their numbers down, eventually they would outlive the means of subsistence and die en masse from under-nourishment.

TO this, farmers reply that in other districts, notably in Banff National Park in the Rockies, the wonderful cougars were kept under strict control until 1928. Deer, sheep, mountain goat and elk became plentiful. Then the control was lifted and by 1933 the threat of extermination of wild life was so acute that experienced cougar hunters had to be called in to restore the balance.

If the number of deer has to be kept down, they say, let the hunter do it with his rifle, thereby bringing license money into the treasury and venison into the household. Don't leave it to the cougar who habitually wastes a large portion of each animal he kills.

There are many who will regret the war on the cougar. Savage though the animal is in its natural haunts, it becomes very tame in captivity. But being capricious, like all cats, the cougar measuring up to 10 feet from nose to tip of tail and weighing one and a half times as much as the average man, is not an animal which most parents would like to have about the house.

On paper, therefore, the cougar is doomed. Its depredations on farmers' stock must cease. But the full-scale offensive about to be launched will be regretted by many nature lovers, who admire in the cougar the independence which man has had to yield up as the price of civilization.

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Year's Work on 2,4-D

ON July 14 about 100 American and Canadian visitors inspected work under way in the 2,4-D investigation carried out jointly by the University of Manitoba, the Manitoba Weed Commission, and the Brandon Experimental Farm. The university's share in the enquiry is to gauge the effect of the weed killer on crops, when used at different strengths and applied at different dates. Its work is being duplicated at the Brandon farm as a check. H. E. Wood, chief of the Weed Commission, is supervising work done at four centres, Morris, Grosse Isle, Oakbank and Sanford. This work consists of plot treatments on a small scale, and co-operative work with farmers who are treating large fields commercially.

The tour began at the university farm where Dr. P. J. Olson's staff have treated plots of wheat, oats, barley, flax, corn, alfalfa and millet. In some cases the soil was treated May 2 before the sown crop was out of the ground. Other plots were treated at successive dates up to the emergence of heads on July 8.

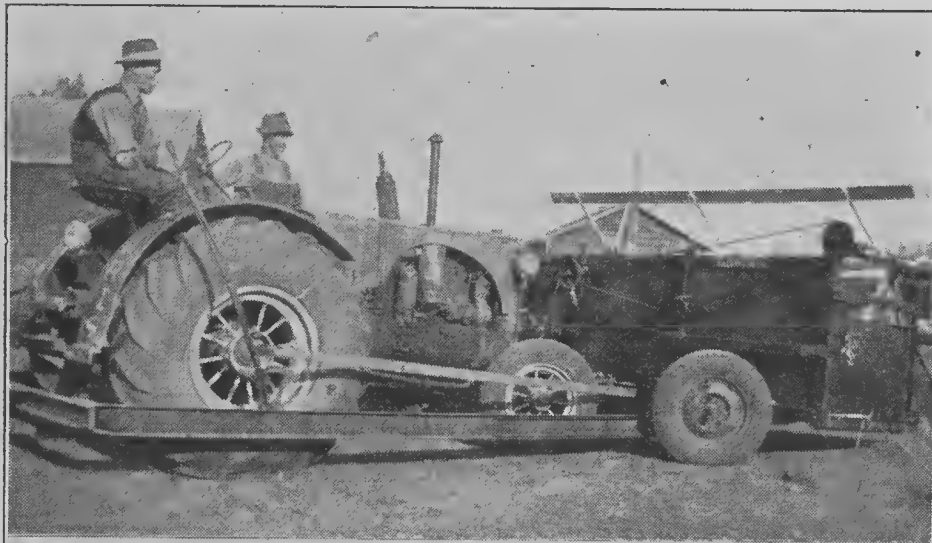
The plot experiments at Fort Garry indicate that wheat, oats, and corn are highly resistant to 2,4-D damage. While the general recommendation is for treatment of a quarter to half a pound per acre of acid equivalent, the Manitoba experiment included rates up to two pounds acid equivalent on the small grains, and one pound for flax, a crop known to be more susceptible than the grasses. Even the heaviest applications tried seemed to make no visible difference to wheat and corn. Barley showed marked damage at two pounds per acre, especially where the more potent ester formulation was used. Flax showed no

apparent damage at one pound to the acre at the university, but on farmers' fields examined later at Sanford, damage could be detected in crops sprayed at the rate of four ounces acid equivalent. Some farmers in the party ventured the opinion that it would have been better if a lot of the flax treated in Manitoba this year had been left untouched.

The plots which compared the effect of date of application indicate that the crop itself probably suffers less with early treatment. Nobody, of course, recommends treating as late as heading-out time, for by this date the weed crop has sucked the land dry and produced seeds for subsequent pollution. Nevertheless, in order to complete the information late treatments were included. These show a harmful effect in greater or less degree, depending on the crop.

Plots treated before the grain came out of the ground showed practically no bad effect on the crop. In some of these plots, treated as early as May 2, a heavy infestation of weed seeds was sown with the grain. The kill of weeds was phenomenally good. From all the work seen during the day one gained the general impression that in a season like the present late one, the best work was done during the month of June, although the public will want to know more about the very early applications. In treatments done at any time, a good deal of the spray or dust falls on the ground, and if this is going to prove efficacious in weed control it will extend forward the limited time when good work can be done.

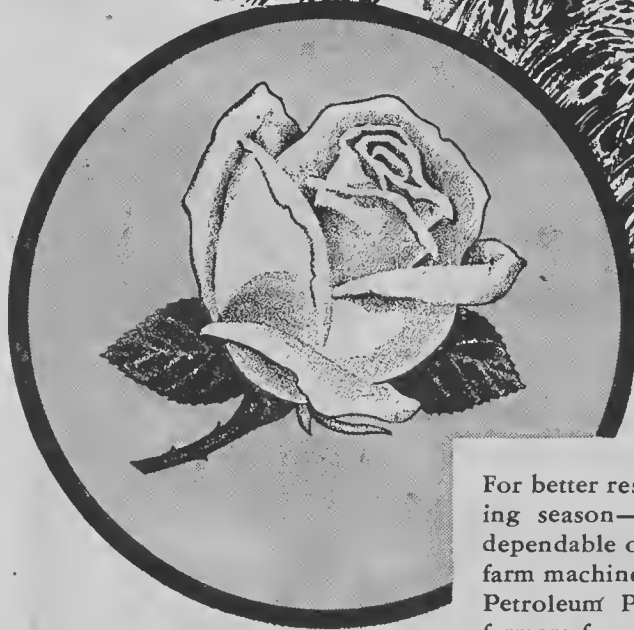
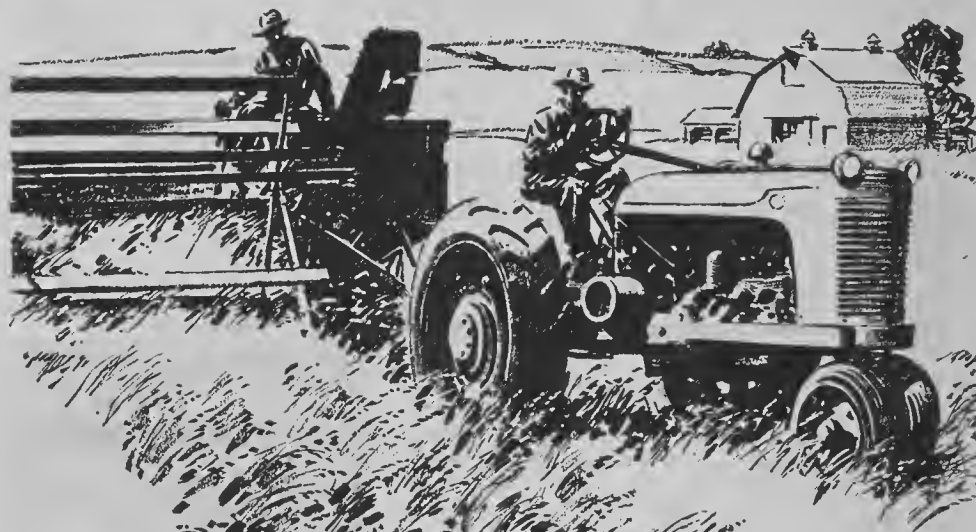
The tour of visitors on July 14 took in the work done at Sanford. In summary it may be said that spraying at the recommended rates, before weeds



J. W. G. THORNTON, Brandon, Manitoba, has sent us these pictures of a push-type swather, which he put into operation for the first time in 1946. Mr. Thornton comments that the machine would have been in the field in 1945, if it had not been so hard to get parts.

He suggests that the push-type swather enjoys one outstanding advantage, in that it avoids all trampling of grain when starting to harvest fields. Another advantage, of course, is that all of the operator's machinery is ahead of him, where he can observe it constantly. The swather cuts 12 feet, is entirely home-made, and as far as Mr. Thornton knew when he sent us the pictures, was the only one of its kind. Quite recently a commercial swather of very similar type has been announced.

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had attained too much growth, gave very satisfactory, but not 100 per cent control. Some fields which had been dusted were examined. The kill along the edges of the field did not appear uniformly good. It may be that dusting is more susceptible to wind drift than spraying. In one case dusting had damaged a caragana hedge in the path of the wind drift. No damage to trees was noticed, but it must be said that Sanford is in a low, flat plain, treeless except for farm plantations.

Some variation is shown in the resistance of different weeds. Mustard, Ragweed and French Weed, the economic weeds of the area, all appear helpless against 2,4-D. Field Bindweed, and perhaps a few others of lesser importance are more resistant.

The ditches of the provincial drainage commission traverse the Sanford area. Willows growing on the ditch bank have long been a nuisance, their vigorous growth blocking ditches and making maintenance expensive. Drainage authorities have shown, however, that by the use of 2,4-D willows can be completely and cheaply subdued.

Mr. Wood issued a warning during the inspection which may be well to repeat here. It is difficult to make an accurate visual examination of a crop and say exactly what damage has been done. Only threshing time can tell the whole story. Also one must be cautious of results produced for one year at one place. Subsequent examination may modify and even reverse decisions one is tempted to make on the present showing.

Eradication of Couch Grass

IN the March issue of *The Country Guide* you had an article on couch grass that greatly interested me. I should like to add a little that I have found out about the eradication of the couch grass.

The time to do this is in the late summer, end of August and September. Plow and then cultivate to the freeze-up. The winter will do the killing if it is stirred up and kept rough after it has been plowed.

I had great success with this method and never saw a blade of it in the following crops.

The eradication of the couch grass was done in Saskatchewan but have since moved to B.C. Many times I have had the thought to write you my way of getting rid of it and your article in March Guide did the trick.—J. J.

Avoid Close Grazing in Late Summer

GRAZING pastures too closely not only reduces the root systems of grasses, but leads to serious damage from trampling by livestock and increases evaporation from the soil as the leaf and stem growth is removed.

Close grazing should be avoided in late summer, since the root systems are the storehouse for reserves of plant food and need leaves at this season of the year to furnish these reserves for storage. Many pastures could be greatly improved if more attention was paid to them. Grasses require a great deal of nitrogen, and a thin, even cover of barnyard manure applied during the winter will be a substantial help and will tend to avoid the short growth and yellow color of brome grass, which is a sign of nitrogen shortage. Some poor pastures can be improved by drilling crested wheat grass into the native sod during a rainy period in harvest time.

Some years ago crested wheat grass was sown into weed growth at the Dominion Reclamation Station at Melita, Manitoba, with the result that after a time Russian thistle and similar weeds were completely replaced, while on other land, the crested wheat grass took possession where the soil was formerly covered with a strong growth

of goldenrod. It is important to remember that next year's pasture may depend on how the grazing is managed this year.

The Control of Wireworms

THERE has been more damage than usual from wireworms this year in some parts of the prairie provinces. These shiny, slender, hard-bodied yellow worms will be found in the top three inches of soil during the latter part of July in the form of pupae, the stage into which the insect passes before developing into a mature "click" beetle. These beetles stay in the ground over winter and lay their eggs in the soil, from which the tiny wireworm hatches in late June and early July.

If hatched early enough, the wireworms will attack the seed, but do most damage to young plants, largely by boring into and shredding the underground parts. The damage is mostly done by the time stooking begins, and results in thin, poor stands of crop.

Most damage is found on crop seeded on summerfallow, or rebroken grassland. This leads to some confusion in the minds of farmers, since investigators and experimenters have found that the only really practical means of reducing the wireworm loss is clean summerfallowing. The reason crops seeded after fallow are usually injured most is because the wireworms which survive the fallow treatment are both hungry and destructive. Weedy fallows, while eventually leading to severe damage, apparently do not give so much damage on the first or second crop.

In spite of this difficulty, the recommendation is that the land should be fallowed every second or third year where wireworms are bad. This means keeping the fallow free of weeds and volunteer growth from the middle of June to the end of July, so as to starve the newly hatched wireworms. Tillage should be only shallow enough and frequent enough to keep the land clean.

Wheat and spring rye are most susceptible to damage, but fall rye, sweet clover, alfalfa and grasses usually escape serious injury. On severely infested land, corn, potatoes and sunflowers should be avoided, and flax may suffer severe damage if planted on heavily infested fallow or rebroken grassland. If seeded early enough, oats and barley are more resistant than wheat and spring rye.

Wireworm damage tends to re-appear in the same fields and in the same spot year after year. It is generally more severe on areas of low fertility, or on knolls that may have been weedy or grassy for a considerable length of time. At the Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, consistent use of summerfallow and tillage at the right time has reduced the wireworm population by 75 per cent over an eight-year period.

Field Days and Demonstrations

DURING the coming summer months, a large number of field days and demonstrations of one kind or another will be held in the four western provinces. These will be of several different kinds, in all probability, depending upon the type of agriculture and the special needs of particular areas. An indication of the variety and quantity of service in this respect, which is rendered by our universities and departments of agriculture, can be gained from the following estimate of events planned for the province of Saskatchewan by the Extension Department of the University of Saskatchewan.

These estimates include field days or demonstrations numbering, for farm machinery 200, poultry 36, horticulture 36, livestock 15, farm management 15, forage crops 15, and sheep shearing 10. The great majority of these field days

are arranged by the Extension Department at the request of Agricultural Representatives. Not all of these will be crowded into the summer period. Some farm machinery demonstrations may already have been held, while others will be postponed until after the busy harvest season. In some cases, women's events may be held in conjunction with the field days for men.

A considerable number of field days also will be held at the large number of illustration stations located in the western provinces, and these will be arranged principally by the Dominion Experimental Farm Service. There will likewise be a substantial number of field days for boys' and girls' clubs; and, on the whole, the farming communities of western Canada will be given an opportunity to bring themselves up-to-date wherever that may be necessary, on a great many phases of successful farm operation.

Demonstrations are often considered more valuable than oral descriptions of probable results from following specific methods. H. J. Mather, Supervisor of Soil Conservation and Weed Control in the Alberta Department of Agriculture, calls attention to one instance where a quarter section of land had been purchased that was so covered with quack grass that it had been cut for hay. Summerfallowing at first seemed the only solution, but on the advice of municipal service board representatives, the purchaser decided to seed part of the field to Olli barley. In the fall of 1945, the land was plowed and double disced and in the followed spring it was one-wayed twice before seeding. Thirty pounds of 11-48 fertilizer was applied per acre, and the result was a crop of 35 bushels of barley per acre.

IN another illustration an attempt was made to control tartary buckwheat east of Edmonton where this weed has been one of the most troublesome for years. Early cultivation and delayed seeding were used. The result was not only to decrease the tartary buckwheat plants from 120 to two plants per square yard, but to increase the yield of barley from 20 to 50 bushels per acre.

It is pretty well agreed among farmers who make a practice of attending these events, as well as among those who have charge of them, that field days are more satisfactory for everyone if the attendance is not too great. This means, of course, that a large number of field days are desirable, not only for this reason, but because they can be held at a larger number of centres and be made more readily accessible to farm families who might not be willing or able to travel longer distances to attend them.

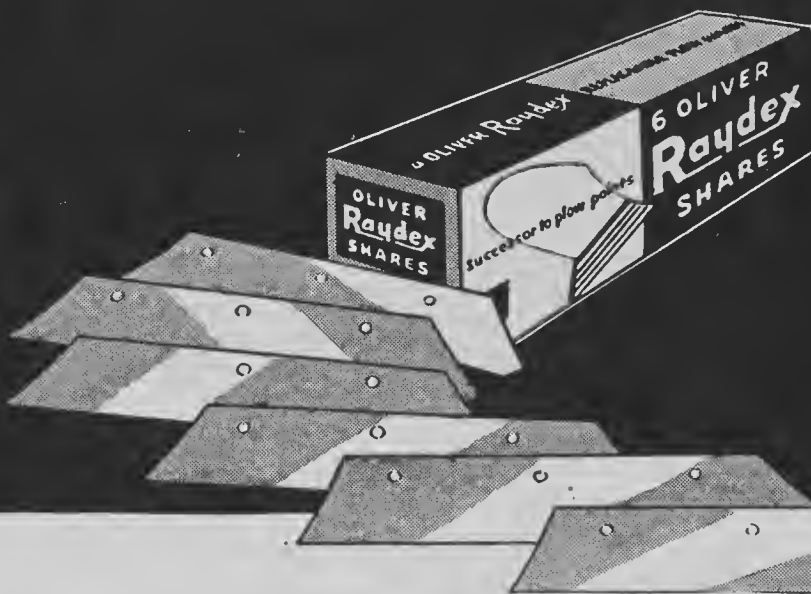
If there are any of our readers who have not made a practice of attending the field days and demonstrations, 1947 will be a good year to start. They can be, and usually are, valuable experiences. Even the most successful and experienced farmer can learn something—either about a new variety or a new hitch for a piece of farm equipment, or how to overcome some difficulty that has arisen in the use of a piece of power equipment on soil of a particular type.

If there has not been a field day in your community recently, or at all, get in touch with your Agricultural Representative. Perhaps one can be arranged; and if you can suggest problems which are more or less common to a considerable number of farmers, this should prove helpful also.

Field days, demonstrations and other similar events are generally held where there is a demand for them. This is primarily because only a certain amount of money is available to any institution for these purposes. In order that it may be used most efficiently, it is important that farmers make known their wishes. Those in charge will be ready to do their best under the circumstances.

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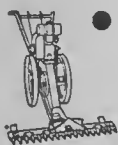


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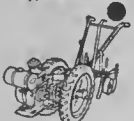
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MARITIME WRONGS

Continued from page 5

canvassed is that a feed grain storage elevator be built to which grain would be brought in cargo lots from Churchill. What impediments stand in the way I do not know but it is an intriguing thought. The situation in the Canadian Far East is similar to that in Central Canada, or Upper Canada as it is still called in the Atlantic time zone. Livestock and poultry producers are intensifying their production by the lavish use of western grown grain. This home market is important to the West. It should continue to absorb 75 to 100 million bushels a year in normal times. It is no inconsiderable market and both East and West would profit by any improvement in the facilities for developing it.

Besides agriculture, several primary industries are important in Maritime economy: Fishing, coal, lumber, pulp and paper. Some secondary industries are in a flourishing condition; several of them family enterprises. The names of Stanfield in underwear, Simms in brushes and Ganong in chocolates are familiar across Canada. Industrial expansion would naturally be in the line of secondary industries and one requisite is cheap hydro electric power. There is an abundance of undeveloped water power in Nova Scotia. In New Brunswick the greatest power development is at Grand Falls in the northwest corner of the province. It could be increased by building water conservation dams on the upper tributaries of the Saint John River. They would serve the double purpose of reducing flood trouble in the spring and adding to the flow through the turbines in summer. Count this project in as one of the things which could be done to serve and stimulate industry in the Maritimes.

And here I will yield to the impulse to say something about the way Maritime industry has suffered from financial manipulation. The Maritimes are in the same boat as the West in this regard, only more so. Western, and particularly Winnipeg industries have been gobbled up by the Big Interests of Central Canada. In the Maritimes, however, more industries have been bought out and closed up than in the West. The result, especially in single industry towns, has been disastrous. Unless this pernicious practice is stopped measures to revive Maritime industry, however heroic, must prove futile and abortive.

If it wasn't for the Isthmus of Chignecto the three Maritime provinces would be completely separated, one

from the other, by salt water. If Chignecto were a strait, it would be a bar to land transportation and people would want it bridged or tunnelled. But being an isthmus, and a bar to navigation, they want a canal cut through it. Rightly so and right away.

Away back in Canadian history they started to build a ship railway across the narrow neck of land which separates the Bay of Fundy from the Northumberland Strait. It would pick up ships and move them overland, according to the grotesque dream of its promoters. Ruins of the work are still to be found. Nowadays they have a practicable plan, a plan to dig a canal for the ships to sail through. It would be no stupendous undertaking; not even a challenge to the engineers and would entail only a fraction of the cost of building the Welland canal, which cuts across the Niagara peninsula in Ontario. Of all the projects herein mentioned this is the one on which the most heat is being turned at the moment.

Glance at the map and see how the Chignecto Canal would shorten the sea lanes. From P.E.I. and St. Lawrence points it would cut right across lots to Fundy and New England ports. No longer would the ships have to sail away up around Cape Breton. But there is another and greater consideration. Saint John is Montreal's winter port. The distance from Saint John to British and European ports would be shortened by hundreds of miles and among the commodities effected would be western wheat. Halifax may not be enthusiastic about the canal but a lot of other places are.

One difficulty which can be turned into an advantage by engineering science is the difference in the height of the tides at the two ends of the proposed canal. The suggestion is that the high Fundy tides be poured into a reservoir and utilized to generate hydro power by pouring it from there into the lower level of the Northumberland Strait, which has a tide of only a few feet. It looks like a smart idea.

CAPE BRETON is famous for its coal, its steel, its co-operative store at Sydney, its scenery and its Gaelic-speaking Scotch Canadians. Its biggest economic fact is its combined coal and steel industry at Sydney, which dwarfs any other industry in the Maritimes. But Cape Breton is not a cape. It is an island, separated from the rest of Nova Scotia by a narrow strip of salt water known as the Strait of Canso. Now this strait is no great water barrier. Lots of rivers are as wide or wider than it is. Supposing a great coal and steel industry were located on one bank of a river which interposed between it and its markets. What would be done? The river would be bridged, of course. But all the commerce between Cape Breton and



The Swans' nest in the park at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

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the mainland has to make this little voyage in ferry boats across the mile-wide Strait of Canso. It is nothing more than a salt water river and Maritimers think that a bridge should be built across it.

True the caissons would have to go down 175 feet in the deepest part to find a footing. Again this is no great engineering feat; wouldn't the engineers just love to take a crack at it! Then the coal and steel and other products of Cape Breton and the goods going in, and the ordinary passenger traffic and the tourist traffic on and off the island, would be spared the exasperating interruption of a ferry ride.

Another place where a bridge is needed is across the narrow neck of water that separates Halifax and Dartmouth. Here an inlet of the sea cuts back 14 miles into the country. Railway traffic between the two centres has to make a trip of 28 miles instead of seven-eighths of a mile if a bridge were there. Half a million vehicles and between five and six million passengers are ferried annually from one to the other. But the inlet does more than separate the two centres. It bisects the southern shore of Nova Scotia. It has been bridged before, not once but twice. Away back in 1884 the old Intercolonial railway built a trestle bridge for both railway and vehicle traffic. A storm washed it out in 1891. A new one was immediately begun but less than two years later another storm made wreckage of it too. Since then the 1,500-foot channel which separates Halifax harbor from Bedford basin, where the wartime convoys were assembled, has remained bridgeless. Vancouver has its Lion's Gate bridge but then Maritimers are used to seeing the West get what it wants and they would like to know why and how.

There are other features in the Maritime program but these will suffice. Now rises the question, what will be the cost and who will bear it?

Occasionally you will meet a Maritimer who disdains "outside" assistance. He will tell you that they don't want any handouts from anyone, that they will run their own show and what they can't afford they can do without. But this is not the prevailing view. The opposite view, that the Dominion must come across with part of the cost, and in certain cases with all of it, is expressed in no uncertain terms. The Chignecto Canal, for example, is demanded on two scores, first as a right and not a favor, and second, as a project to relieve unemployment, which has already reared its ugly head in Cape Breton. Put these men to work on a federal undertaking that will develop the Maritimes and stop the exodus instead of shipping men out to Central Canada, as they have been doing, or letting them drift to the States, from which no Maritimer returns.

As to the amount of the cost, the most definite figure I have heard was one given by John R. McNicholl, a Toronto M.P. Let the Dominion spend five million a year on a 20-year development, he said, a total of \$100 million spread over that length of time.

A word of explanation may be in order here. Mr. McNicholl is, I understand, a man of means who has retired from business and devotes his time to public affairs, specializing in a study of the development of Canada's natural resources. His method is unique. He travels around the country between sessions, acquainting himself with the economic needs of different sections of the country and is not slow in pressing them on the attention of the house. He has made a first hand study of western reclamation plans such as irrigation and has a lot of information about them.

He also has been making a study of Maritime needs, using the down to earth method of motoring over the territory and talking to everyone he meets. Whether his estimate of the cost is near

the mark or far from it I have no means of knowing.

"It is quite a lot of money," I remarked to one daily newspaper editor who has been particularly persistent in promoting Maritime rights in general and the Chignecto canal in particular.

"Sure it is quite a lot of money," he replied, "but what has the West copped off in the way of debt cancellations, the P.F.R.A., its crop insurance plans and its irrigation projects? Why, these debt reductions and the cancellation of interest amount to probably \$85 million and you have got all that since 1944. This program calls for only \$15 million more than that and it would be spread over 20 years, according to McNicholl's proposal.

"But we want some of this work done quicker than that. We want the Chignecto canal started right away so these young fellows won't have to go to Central Canada or the States to find work. We are asking no favors but demanding our rights. These provinces were largely neglected in building up war industries. With our share of the population of Canada we should have had 10 times as much government money spent here on war plants. Instead of doing that the government built them in Central Canada and they have been taken over by industries up there. Now the government has been offering to take our people up there to man the factories that we should have had. This thing has got to stop. One thing I will give the West credit for, they have got more out of the government than we ever did, especially the farmers. For the last 25 years every minister of agriculture has been a westerner and they know how to look after their own."

And that is the only kick of note that I heard in the Maritimes against western Canada. The two regions are in the same boat as far as the drainage of wealth, and lately of people too, to Central Canada are concerned. Canadian fiscal policy has reacted in the same manner in both regions. It has tended to build up the industrial sections of the country at their expense. Maritimers know this but they figure that the West gets more of what it wants than they do. Now they are going after their share. They are looking forward, not backward. The Passamaquoddy duck is dead.

Trunk Call

MISS Gina Taylor, a physio-therapist, spoke in a recent B.B.C. talk about her patients, of different kinds. She was treating Bernard Mills of the famous Bertram Mills' Circus, one day, and he asked diffidently, "Do you think you could do as well for my elephants as you have done for me?" Miss Taylor confidently asserted that she could, and sent one of her assistants down to the animals' winter quarters at Ascot to study their form.

The ailing elephants had fibrositis, a kind of rheumatism, in their trunks, and they weren't able to use them properly. And as elephants who cannot use their trunks cannot eat, the problem was urgent. They were extremely tricky patients, as they kept up a continuous swaying motion the whole time, during which the trunks that had to be treated described an arc about three yards wide.

"Four elephants were affected," said Gina Taylor, "and they were all treated every day. . . . They were like great babies and just as naughty. . . . The most gratifying moment, I think, was just after the second treatment, when one of them swung her trunk upwards and held it there; she hadn't been able to do this for four months, so you can imagine how pleased we were. The trainer made them do their exercises immediately after each treatment, and they even did them for us, once they knew us better."

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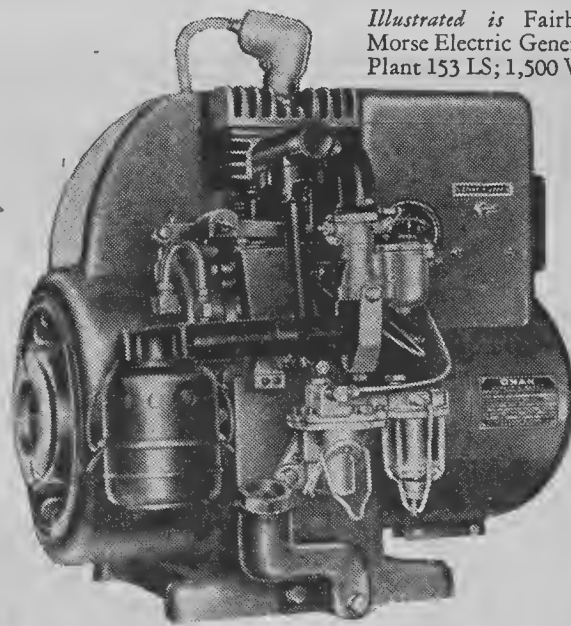
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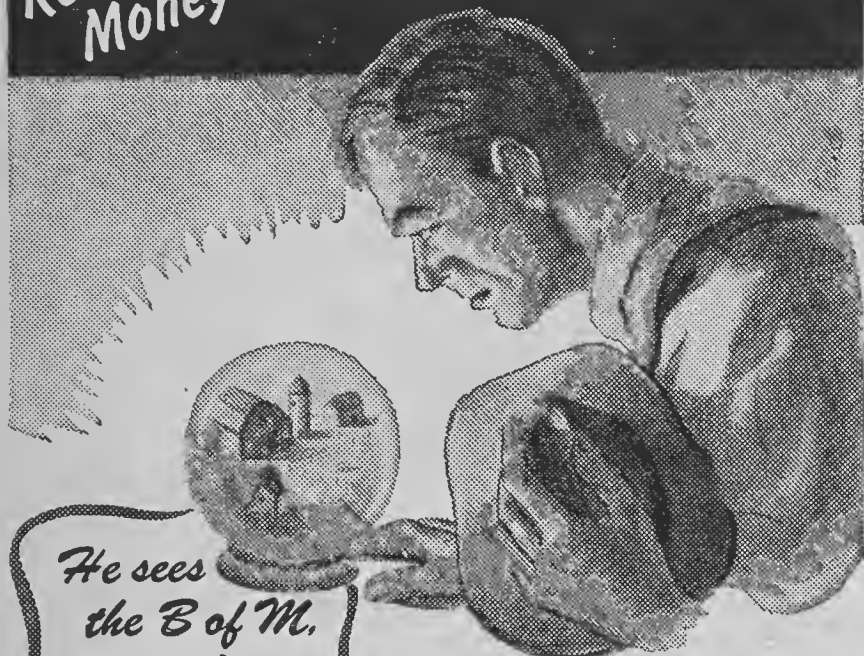


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Colquette Retires

The Guide family circle turns down an empty glass in respect and affection

AN editor of front rank ability has stepped outside the ropes to enjoy a seat at the ringside. With this issue of The Country Guide, R. D. Colquette severs a connection with this publication which began 30 years ago last March.

"R. D." as he liked to be called, advanced through life by stages which kept step with the unfolding development of western Canada. The accident of birth started life for him in 1881 on a Grey County farm where work was hard and the acquisition of an education harder. R. D. was not slow to realize the narrowness of the mould in which his life had been cast, so in 1903 he moved out to the Last Great West.

In those years Regina was growing like a city in a fairy tale. A strapping farm boy, unafraid of long hours and handy with tools became, ipso facto, a carpenter. So R. D. took a hand in the miracle of expansion which brought into being the cities of that time. Boom time activity took him from Regina to Banff to Calgary where he qualified as an old timer by voting in the first provincial election.

But no imaginative young man who had seen the previous generation wear itself out in the warfare against the stones of the Georgian Bay landscape could long resist the land fever which held Saskatchewan in its grip in the opening decade of the century. The itinerant carpenter succumbed and filed on a homestead north of Swift Current.

During the long winter nights in that isolated bachelor's shack, R. D. found himself. Always a voracious reader, his reading now acquired direction and purpose. He waded through a veritable library of cheap reprints of standard works. History and economics claimed first place, a bent to which he adheres to this day. But literature was a close second. Evenings spent with Macaulay and the other great Victorian stylists bore fruit abundantly in the years to come.

The scientific side of Colquette's enquiring mind was fed from another source. In 1906 Manitoba opened the first agricultural college west of the Great Lakes. Dozens of young men from prairie farms, thirsting for knowledge long overdue, flocked to Winnipeg for this first fortunate chance, a circumstance which made the founding class at M.A.C. giants in zeal and judgment compared to modern university students. Even in this high company the Swift Current homesteader was a marked man. He immediately became president of the new student self-governing body, and attained a place on the editorial staff of the college magazine.

Homestead duties kept R. D. from returning to college in 1908, but nothing could stop the rate at which he devoured books back at the homestead shack. It was five years before he could resume his formal education. He had returned to his native province in 1913 so he resumed studies at the agricultural college of that province at Guelph, from which he emerged in 1915 with a

degree, a bride, and a pressing need for a place on a payroll.

The last named quest took R. D. to Peterborough, Ontario, where he became first circulation manager, and a year later editor, of Farm and Dairy. Although he left for wider opportunities after two years' service, the Peterborough experience had a lasting influence on him. The publisher of Farm and Dairy was a fundamentalist of deepest dye. It was not uncommon for him to call his whole staff together for prayer in the middle of a busy morning. Colquette did not approve of the boss's exhibitionism, but the contact with Cowan confirmed him in his devoutness. While he did not accept fundamentalism as his creed, its tenets were never far from the surface of his thinking. For him the noblest task of the mind is a reconciliation of science and revealed religion.



R. D. COLQUETTE

The same convictions which drove the Grey County boy out to Saskatchewan's fertile plain prompted the mature man to leave the struggling Peterborough sheet and join the Grain Growers Guide, then forging ahead under the able leadership of George F. Chipman. In this expanding field Colquette found scope for his knowledge of practical and technical agriculture, his sure feeling for the problems of country life, and the never failing fund of humor which lighted his writing.

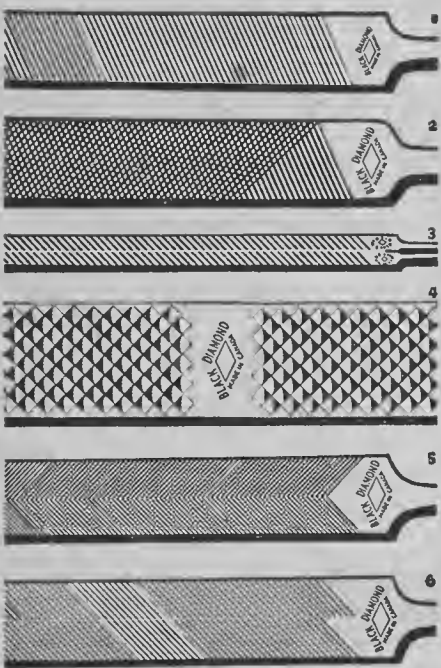
The close of the First Great War saw a drastic drop in farm prices. Farmers began to study marketing as never before. R. D. made a trip down the Pacific coast to study what American farm co-operatives had achieved, a study which was summarized in a succession of able articles which appeared in The Guide. This writing focussed American eyes on him, and when they launched what was to have been a super-colossal grain marketing organization in 1921, Colquette was a natural selection for educational work. Lured away by big promises R. D. left Winnipeg in mid-summer, but his first day in Chicago satisfied him that the enterprise was headed for the rocks. Before the end of the year he was back at Guelph as a professor in agricultural economics, but he never regretted that summer with American farm leaders and mingling with farmers of another country interested in a wide range of crops.

R. D.'s title at Guelph does not give an accurate idea of his activities. Classroom work was relatively unimportant. His main work was in marketing investigations conducted for the province of Ontario, work which took him into the realm of tobacco, cheese, whole milk and other commodities, and into many American as well as Canadian communities where these are grown. Few Americans can equal Mr. Colquette's wide knowledge of agricultural marketing in their own country.

But school work and investigations could not keep R. D. out of an editorial chair. In 1926 he returned to The Guide where he remained till retirement.

Turn to page 29

FILES for the FARM



Jobs calling for files are always "cropping up" around the farm. You can save time and do a better job if you have a good assortment of Black Diamond files from which to choose the right kind and cut for the purpose. Here are some of the files most farmers keep on hand:

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4. HORSE RASP for dressing hoofs.
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6. CANTSAW file for "M"-tooth crosscuts.

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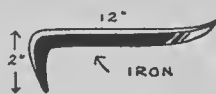
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Saving Work Saves Costs

Time spent on small labor-saving jobs is spent profitably

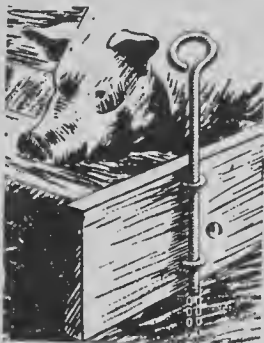
Staple Puller

Every farm should have this simple staple puller. One is easily made from a bit of iron an inch wide and a foot long. It is sharpened at both ends and you get two different shapes of lever. It is hammered into the eyes of the staple, which is then easily pried out.



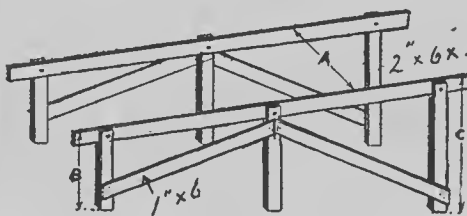
Anchoring the Hog Trough

A hog will root his trough around with gay abandon after he has had his feed from it, but he will not replace it for the next feed. He never starts to worry about the next meal till he begins to feel the pangs of hunger. The trough may be easily anchored, however, by putting a couple of large staples or screw eyes in each end and driving a rod through them into the ground. If the rod has a loop on the upper end of it, it will be easier to remove it. If they are made long enough the trough may be raised and placed on bricks or other support.



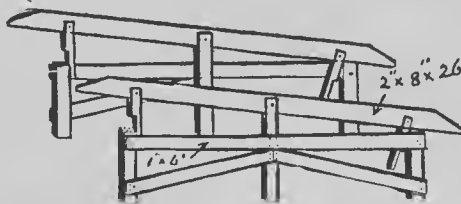
Convenient Rack Remover

Six posts are set, and braced with 2x6's on the outside as shown. The two 2x6's are bolted solidly on the insides of the posts, which are set far enough apart that the wagon will pass between them (A). The lower end at (B) is just high enough that the bars will catch under the outer part of the rack as it is driven in from the lower end. The upper ends at (C) are 18 inches higher. The wagon is gradually



lifted as the wagon pushes the rack up the slope until finally the rear standards will slip out of the guides and the wagon will pass through. The rack is put back by backing the wagon in until the rear standards strike the blocks and push the wagon rack down the slope until the front end also falls in place. By making the rack lifter with lots of length it automatically adjusts itself to different heights of wagons and trucks.

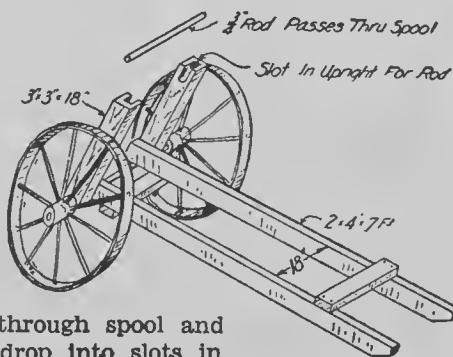
A slightly different type of rack unloader is shown in Fig. 2. The general construction is not much different from that of the above but it has some re-



finements. The end posts are all the same height. For the tilting stringers 2x8 is necessary or they might be roughly hewn out of small logs. These are hinged on bolts in the slotted tops of the middle posts. As you drive in, the rack slips up the skids as in the case above. When past the balance the skids tip to a horizontal position where they are held in position by wooden dogs.

Barb Wire Reel

Use common barb-wire spools or make some of 1x3 stuff. To operate, get wire loose from posts and stretched out on as smooth ground as possible, put rod



through spool and drop into slots in upright, attach wire to spool so it rolls over the top instead of from underneath, and pull the ends of the cross-pieces on the spools, which acts as a windless to wind up the wire and also to pull the machine along. This enables you to wind up the wire as tightly and smoothly as when new.

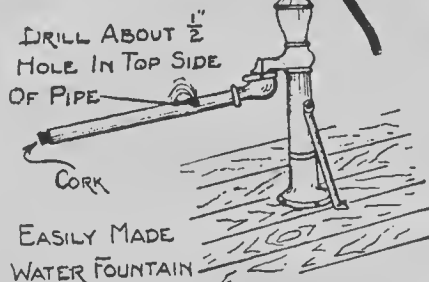
Ordinary old cultivator or rake wheels may be used, the high ones being best. Work so the wheels go ahead, walk between the runners, guiding them with the hips. They should be about hip high. To make the slots in the upright bore an inch hole two inches from the end and two inches deep, then cut out the material with a chisel.

Sharpening Plow Shares

A plow share, by cutting and lifting the furrow slice, does the most difficult part of the plowing. Approximately one-half the total plow draft is required to cut the furrow slice loose from the soil and to start it up over the share. For this reason the importance of keeping the share in good condition cannot be overestimated. Soft-centre shares, which are used on most plows, are sharpened by heating and forging. The forge fire should be banked with only a small opening in the side for the blaze and heat to escape. Always commence with the point of the share. Insert this into the fire just far enough to heat the part you wish to draw, never permitting the heat to extend farther back on the share than is absolutely necessary. Draw this down to the proper shape and thickness which should be as near the original bevel as possible. After the point has been finished, work back toward the wing of the share. Do not heat more than 1½ inches from the edge and 2½ inches in width. It is important to keep hammering after the steel has changed from a red heat to black as this makes the edge tough and hard.

Handy Water Fountain

Drill a half-inch hole in the top part of the pipe and have a wooden plug to stick in the lower end of the pipe. This furnishes clean cold water without the need of disconnecting the pipe and holding the hand over the spout and



having water splash on your shoes and over the well cover. It is especially convenient with a windmill pump. The hole can be drilled near the trough so that the waste water falls into it.—I.W.D.

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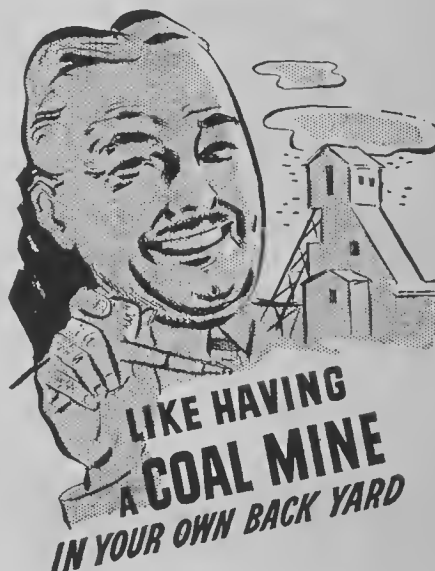
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Keep horse at work



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Bog spavin appears as a soft swelling to front and inner side of hock joint. When first noticed, massage Absorbine on the puffy hock to stimulate local circulation. This increases blood flow in the area and reduces swelling. Rub in Absorbine twice daily until the swelling goes down.

Absorbine is not a "cure-all" but is most helpful if used as recommended. A stand-by for 50 years, Absorbine is used by many experienced horsemen and veterinarians. Especially helpful in checking windgall, curb, thoroughpin and similar congestive troubles and to help prevent them from becoming permanent, painful afflictions. Only \$2.50 for a long-lasting bottle. On sale at all druggists.

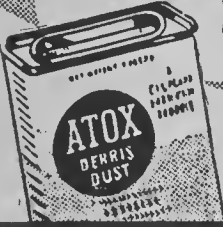
W.F. Young Inc., Lyman House, Montreal.

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ATOX
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- Kills biting and sucking insects—harmless to humans and animals. Safe on edible top vegetables.

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POULTRY

Conducted by Prof. W. J. RAE, University of Saskatchewan



Florence LaPierre assisting with some of her father's 12,000 turkeys at Cloverdale, B.C.

A Mammoth Turkey Flock

THE picture above comes from what must be one of the largest turkey farms on the continent, that of Tommy LaPierre, on the B.C.-Washington State boundary near Cloverdale. These birds are fed to make 25 to 30 lbs. each live weight at seven months of age. This involves feeding about 28 tons of grain a week, or 6,000 lbs. a day at the height of the season.

I Have a Sick Bird

EVEN with the best possible care and management, the odd bird will go out of condition and eventually die. Sometimes they die very suddenly for no apparent cause. The loss of an odd bird, whether young or old, should not be a cause for worry. Because of the small value of an individual in a flock, it is not advisable to resort to individual treatment, unless, of course, the bird is of outstanding value.

Usually flock treatment is the most practical method to follow. If your birds are not doing as well as expected or are out of condition, check up on your feeding, housing and sanitation. Birds react to their surroundings and if they are not receiving the best of care they will not do very well. If you are satisfied your management practices are good, then don't hesitate any longer—find out why your birds are not doing well or are dying.

Free services are provided by provincial veterinary departments of the Universities or the Provincial Poultry Branches. If possible send in live birds and also send in a letter describing your feeding and management program. If sending a dead bird, wrap it in a piece of cloth which has been soaked in formalin. Express is also better than parcel post because of speed in delivery.

Care of the New Layers

ALL too often, the pullets are left out on range until the cold weather makes it necessary that they be moved in. Move in the early maturing pullets when they are laying at about 10-15 per cent. It may be disastrous to have them outside any longer for a sudden change in environment may throw them out of production with a subsequent loss of five to eight weeks' production.

One of the critical periods in the pullet's life is at time of moving from range to the laying house. It represents a very sudden change in the mode of life. One day they are outside with unlimited room and the next day they are confined to a relatively small area. It will take the pullets a while to become adjusted to this new life and they

should be watched closely for a week or so. Give the birds plenty of ventilation, lots of clean litter and something to keep them busy. Watch for any signs of feather picking as this may lead to cannibalism. Provide some extra greenfeed for the birds as this will keep them occupied for part of the day. It will also reduce the pullets' noticing the sudden change from freedom to confinement.

In the case of late maturing or late hatched pullets move them to their winter quarters by the end of September as there is no advantage in leaving them out after that date.

Preparing for the Pullets

THE laying house should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected between the time the old hens are moved out and the pullets are brought in from the range. To do a proper job allow at least two weeks for this very important job. As soon as the old hens are moved out, take all the movable equipment outside, give it a good washing with water to which has been added some disinfectant such as lye. When this is done, leave it out in the sun to dry, as direct sunshine is one of the best disinfectants. Remove all the old litter and sweep down the walls. Where cement floors are in use, soak them for a day or so and then scrape clean. With dirt floors, it is necessary to dig up about six inches of the soil and replace with clean soil which should be packed down and levelled.

Board floors would receive a treatment similar to concrete except that perhaps they would not need to be soaked for quite as long a period. When the floor is completely dry apply white-wash or casein paint on the walls. Now is the time to repair any windows, nests, etc. Once the walls are dry, move in the equipment, cover the floor with a generous (about six inches) amount of litter and then you are all ready for the pullets.

New Research Scholarship

FROM time to time, persons and organizations interested in the well being of the poultry industry, have made substantial contributions, in money or in kind, to further the work of research workers in the field of poultry production and marketing. The most recent gift comes to the University of Saskatchewan from the Saskatchewan Approved Hatchery Association. The gift consists of a poultry scholarship of \$600 a year for two years. The purpose of this scholarship is to provide an opportunity for an outstanding student in poultry husbandry to continue graduate studies at the University of Saskatchewan.



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BINDWEED
THE THISTLES
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FOR BEST RESULTS:

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- 2 Spray Mustard while it is in the flat, rosette stage, before it goes to seed.
- 3 Spray all Thistles before they bloom. If they have already bloomed cut them down and spray shoots when a foot high. Warning: To control perennial thistles, especially Canada thistle, repeat sprayings are necessary. Hit 'em again a month later, and keep hitting them until they're gone.

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Men, Women over 16, Learn Detective, Secret-Service. Work home or travel. Write Can. Investigators Institute, Box 25, Station T, Montreal.

HORTICULTURE

Late Blight on Tomatoes

LATE blight in some seasons causes widespread damage to tomatoes and potatoes. The damage is most serious following damp and cloudy weather in August or early September. This is due to the fact that it is a fungus disease which attacks foliage when it is moist. Large, dark, water-soaked spots appear on stems and leaves, and these parts eventually dry up and have the appearance of frost killing. Tubers may be affected in potatoes, and may rot, not only in the field, but later on in storage. Tomatoes, both green and ripe, develop a rot, which appears as a dark brown area with a firm surface. Sometimes the tomatoes may appear sound at harvest but show decay only a few days later.

The first form of control is to burn all vines from a blighted field, in the fall. The second is to avoid planting either tomatoes or potatoes on the same field two years in succession. The third is to bury all rotten potatoes taken out of the cellar in the spring. Fourth, avoid crowding plants in the fields. Fifth, select a location where there is plenty of air movement, and avoid low garden areas where moisture is apt to remain on the plants for several hours at a time. Sixth, dusting or spraying with a copper fungicide when the first symptoms of the disease appear, repeating at seven and 10-day intervals. Generally speaking, spraying or dusting should be commenced when the tips of the leaves first touch the ground. The use of a pressure sprayer and a thorough job with a fine, misty spray is important. Cover both the underside and the outer surface of the leaves. If Bordeaux is used, four pounds will be required for 50 gallons of water, according to Charles Walkof of the Morden station; and if the plants are dusted, a seven per cent Bordeaux mixture is advised.

Says Gem Everbearing Losing Out

GEM everbearing strawberry was originated by F. J. Keffinger, of Farwell, Michigan, in 1933, and by 1938 was already widely planted in the prairie provinces. It was a seedling of Progressive and is enormously superior to that variety. Unfortunately, nurserymen have sometimes got the two varieties mixed, so that a large number of growers have Progressive under the name of Gem, to the great loss of reputation by that variety.

Now it looks as though the reign of Gem, which has continued for 10 years, is about over. It has shown itself less hardy than some of its own descendants. In the early winter of 1946-47, snow lay very shallow, not over two or three inches, over wide areas in the

West, including my own district near Carrot River, and some cold weather occurred during that time. Although very little winter-killing has been evident on fruit trees and shrubs, dwarf things had a harder time of it than usual, and even fall rye showed extensive damage.

The strawberries which I had to compare with Gem were mostly the Porter selections, including Pixie and a number of selections that A. J. Porter sent me under number, for test. One of these showed extreme tenderness, but all the remainder were uninjured. The variety Pixie came through without any losses, even in the patch that was left completely uncovered. Correspondence this spring with other growers has revealed about the same experience elsewhere. Since Gem strawberry is less tasty than most strawberries, and begins its fall crop too late to ripen any appreciable portion of its numerous berries in all the short-season districts, it seems that it is now due to suffer what we all do, to be superseded by its own descendants.—PERCY H. WRIGHT, Moose Range, Sask.

2,4-D for Lawns

AN interesting note comes from the Dominion Experimental Station at Saanichton, B.C., as to the use of 2,4-D for the control of lawn weeds. The Saanichton test suggests that this new weed killer may prove to be very valuable in the control of lawn weeds such as plantain and cat's ear. It is described as a persistent killer, giving at that station more satisfactory results on lawns than when the same weeds are treated in pastures in a more mature state.

Five different types of 2,4-D were tried at different strengths. Tests to date lead to the conclusion that the strength of the mixture is even more important than the type or make. All five commercial preparations gave good control of both cat's ear and plantain, when applied at the rate of 1,500 parts per million. Applied in weaker dilutions the effect was too uncertain and variable, while if supplied in stronger solution, injury may result to some grasses and, in this case, to white clover. The 2,4-D begins to work through the leaves shortly after contact, "but actual death, due to the slow disintegration of plant tissues, may not be apparent for three to five weeks."

A further comment from Saanichton is: "So potent is the lethal agent concerned, however, that despite varying weather conditions experienced, cat's ear and plantain both succumbed to the treatment, administered sometimes in bright sunshine or just before or after rain."



A bed of Double Pinks at the Dominion Experimental Station, Scott, Sask.

[Scott photo.]

Crank Case Ventilation serves important purpose in engine lubrication says leading agricultural authority!



Professor E. A. Hardy

Professor E. A. Hardy discusses Crank Case Cooling and Venting

CRANK CASE VENTILATION

The high speed, high powered engine has been designed in a very compact form in order to keep the size and weight of the engine suitable for use in the automobile. As the need for cooling and removal of contaminating vapors has thus become increasingly great, crank case ventilation has been developed.

Crank case ventilation is the circulation of fresh air through the crank case of the engine. Air is admitted into the crank case through a dust-protected oil filter cap or an air scoop in the path of the air from the fan. Air movement tends to cool the oil mist of the crank case, and also to replace the exhaust gas blow-by in the crank case with fresh, clean air. By removing exhaust gas blow-by from the crank case, acid vapors and moisture which contaminate the oil are also removed.

Crank case ventilation functions best when the vehicle is travelling at moderate to high speed to provide difference in pressure between the outlet from the crank case and the inlet. Crank case ventilation does not work well in winter because moisture and unburned fuel condensed in the cold crank case are not eliminated. Consequently the crank case must be drained more frequently than in summer.

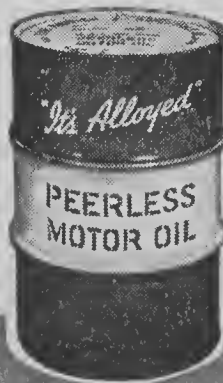
Keep the engine clean and the crank case ventilation functioning for efficient engine lubrication.

Wana Hardy.
Department of Agricultural Engineering,
University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Sask.

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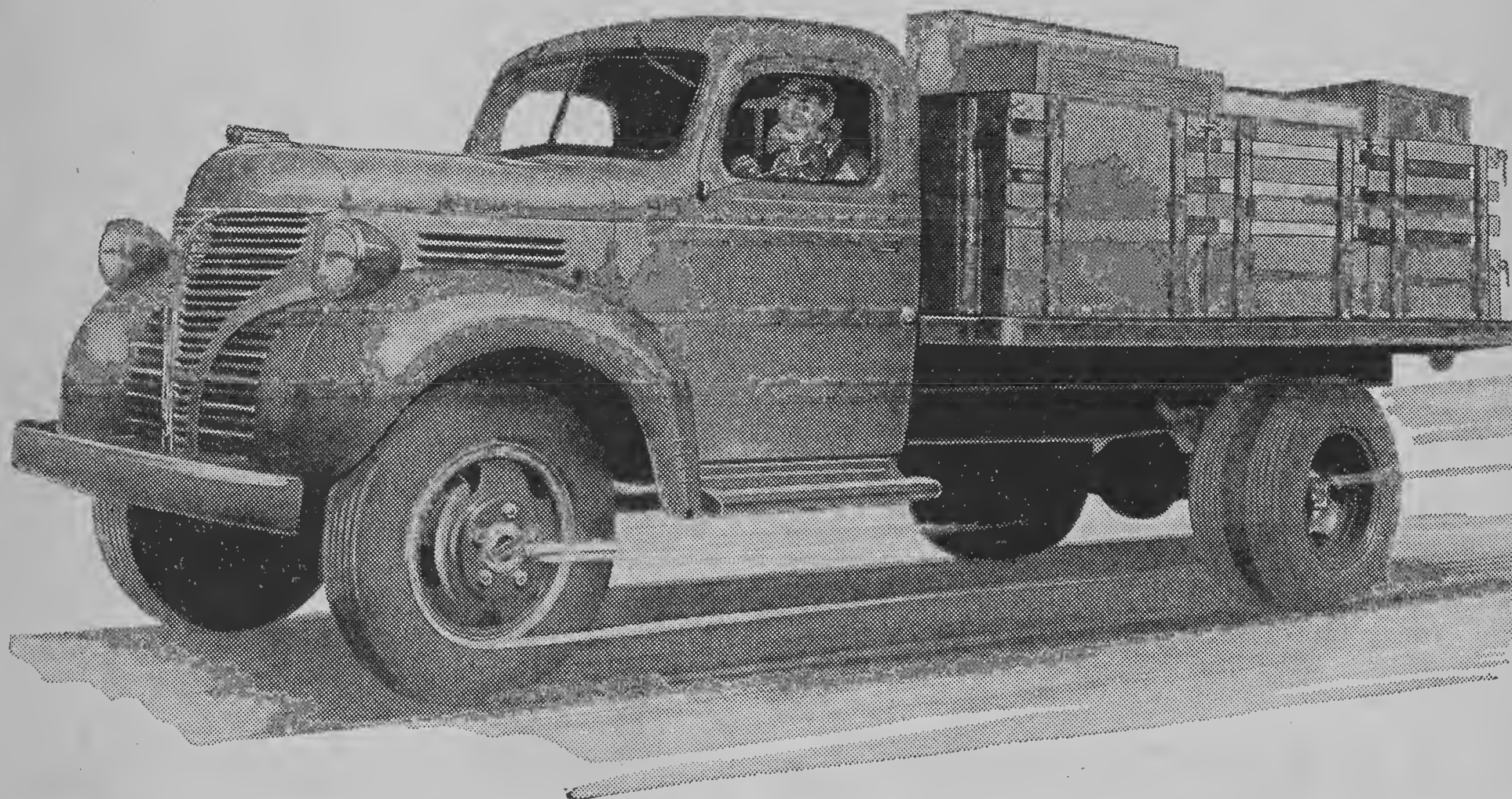
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COWBOY FAIR

Continued from page 6

relying on the speed of his horse and the skill of his lariat throw to bring the calf to earth as quickly as possible. Once the calf is roped the cowboy jumps off his horse and gets hold of the little critter, spilling it to earth and bunching its feet together to secure them with a series of half-hitches. This stunt is a development of the standard range work of catching the new season's stock for the branding. Calf-roping is not only a keen test of the cowboy's personal skill and ability, but his mount plays an important part in the event and a well-trained pony can save many seconds for its master in this performance.

THE Wild Cow Milking feature always makes the grandstand watchers laugh; milking a semi-wild range cow is still one of the occasional chores on the larger ranches today as in the past, collecting the milk for a weakling or motherless calf. Performed as a rodeo stunt, it is a fast action game with many a protesting bawl of annoyance from the cows involved. No one gets hurt and no harm is done, and the crowd laughs gleefully when a lanky cowboy lets out a Yippee and holds up a pop bottle brimful of the lacteal fluid.

The Wild Horse saddling and riding event is guaranteed to provide plenty of rough and tumble stuff. Small horses are selected for this event, and they are fitted with halters while in the confining chutes. When the Go signal is given, three men attach themselves to the halter rope of each horse and try to hold the rearing, bucking bronc. One man carries a saddle, and it is the work of the men to get that saddle on the bronc's back and then one of them climbs aboard and rides the bronc to a standstill. The grandstand watchers love this performance, but the contestants have to be physically fit and strong to take part in this swift-gearred stunt.

Chuckwagon races and cart races and trick riding and fancy roping round out the stampede program, with the bronc riding, both saddled and bare-back, and the steer riding as the favorite standbys always loudly applauded by the crowd. The contestants are usually young, lean, and hard. They aren't merely show performers; most of them are men who work at the cow-punching trade the rest of the year, attending the summer rodeos to pick up extra money and to feel the thrill of competition as they strive to prove themselves better than the rest of their crowd. Many rodeo performers own large ranches and are successful business men in the cattle industry, but they cannot resist the lure of the cowboy contests despite the many risks involved. In addition to the prestige of riding the tough ones and winning a name for ability in their chosen vocation, a 10-second ride may pay them \$25, \$50, a \$100, and sometimes even \$500 or more, depending on the show and the nature of the event. But a 10-second ride may also end with the rider lying quiet on the ground, with a smashed leg or a head concussion or some other serious injury. Theirs is a risky business and the boys know it. When one gets hurt, friends rush close at once and summon the ambulance man or doctor. They can't get any kind

of life or accident insurance while engaged at rodeo work, so the cowboys have formed their own protective organization to pay for the doctors' bills and hospital charges. They are quite familiar with the risks involved in the game, yet nothing can stop them from competing. This is the cowboy's idea of the best fun in the world.

And the cowboys are not alone in that idea. More and more spectators are attending the rodeo shows, be they tiny "Biggest Little Stampede in the West" events on the home pasture, or the city-jammed week-long session of the famous Calgary Stampede. Vancouver is one of the latest Canadian cities to start the stampede habit, while San Francisco joined the growing list of American cities to feature rodeo entertainment last year. Alberta has the most rodeo shows of any province in Canada as a result of the spectacular example set by Calgary's big show which is still considered the finest rodeo contest on the continent today. Lethbridge, Macleod, Nanton, High River, Red Deer, Benalto, Ponoka, Stettler, and Vegreville are only a few of the Alberta towns where rodeos have become the favorite outdoor summer show. Such events attract some of North America's top rodeo stars as performers and draw crowds sometimes totalling five or 10 times the population of the towns staging the shows. In many places the summer agricultural fair is combined with the stampede, plus grandstand acts and a ballyhooed midway featuring freaks and fortune wheels. The stampede is part of the tradition-loving West. There are two-gallon Stetsons, the bright neckerchiefs, the silk shirts and the goat-hair chaps and all the other colorful features dear to the heart of the cowboy. There is the shrill "Yahoooooo!" of the bronc riders, the peculiar "Hahhhh-he! Hahhhh-he! Hahhhh-he!" shout of the chuckwagon drivers, and the many-voiced roar from the grandstand urging a contestant to "Ride 'im, Cowboy!" It all adds up to the same result: Rodeos are riding high in public favor right now.

COLQUETTE
RETIRES

Continued from page 24

Upon the death of George Chipman in 1935, R. D. took over the editorial page which, until the last few issues, was solely the product of his own hand. In October, 1940, R. D. launched a Sunday morning farm broadcast over the CBC western network. His talks on the air, numbering over 300, earned him further acclaim as one who knows the farmer and his ways.

Mr. Colquette's work in recent years requires no comment for Guide readers. No subject of national importance escaped him. He wrote with such judicial detachment that Liberal subscribers complained of his Toryism, and irate Tories branded him as a Socialist. Where moral considerations entered he was as inflexible as the prophets of Judah. Canada is the loser by his retirement.

Many good wishes follow R. D. to St. John, New Brunswick, where he is erecting a house in which to spend his remaining years with his wife and daughter, Shirley. Not far away is his married daughter, Mrs. T. S. (Muriel) Simms, whose three sons can pay constant visits to attend to the education of the one whom they know as "R. D."

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A DEPUTY MINISTER SPEAKS OUT

Continued from page 15

uncertainties for both the purchaser and the producer.

"I have mentioned the three readily available markets for Alberta farm products—Britain, eastern Canada and British Columbia. I would now like to refer briefly to Britain. Britain urgently needs our bacon. She will be short 275,000 tons in 1947. The decline in

Canadian bacon production is a condition that can be easily explained. When Britain's bacon supply (64 per cent of which came from Denmark) was cut off in 1940 due to the war, Canada immediately became the sole source of supply.

"In Canada there also existed a puzzling condition, namely, the presence of vast surpluses of wheat, oats and barley, for which no cash market existed. The possibility of converting stocks of grain into cash by means of livestock was welcomed by farmers as the next best alternative to a cash market for the disposal of their surplus grain. This situation, namely, the unlimited demand for bacon in Britain and the huge supplies of grain for feed in Canada, resulted in the unprecedented hog marketing of 1944-45

"However, by 1944 the grain surplus was reduced. A short crop in 1945 reduced feed supplies. Coincidental with this situation, a keen demand for feed grain developed in the United States, also an increase in prices for cattle. A serious reduction in manpower in Canada also resulted in farmers abandoning hogs in favor of beef cattle, to the extent that Alberta's hog production in 1946 was 40 per cent below the 1944 high.

"SO much for the past, but what of the future? In hogs and not cattle rests the future hope of the Alberta livestock industry. Alberta's prosperity depends upon marketing her surplus products, for which we must find an adequate world market, willing to pay a profitable price. In so doing, we must not overlook our domestic requirements. In the past we have endeavoured to sell our surplus in the form of wheat, but the world market was unable to absorb it. We do believe that we can dispose of most of our surplus in the form of wheat and bacon.

"The farmers of Alberta could justifiably aim at an annual production of

two million hogs. Two million marketable hogs would consume approximately 40 million bushels of coarse grains. It would take at least one and one-half million acres of land to produce that grain. By maintaining hog production, cash returns per acre would be greatly increased. Quantity production is needed—but quantity alone is not enough. When there is a scarcity, any kind of food is acceptable, but with a return to normal conditions, the consumer demands quality as well as quantity.

"Britain also needs eggs. This is one of the most profitable and self-sustaining of agricultural pursuits. Some of our farmers who have been accustomed to large-scale farm operation, tend to discount the possibilities of the poultry industry.

"Alberta is now producing 40 million dozen eggs annually. We consume approximately half our production. Britain has 46 million people whose prewar consumption of eggs was three eggs per capita per week, or 720 million dozen annually. Britain wishes to increase the consumption of eggs to four eggs per capita per week, or to 960 million dozen per annum. Prior to the war, she imported one-third of her requirements, or 240 million dozen; and all that Canada has contracted for delivery in 1947 is 83 million dozen, a fraction of which will come from Alberta.

"I wish also to briefly refer to our neighbor province, British Columbia. British Columbia imports annually 3,400,000 bushels of barley. In addition, she imports for domestic consumption 20 million pounds of butter and between three and four million pounds of cheese. We should jealously preserve this market by supplying adequate quantities of reasonably priced and high quality products. We are well equipped to do the job. The industrial expansion of this wealthy province offers an opportunity to permanently divert a substantial percentage of Alberta's cropped acreage into livestock feed and dairy products.

"Just now, Alberta farmers located in the grey-wooded soil regions, are realizing excellent returns from the growing of legumes and grass-seed crops. At the present rate of increase it is logical to expect that production of these commodities will, in the near future, overtake the demand. Farmers in these regions, who are largely dependent upon this source of income, would do well to plan an expansion of dairying or other form of livestock production.

"There is also a development taking place in the East which is of primary importance to every farmer in Canada; it is the effort now being made to establish the oleomargarine industry. The interest in this industry has been stimulated by the immediate inadequacy of Canada's butter supply; by the high quality and consumer acceptability of oleomargarine; by the constant insistence of dairy farmers that they must have higher prices for butterfat; by the pronouncement of farm leaders—that farmers will go out of cream production if present price levels are not increased; by the shortage of feed supplies in eastern Canada; by the future uncertainty of eastern production of feed grains, and the added uncertainty of the western farmer to produce coarse grains in quantity to meet eastern demands. Farmers should realize that the foregoing arguments or assertions may be used by those interested, to justify the establishment of the oleomargarine industry in Canada.

"From the farmer's point of view, he will have to decide whether he wishes to retain the share of the dairy industry, or the national income, that will be displaced by the manufacturing of

oleomargarine in Canada as a substitute for butter. Do the eastern and western farmers wish to give up that share of the industry? Does the West wish to retain the feed market which the consumer demand for dairy products in eastern Canada can provide? We cannot hope to secure or retain our share of the national income by advancing prices alone. We must hold and increase markets. A satisfying volume of production must be provided. There is no surer way of depriving ourselves of income than by allowing some other industry to invade the field that we now occupy and allow the revenue accruing therefrom to be diverted from agriculture to an industry in which Canadian farmers have little or no part. I suggest that this is a development which farmers from both eastern and western Canada should study carefully and decide on appropriate action. Any effective action must extend beyond mere protests and demands upon governments.

"I HAVE mentioned three potential markets for Alberta products — Britain, eastern Canada and British Columbia. To supply these markets we need planned production of hogs, coarse grains, poultry and dairy products. We must keep in mind that to retain and expand these markets we must provide quality as well as quantity.

"The foregoing are some of the programs that Alberta should be looking forward to as she plans for today and tomorrow. The hope is that in future all those engaged in agriculture will work more and more closely together; that our problems will be solved in conference; and that the future of this province will prove even brighter than the past.

"Let us not forget that food is one of the most powerful instruments at our command for the preservation of peace. No greater good neighbor policy can be devised than to see that the people of the world have enough to eat. We have an immense task before us—one of the noblest tasks ever delegated to mankind. Good food and good fellowship go together."

The Gemmological Sisters

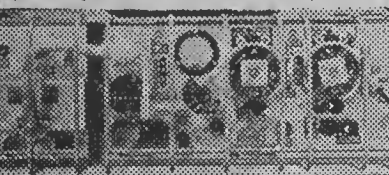
Ethel and Constance Austen are reputed to be England's leading pearl specialists. The sisters came to the B.B.C. microphone the other day to tell listeners about their pearl-stringing business which they have been running in Hatton Garden, London, for the past 15 years. Their father, a well-known London jeweller, died when they were in their teens and with the money he left them they bought their business and also qualified as fellows of the Gemmological Association, where they learned how to identify the different types of stones. They estimate that about a million pounds worth of jewellery passes through their hands in a year.

"Some of the loveliest jewellery we re-string is that sent in by wealthy Indians," Constance remarked. "I remember one Maharajah would not allow anything but pure gold touching his skin and before I could re-thread his pearls, I had to dip even the threading silk in pure gold." But the Austen sisters appreciate their work for its own sake, whatever its worth. "One of the loveliest things I have ever done," she went on, "was to make a necklet and earrings from a set of exquisite plaques and flowers carved out of common bone by one of our lads when he was in a prisoner-of-war camp. He used a rough file and a pocket knife. I think he must have been a born artist, because he had never carved anything in his life before."

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Monthly Commentary

U.S. Has Great Wheat Crop But Feed Grains Deficient

By far the greatest wheat crop in the history of that country has been produced in the United States this year. Only in a few crop years has the United States' wheat crop reached a total of 1,000 million bushels. This year it is almost 50 per cent above that level. Nearly 1,200 million bushels of winter wheat have been harvested, and when spring wheat comes into account the total is expected to reach 1,450 million bushels.

* * *

In feed grains, however, this year the United States will have less than average production. A normal corn crop is considered to be about 3,000 million bushels. Weather conditions were much less favorable this year for corn than for wheat and as a result no more than 2,600 million bushels of corn are hoped for. Possible production of oats is now estimated at about 1,100 million bushels, or about 20 per cent less than normal. Barley production may reach last year's total of about 250 million bushels. Barley, however, is not, to any very important extent, a feed grain in the United States. In most areas it is grown mainly for malting. Malting interests have been trying to bring about a moderate increase in production of suitable barley, so as to make the United States less dependent upon supplies from Canada. Adverse weather, however, has prevented any great success this year in that direction.

* * *

Crop developments in the United States are of great importance to Canadian farmers. To begin with the price at which Canadian wheat is exported to countries other than Great Britain depends upon levels recorded in markets of the United States. It might have been expected that the great wheat crop now being harvested would have depressed prices in that country. That, however, has occurred to only a minor extent, and principally by way of eliminating the very high premiums which prevailed for cash wheat towards the close of the old crop year. Insistent buying for export overseas has held prices on the principal American markets in the neighborhood of \$2.25 per bushel. The extent of the decline in the United States can be largely measured by changes in the level of the price of Class 2 Canadian Wheat, that is, wheat sold by the Canadian Wheat Board to countries other than Great Britain. The highest level that price reached was \$3.10 during May, 1947. At the first of June it stood at \$2.89 but declined steadily during the month until at June 30 it stood at \$2.45. It rose again during July to \$2.63, and at July 17 was \$2.58 per bushel. All these figures were given in the House of Commons by the Minister of Trade and Commerce, the Hon. Mr. Mackinnon. For the whole crop year the average "world price," as calculated by the Canadian Wheat Board, has been about \$2.32 per bushel. Mr. Mackinnon said in the House of Commons that the contract price to Great Britain of \$1.55 per bushel had been approximately 77 cents per bushel under the average world price.

* * *

Deficiencies in American feed grain supply will doubtless cause a considerable resumption of the practice of feeding wheat to livestock. A possible use in that connection of 300 million bushels of wheat has been suggested. It would also result in an opening on American markets for Canadian oats except that such export is likely to be

restricted by the Canadian government in order to conserve feed grains to meet demands from eastern Canada. It would be a reasonable guess that without such restrictions many million bushels of western oats might be sold to the United States at about \$1.00 per bushel. The barley situation south of the line would mean, if the Canadian government would allow such export, the movement south of perhaps 30 million bushels of barley which might command a price in the neighborhood of \$2.00 per bushel. So far, however, such demand can be spoken of only as potential, rather than actual. It will not be effective so long as exports are prohibited or are prevented by the charging of high equalization fees for export permits.

Russia's Relation to Wheat Supplies

British negotiations with Russia for supplies of wheat, which began immediately after the break-down of the international wheat conference, are said to have met with difficulties. During the course of negotiations there appears to have been an understanding that no country there represented would negotiate with any countries not represented with respect to transactions in wheat until after the discussions were ended. Immediately after they ended, however, a British delegation set out for Moscow to conduct trade talks, and one of the principal purposes was indicated as attempting to secure wheat supplies. Newspaper despatches have suggested that a quantity of 30 million bushels was involved in discussions which then began at Moscow.

Latest reports are that wheat discussions ran into difficulties because Russia wanted a considerably higher price for wheat than is represented by the British contract with Canada. Britain was reluctant to agree to a higher price basis for fear of creating difficulties with this country. That consideration is especially important in view of the discussions which are to take place within a few months with respect to the price to be paid to Canada by Great Britain during the third year of the wheat agreement. Everyone will remember that before 1914 Russia was one of the world's great wheat exporting countries. Following the first World War, however, Russia needed all her own grain for many years. Russian exports were never again important except for a brief period during the early 30's, when they contributed to the collapse of world wheat prices which then occurred. Neither then nor in earlier years was it believed that Russia had any real surplus of wheat above the requirements of her own people. It is realized, of course, that the Russian government whenever its needs for foreign exchange are sufficient, can obtain grain for export, even if doing so means sacrifices by its own people.

Russian attitude towards international grain trade can be much more important now than was the case during earlier years, because the surplus grain producing areas of eastern Europe have now come completely, or almost completely, under Russian political influence. That applies to the Balkan countries, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria. It applies also to Poland, which in former years had large quantities of grain, usually rye, for export. It applies, in addition, to what was formerly the eastern grain growing area of Germany, now incorporated into Poland. The western or

industrial portion of Germany can no longer rely on that area for the food which used to be obtained there.

The "iron curtain" which has descended between western Europe and the eastern portion, now dominated by Russia, does more than set eastern Europe apart politically and prevent the western world from knowing what goes on there. It has shut off the trade which used to pass between eastern Europe and the western countries. It has deprived western countries of the market for industrial goods which was formerly afforded by the countries of eastern Europe. And concurrently it has shut off much of the food on which western Europe used to rely.

For the foregoing reasons western Europe is much more dependent upon imports of food from overseas than used to be the case. Of course, at any time, when it accords with political policy to do so, Russia may encourage exports of food from eastern to western Europe. On the other hand, if the food needs of the growing population of Russia are sufficiently great, grain from eastern Europe may be absorbed into Russia. Even, however, if it were not for the "iron curtain" and even if Russia should be completely in favor of food shipments from eastern to western Europe, anything approaching the former volume of trade would be unlikely under present conditions. The commercial machinery, through which the economics of eastern and western Europe used to be meshed together, has broken down. Not only have the channels of trade been destroyed; the confusion of currencies and the difficulties of financing transactions are so great as to make almost impossible any large scale business.

President Truman Proposes Grain Buying Organization

A new suggestion for an International Trade Organization to buy grain has been made by President Truman of the United States. This would be a body to buy grain for distribution to western European countries under the Marshall plan for European restoration. If the suggestion is seriously pressed by the United States there is greater likelihood of its establishment than has been the case with earlier international grain plans suggested. That is because of the tremendous financial commitments which would be made by the United States to carry out the Marshall plan.

It is not easy to keep track of all the actual controls of international grain trade and the suggestions for control which appear from time to time. Some time ago it appeared that the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations was to play a preponderating part in international policies relating to food and agriculture. Its ability to do so, of course, would rest upon the over-all success of the organization of the United Nations. Quite evidently, however, that body is going to be slower in achieving its full stature than was earlier hoped for. That fact rests largely on the difficulty of reconciling the views of Russia with those of other countries, and most particularly with those of the United States, upon a multitude of questions. Some time ago Sir John Boyd Orr, Director-General of the Food and Agricultural Organization, put forward a plan for a World Food Board. Essentially that was a long-term project, designed to ensure greater production and better distribution of food throughout the world. It was based largely on the

theory of controlling surpluses when they occur, and also of building up reserve stocks in periods of plenty as a safeguard against later shortages. The plan was widely acclaimed at first and was given support by Canada. It had to be abandoned, however, because of financial difficulties. One of these was the fact that Great Britain, with its present financial difficulties, could not undertake to finance the carrying of grain surpluses on the North American continent. Further, some features of the plan were severely criticized in Great Britain as likely to lead to an increase in food costs there. Minimum prices were to be maintained by buying up stocks when prices fell to certain levels, but it was also envisaged that these might be disposed of at a sacrifice to needy countries. "That, in essence," said the British, "would mean that the cost of such relief would be at the expense of those importing countries which could afford to pay, who would have to pay more for supplies than would otherwise be the case." Consequently the Orr plan had to be abandoned.

Then came the unsuccessful negotiations at London for a world wheat agreement. This failed because of disagreement about price. Even, however, if agreement had been reached, later difficulties would have arisen when the problem arose as to how some importing countries were to pay for wheat purchases to which they would have committed themselves.

In the meantime there has not been a free international market for wheat and other grains. Supplies from Canada, Australia and the United States have been rationed among different countries. These have been allowed to buy no more than their quotas. Although there is no government wheat monopoly in the United States, such as exists in Canada, all wheat exports from that country have been channeled through a government agency. Argentina has not put its wheat into such a rationing scheme but has made a series of contracts with different countries, principally Brazil, Spain and Italy.

A World Emergency Cereals Conference was held in Paris last month to consider food problems. Calculations there were that during the coming crop year importing countries would need a total of 50 million tons of cereal grain against a maximum probable total supply for export from other countries of about 32 million tons. Those figures have been challenged since the meeting and it may be that some European countries will not be quite so badly off as then represented, while available exports may be slightly larger. The Paris meeting was a conference only, without administrative powers. It could not do much more than provide information on which administrative policies might later be based.

In the meantime preparations went ahead for another meeting, to be held in Geneva on August 26, of the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations. That meeting will be able only to make general recommendations to governments, which may or may not be later carried into effect.

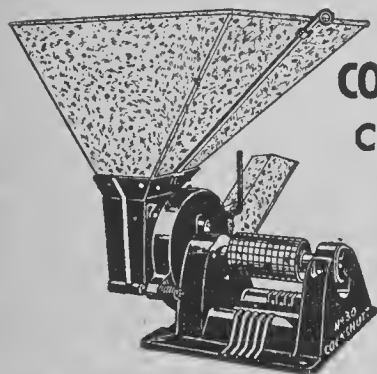
The really important meeting, however, has been the one in progress between western European countries. They are attempting to deal with their economic and trade problems in common, in order to arrive at the amount of assistance that need be required from the United States to enable them

Turn to page 33

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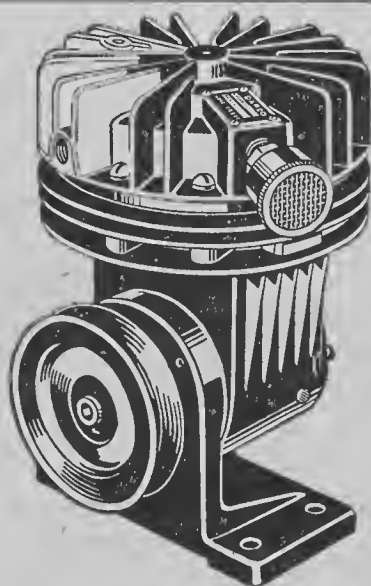
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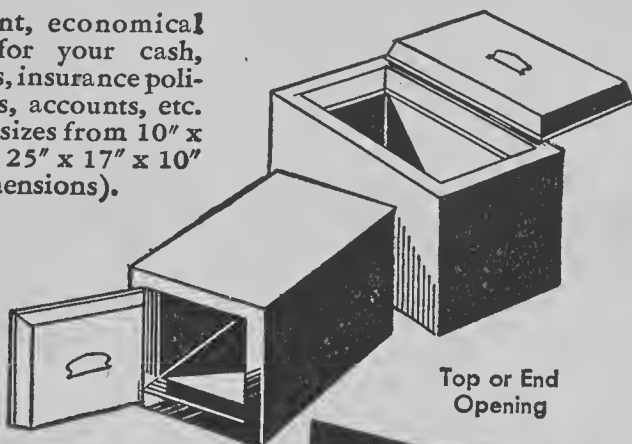
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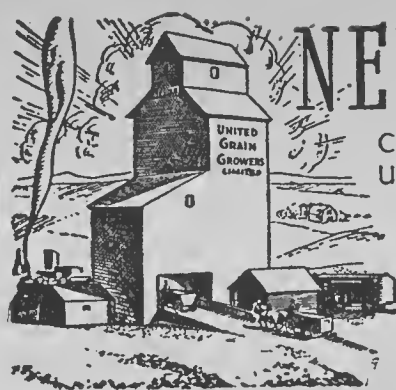
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NEIGHBORLY NEWS

Contributed by the Elevator Agents of UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED.

Wins Honors at Calf Club Show

At the recent Calf Club showing in Hartney, Lorne Robson's calf placed second in the class. Lorne took first honors for showmanship and his sister Rita second. A Co-operative picnic which was to follow the main show, was postponed until a later date.—Hartney, Man.

Storm Damage

Extensive damage was caused by the recent big rain storm. All bridges north of Birdtail were washed out and many fields remained covered with water in the lower parts of the valley. The highway washed away in places also, and both bridges were completely washed out. The Canadian National Railways had several wash-outs on this line resulting in their having no trains for one week. The railway also lost their pumphouse and pumping engine, and nearly lost their high bridge here. The Rossburn municipality reports it will cost \$12,000 to put the roads and bridges in repair again.—Birdtail, Man.

Memorial Rink Committee Formed

The organization meeting for the proposed memorial rink was held in the Army and Navy Veteran's Hall. Due to road conditions, only the town representatives attended. The appointment of a finance committee was followed by nominations for a building and construction committee. This committee is made up of representatives of Board of Trade, hockey club, Legion, the Elks and the town council. The meeting adjourned after choosing a site for the new rink and deciding that the building would be let by contract.—Russell, Man.

Efficient Judging Committee

The Vista judging team won high honors at Brandon Fair and their work was highly commended upon.

The Sports Day produced the usual number of keen competitions. A large crowd attended and thoroughly enjoyed the "fun, sport and amusement."—Vista, Man.

Two for the Book

The building of the Bredenbury Hall is at last started and should go right ahead now. Bredenbury, from a "no Hall Town," will now be a "two Hall Town," already having the one built by the Veterans last fall.—Bredenbury, Sask.

A Bear Fact

Great excitement was caused recently when a bear was seen about a mile south of the U.G.G. elevator. Tom Neal, John Domon and Marvin Sommerfeldt got their guns and after considerable trouble, shot him. He weighed 300 pounds.

About 50 pounds of wild rice was sown in the water of the low-land in the western part of the district. Mr. Domon supervised the work.—Clonmel, Sask.

A Grand Sports Event

The weatherman smiled and the sports committee and the people of Saltcoats and district can look back upon the most successful sports event

in the 59-year history of the celebration. Baseball was the main attraction, with 13 teams participating. Bangor and Roblin split first and second, Melville and Langenburg, third prize money. There was also men's and women's softball and horse racing. The day was brought to a successful conclusion with two dances, one in the town hall, and one in the Lakeside pavilion.—Saltcoats, Sask.

A Record

We believe a record has been established when during the week of July the 4th over 300 bushels of Marquis wheat was delivered to United Grain Growers' elevator here.

This wheat was grown on S $\frac{1}{2}$ 26.11.15 W1. by the late Mr. James Shaw and put in a portable granary the fall of 1924 and had not been moved until delivered to elevator this month.

The wheat was in perfect condition and not a bushel spoiled or wasted.—Fairview, Man.

U.G.G. Officials and Customers Meet

As part of the company's policy, a group of 12 customers of McCreary elevator attended a meeting in Neepawa called by the president and officers of United Grain Growers Limited for a discussion of the company's business policy and problems facing agriculture in western Canada, present and future.

Though it was a very uncomfortably hot night, visitors expressed appreciation of the visit and various interesting points were brought forward at the meeting. The consensus of opinion on these points was that men and women on the farm can benefit by such meetings held as often as affairs permit in order to keep abreast of events affecting western agriculture, in fact, international agriculture.

In McCreary we hope that more such meetings may be called for this purpose.—McCreary, Man.

High Price Paid for Cattle

Mr. Ferguson accompanied Mr. S. P. Gould of Rosalind to Edmonton recently to market the highest priced carload of steers ever to go through the Edmonton Stock Yards. One load of 22 steers brought \$4,888. The cattle were billed to W. C. Johnston of Winnipeg, and sold through the Battle River Co-op. Mr. Gould is chairman of the U.G.G. local board at Rosalind.—Rosalind, Alta.

Complete Building Project

Joe Krieser's new \$15,000 garage is now completed. This is an up-to-date modern garage, and is considered locally a great asset to this community.—Altario, Alta.

Son of U.G.G. Agent Married

A wedding of interest to this district took place at the Knox United Church, Edmonton, when Robert Shewan Baptie, only son of A. M. Baptie, U.G.G. agent at Erskine, was united in marriage to Lois Amelia Dunlop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dunlop, of Edmonton.—Erskine, Alta.

Fifty Years Married

Felicitations from their neighbors are being offered to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lamont on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary. The couple were married in Winnipeg in 1897 by the late Rev. Jas. Hogg. Both are native Ontario stock and were born in the same town—Annan.

These fine pioneers are highly esteemed both as citizens and neighbors

and the reception planned (at this writing) for them will undoubtedly be attended by a goodly gathering of their well-wishers.—*Dominion City, Man.*

60th Jubilee Exhibition

Approximately 1,000 people thronged the Strathclair Fair Grounds to make the 60th Annual Exhibition an all-time record. Entries totalled 635 in all classes. However, due to the fact the season was so late and the fair date early, horticultural entries were low.

Secretary J. M. Rowell states that although 1945 and 1946 held record attendances over previous years, the attendance for this year beats them all and augurs well for the future "next 100" years.—*Strathclair, Man.*

R.C.M.P. Detachment Now Policing Stettler

Under a contract between Stettler and the Dominion government, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are now responsible for law and order here. Corporal R. McKinney is the officer in charge.

It is understood that the R.C.M.P. will make a close check-up on infractions of traffic laws. Citizens and visitors are reminded that parking space is provided for trucks on empty lots north of the school division office.—*Stettler, Alta.*

Local Farmers' Success

Hallam Brothers, local farmers, took first place in the Hereford class, over 900 pounds, at the Foxwarren Fat Stock Show and Sale. They also took second place in the Hereford championship.—*Penrith, Man.*

Community Bazaar

The community bazaar held in Inglis Hall, under the supervision of the Inglis Women's Institute, provided proceeds to go toward improving the hall. The sum of \$183 was realized.—*Inglis, Man.*

"Tops" Award at Calf Club Show

Marjory Armstrong of Westlock won top awards in the first Westlock Calf Club Show and Sale in Westlock. Her entry of a dun-colored Angus calf took the Grand Challenge trophy and the Westlock Club trophy. The former was donated by the Westlock and District Board of Trade and the latter by Drs. Whissell and Woodman.

More than a thousand spectators lined the judging ring and crowded the grounds to view the 64 calves entered in the trials. Following the judging, the animals were auctioned off with the Grand Challenge winner going for 47 cents per pound.

Tom Williamson of Edmonton was judge of the stock.

The best two of each club competed for the Challenge trophy.

The event was formally opened by R. D. Jorgenson, M.L.A., and Mayor D. C. Fender of Westlock also welcomed the visitors to the show. James Goode, district agriculturist, president Bill Kallal and secretary Ernie Gamble were the able sponsors of the event.

Interesting sidelight of the show was the demonstration of purebred cattle by Dr. J. Howe of the University of Alberta, who showed with the help of Shorthorn cattle from the Wes Henry farm and Angus and Hereford stock from the Alf Wallace farm, the de-

sirable characteristics of purebred stock.

Awards were presented by R. D. Jorgenson who gave the Challenge trophy to Miss Armstrong. Dr. Woodman presented her with the Woodman-Whissell award. Mrs. G. Beach presented the Beach award to junior member Kallal; M. Jacobs presented a halter to Joyce Kelly as best showman; James Goode presented the Royal Bank award to Miss Kelly, and W. Kallal the Westlock Electric trophy to his son for the best Westlock showman.

Complete list of awards are: Championships: Grand Challenge, Marjory Armstrong; Reserve Grand Challenge: Lois Johnson of Busby; Best Showman: Joyce Kelly; Highest Daily Gain: Bill Kallal (whose record was highest of any club in the province).

Club Winners—Westlock: Best calf, Marjory Armstrong, Evelyn Kallal, Delmar Slator; Showmanship: Bill Kallal, Edwin Kallal and Marjory Armstrong; Daily Gain: Bill Kallal, Evelyn Kallal, and tied, Bill Beach and Delmar Slator; Juniors: Tommy Kallal.

Busby-Picardville—Best calf: Lois Johnson, Norbert Frederick, Frank Sylvester; Showmanship: Joyce Kelly, Lois Johnson, Raymond Sylvester; Daily Gains: Frank Sylvester, Joyce Kelly, John Green.—*Westlock, Alta.*

Successful Fat Stock Show

Foxwarren's 12th Annual Fat Stock Show and Sale was very successful with 213 entries and a net proceeds of \$38,000, which averaged 203 cents per pound—one of the highest sale averages so far this year. Grand champion was won by Widdicombe Brothers, Foxwarren. Reserve champion by A. Doyle, of Beulah. A steer donated by Widdicombe Brothers to the United Church brought 28 cents per pound. After the sale, Widdicombe's offered by auction 31 head of their pedigree herd, which brought many interested buyers from all over the country.—*Foxwarren, Man.*

Dairy Field Days

In co-operation with the Alberta Department of Agriculture, the Producers' Section of the Alberta Dairymen's Association, held a well attended Field Day at Holden recently. J. E. Birdsall, supervisor of crop improvement for the Alberta Department of Agriculture, discussed the value of forage crops for dairymen; R. P. Dixon, supervisor of dairy herd improvement, conducted a demonstration of dairy type and supervised a judging contest; and C. A. McBride, dairy inspector and instructor, spoke on cream quality.—*Edmonton, Alberta.*

Felicitations

Felicitations are—at this writing—predicted for Mr. Dan Barnard who, on July 31st, will celebrate his 81st birthday. Mr. Barnard has lived in the Lena district for the past 60 years, during which time he has always been a highly respected citizen and taken an active part in the welfare of the community. Mr. Barnard has been a shareholder of United Grain Growers Limited since the organization of the company and has repeatedly held office on the local U.G.G. Board.

* * *

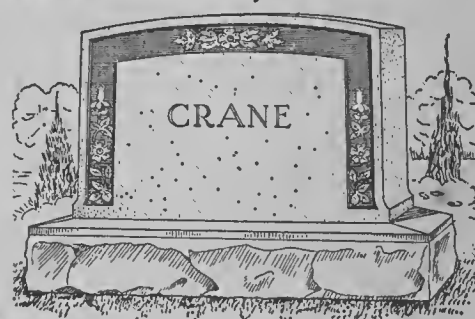
Since the foregoing was received the sad news has come to hand of the death of Mr. George Barnard (Mr. Dan Barnard's brother) in an auto accident. Mr. Barnard was driving into Killarney when he collided with a truck on the highway. He was alone in his car at the time and was instantly killed. Great sympathy is felt with the Barnard family over this tragic happening. Mr. George Barnard was also a member and director of the U.G.G. local board and was highly esteemed locally as a fine type of farmer and a community-minded citizen.—*Killarney, Man.*



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MONTHLY COMMENTARY—Continued from page 31

to carry on. This is part of what is known as the Marshall plan. Originally it was hoped to get all European countries into such a conference and to have the United States co-operate with Russia and Great Britain in giving the necessary assistance to continental Europe. Russia, however, has not concurred in the plan and on that account the Russian dominated countries of eastern Europe have not been participating in discussions.

It is on the outcome of this western European conference that the suggestion is based, made by President Truman, for a central authority to buy grain. In theory these western countries would arrive at their total requirements, and presumably agree with the United States as to how these requirements should be distributed, and how financed. Just what part Canada would play in such an international buying organization, if set up, remains indefinite. Certainly such an international grain buying organization would have to look for a large part of its supplies in Canada and presumably it would not ask Canada to sell grain at lower prices than prevail for corresponding grain obtained in the United States. The question might, however, arise as to the willingness and ability of Canada to join in the over-all financing arrangements.

For the year just ahead, and as long as any such urgent world demand continues as now prevails, Canada can find an outlet for all the grain this country can export. Complications might later develop if conditions should change to enable such an international organization to fill its requirements in the United States. Conceivably it might choose to do, leaving Canadian producers at a disadvantage because of the extent of United States financial control of such operations.

Whatever comes out of these various suggestions, any plans now worked out are likely to be temporary in nature only. Not until after some of the major economic and financial problems of the world are better settled than at present

are we likely to see emerge any plan for international grain control of a permanent nature.

Quotas—1947-1948

The Canadian Wheat Board has made a preliminary announcement about delivery quotas for the crop year 1947-48.

There will be no delivery quotas on rye and flaxseed. Deliveries of these grains may be made at any delivery point and do not require an entry to be made in delivery permit books.

Delivery quotas on wheat, oats and barley will be left open after July 31st for some time. Local delivery quotas for one or more of these grains will be set as soon as the volume of delivery at local points makes their establishment necessary. When established, they will be made as liberal as possible. When announced, they will be applied for one purpose only, that of equitable allotment of space at different delivery points. There is to be no attempt at restricting total deliveries by any farmer during the year, of any grain.

Even, however, when delivery quotas are open on wheat, oats and barley, it is necessary for deliveries to be recorded in permit books. Deliveries must be made at the points designated in the delivery book, unless written permission has been obtained from the Wheat Board to deliver elsewhere.

Actual initial prices to apply for the new crop year on different grades of wheat at country elevators will not be established until some time after August 15th. Until they are established, producers delivering wheat on and after August 1st will receive storage tickets. Such tickets will be surrendered and cash settlement made for them as soon as the 1947-48 prices are available. No storage charges will accrue against the producer on such deliveries. Any producers, however, who carried over wheat covered by storage tickets from the old crop into the new crop year will have to pay storage on such wheat up to the time at which it is sold to the Wheat Board.

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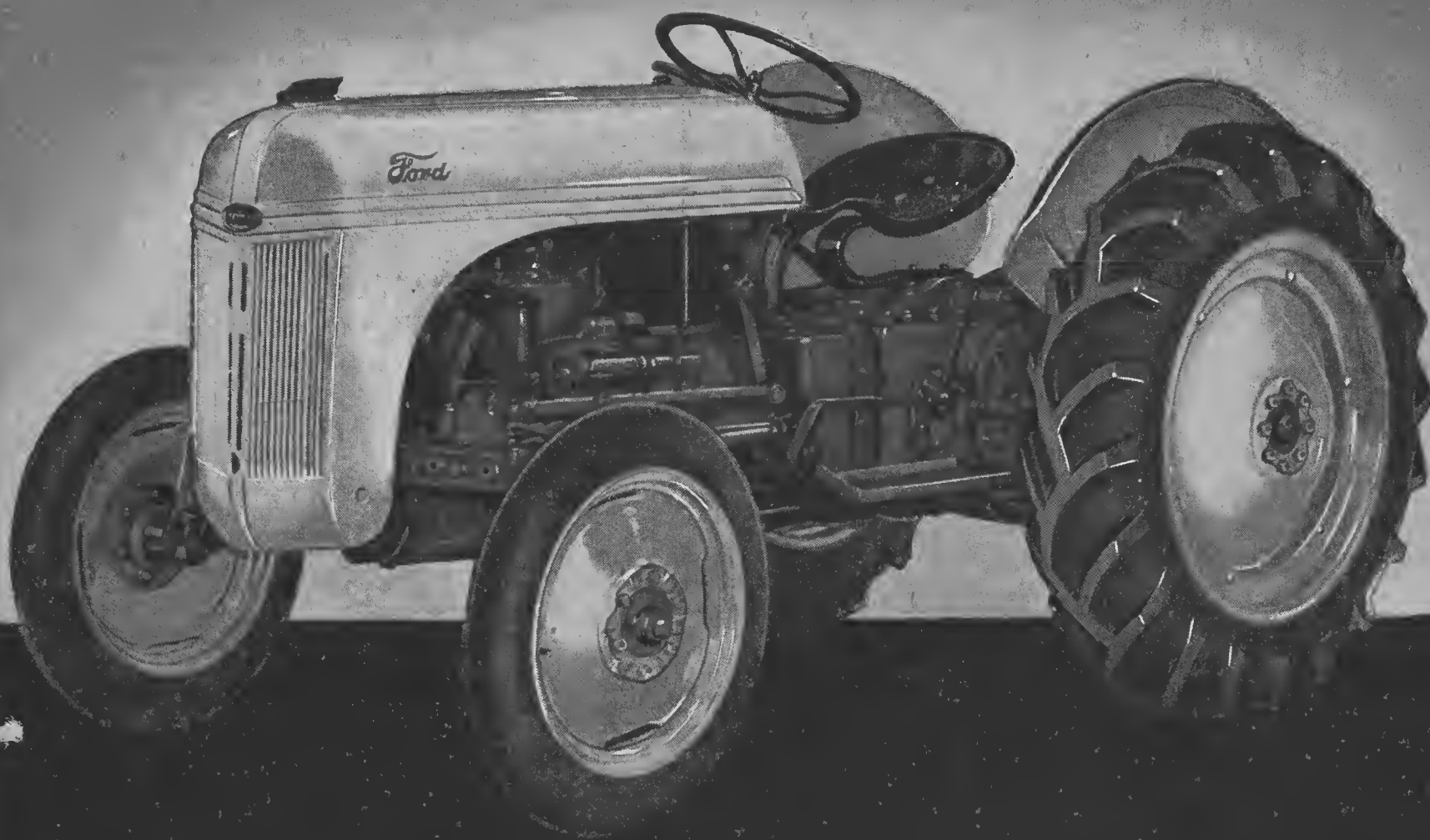
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Sheep Dogs in the Heather

Without dogs, sheep herding in parts of Britain would be impossible

By RICHARD C. STONE

A SMALL black and white object streaks through the grass and heather of the hillside. . . . Suddenly a shrill whistle, almost inaudible to the human sense, pierces the air, and the object drops like a stone, panting on its belly. . . .

Comes a second whistle, of slightly different tone, and the object is converted into another flash of uncanny intelligence and co-ordinated muscle.

So it works on from second to second, now moving with quiet yet sure speed, the next crouching ears pricked, then lying down like a cat stalking a bird, or creeping this way and that with its body dragging along the ground, all the time getting nearer the creatures

The type of dog that is mostly used is the black and white collie, which has been worked with sheep for close upon four centuries. So wonderful is the inherited instinct of this breed to herd and protect that when a puppy of only six weeks or so, it will take charge of the poultry in the farmyard where it is born.

One sees the baby lying in the yard with its eyes ever on the birds, sees it, without a word of encouragement being said to it, or a sign being made to it, round them up to eat their meals, and escort them to their roosting places in the evening.

As a matter of fact, if a puppy does not show such signs of inherited suita-



Blackface sheep in Glen Lyon, Perthshire.

which are its objectives, moving them—though so cleverly they scarcely know it—on until they are within the waiting fold. Then the shepherd, with a rapidity born of long experience, pens them with a single motion.

This is the way in which Britain's hillside sheep dogs work. There are no other dogs in the world with their inherited centuries of experience. Such is their renown that during the past century they have been sent to every sheep country under the sun, from the Argentine to Australia, and from New Zealand to the Falklands (which are really one great sheep run).

Wherever in this country you find sheep in large numbers, there the shaggy collies whose ancestors roamed the hills of the Lake District, the Peak, the Highlands, and the Welsh Hills, will be found too.

Every year (in normal times) the champions of the Three Kingdoms meet in rivalry to decide the finest dogs of the year, and this season the international trials for the blue riband of the sheep dog world will be revived in full glory, and they are likely to attract spectators running into five figures.

Eliminating trials are held in different parts of the country, and these lead up to the various national trials, at which the dogs are picked that have the honor of representing England, Scotland and Wales in the international contest.

The supreme championship involves the use of an extra long course, with double outruns and fetches of sheep from 700 yards, cross-driving among hurdles for 300 yards, shedding 15 unmarked sheep from a flock of 20, and placing five sheep in a pen. So that only the highest standard of skill stands a chance of recognition at the international trials.

bility for the work of herding sheep, the shepherds will not take the trouble to complete its education. The dogs must be "bred right"—that is their expression.

A remarkable example of the pitch of intelligence and understanding to which sheep dogs can be trained can be seen in Wales, where the Great Western Railway employs over two dozen of the animals to assist the gangers in keeping the lines clear of straying sheep, which come down from the hills and get on the lines, thus endangering their own lives and delaying the trains.

The dogs' duty is pretty complicated, for not only have they to round up the sheep and guide them through an obscure opening in the fence through which they have trespassed, and which the guardians of the line have to find, but also they have to acquire "track sense" so that they may be safe from passing trains.

The dogs begin their training in most cases before they are six months old, and some have seven years' railway service to their credit. They are trained to answer verbal commands, sometimes given in Welsh, the whistles and hand-signals of their masters, from a considerable distance. But they do not always wait to be told what to do, and often rout the trespassers before the gangers' arrival.

They are also trained to know what the warning whistle of an approaching train means; they give warning to the permanent way men working on the line, and will not leave the track until all the men are clear.

The track sense mentioned above and developed by these dogs is extraordinary. If caught between the sets of lines while driving a sheep from



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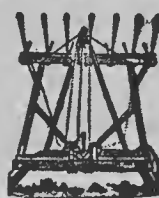
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This dividend will be paid on or about October 1, 1947, to holders of such shares of record at the close of business on Thursday, July 31, 1947.

By order of the Board,

CHAS. C. JACKSON,
Secretary.

July 22, 1947.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

the running lines they will lie down until the two trains have passed. The dogs live with their masters but the railway company pays for the licences.

As for the work on the hill farms, old James Hogg, friend of Sir Walter Scott, known as the "Ettrick Shepherd," and who came of a race of shepherds, wrote of their value to the men of his race in memorable words.

They run: "A single shepherd and his dog will accomplish more in gathering a stock of sheep from a Highland farm than 20 shepherds could without dogs; and it is a fact that without this docile animal the pastoral life would be a blank. . . .

"Without the shepherd's dog the whole of the open mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth a sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a stock of sheep, garner them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to market, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining."

A FARMER from that land of sheep, New Zealand, once related his experience in that Dominion, admitting that he would have been helpless without his dogs. He had a black and tan collie which, from the real collie lover's point of view, was a perfect picture. And what that dog did not know about working sheep, either near-handed, as shepherds say, or at a distance, was not worth knowing.

Another was a Scottish black and white border collie, also a splendid example of its particular breed, and with either of the dogs he could bring in a mob of several hundred sheep which were running perhaps 6,000 feet up on the mountain sides, from two or more miles away.

He worked in such cases with hand signals and field glasses until they got closer, when all the rest was done by different toned whistles and orders. Both dogs, as was necessary when camping out on snow-covered ground, had splendid coats, and, even more important, bushy tails with which they covered their noses from the frost when sleeping in the snow at night.

But many of the finest working sheep dogs today would never win a prize in the show ring. Physical perfection and markings mean little to the mountainside shepherd. He wants a dog that understands sheep, one that is tough and which can run 100 miles a day if needs be over rough, rocky hill-sides.

This is where trials are valuable, for they pick out the dogs which are quick and active and highly intelligent. It is from such that some of the best dogs are bred. Sheep dog men of long experience will tell you that there has been an immense improvement in the standard of intelligence and work since the beginning of this century.

The average sheep dog today is of much higher brain power than its fore-runners of a few decades back simply because the old haphazard method of breeding has been superseded by a more scientific system which aims primarily at securing the maximum intelligence. Champions these days will fetch anything from £100 to £200.

During the trials at which these are picked out, each dog is given a certain time to complete its task, but it is not necessarily the fastest working dog which wins. The rules of the International Sheep Dog Society also say that "in considering command the handler who gives fewest commands and who

works his dog quietly shall be preferred to the handler who over-commands and works his dog noisily."

To ensure absolute fairness and impartiality at the international contests, three judges, one from each country, mark the competing dogs.

UNDER THE PEACE TOWER

Continued from page 11

are so indifferent is that the average rank and file of voters these days do not feel that parliament can solve their problems. They do not blame the politicians, they do not blame the brain trusters, they do not blame the bureaucrats, they do not blame anybody much. They just feel that what they really want is beyond everybody.

What, you might ask, do the people of Canada really want, what would they like parliament to be able to do? I'd take a guess and say they'd settle for these three things:

1. They want the high cost of living to come down.
2. They want homes.
3. They want fear of Russia removed.

Solve these things and you solve everything. But neither King nor Bracken nor Coldwell, nor Drew either, can solve these things. They are all as helpless as King Canute, down at the water with a broom, trying to sweep back the tide.

The government knows no real way of keeping the cost of living down. It was possible as long as we had controls, plus the fact that the Americans had controls. Once the Americans sloughed their controls, we could no more live alongside them and keep the lid on prices than you can live alongside a forest fire and not get singed. Therefore, we Canadians cannot control the cost of living.

I mentioned homes above. Right now, they are out of reach. But the government has hopes. Up till now, Mackenzie King has always played for time. He never asked for miracles; he just made a pal of anno domini. But the sands of time, for him, are running out. It is questionable whether a full and normal production will be functioning long enough during his remaining tenure for costs to drop, for us to be able to get more goods for the same money. It is still a sellers' market. Once we get caught up on production, and we start to see the beneficial effects of good healthy competition, we may then expect to see housing costs drop. The Liberal government is therefore hoping against hope for time. Housing is the one thing in this country that can beat the government. Up till now, no one has been able to prove that it is this government's fault that houses are dear and scarce. Any opposition group that can make that theme stick will be the next government of Canada.

As to the third point, removing our fear of Russia, that too, will take time. Whether time will solve these problems as easily for the man who comes after King, as they have for The Mahatma himself, these past 25 years, we shall have to live to see.

So Janus looks back at the session of 1947, doesn't think we did much, and doesn't care. He looks forward to 1948, peering amid a forest of question marks, isn't able to see the answers. Meanwhile the Dog Days are with us.



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GREEN GRASS OF WYOMING

Continued from page 7

not the horses, "You're Ken, aren't you?"

"Yes."
"You've just come back from that place in the mountains where you had shut him up and you found a lot of dead horses there, didn't you?"

"Yes." Ken looked down. He didn't want to talk about it.

There was a silence in which they seemed to be feeling each other out. Then Ken asked, "How old are you?"

"I'm fifteen."
"Oh, are you?" Nearly as old as he. Ken did not know whether he was surprised or not. She had cried like a child and yet there was a curious dignity and composure about her—almost an authority, as if you would have to do whatever she said, and who was it that she reminded him of? It came to him with a shock. Heavens! It was his mother! Carey had something of importance about her like his mother!

"Are you sure, Ken?" she asked.
"Sure of what?"

"What you said. That you would get Jewel back for me."

"Yes."
"How can you be? You're not much older than I am. I couldn't get her back."

"Well you see, she's with my stallion and we're going to get him back. We have to. We couldn't leave him out loose on the range."

"Oh. Well then there's nothing for me to worry about, is there?"

"Not a thing."
She stood thinking this over and suddenly the most enchanting smile dawned on her face. Those shining white teeth gleamed again, not framed in a square mouth this time, but between two full lips that went up happily at each corner.

"Thank you," she said, taking the tray from him, and walked off toward the house.

Ken stood watching her, his mind in a whirling confusion, all thought of thirst or hunger or buttermilk gone. Her short tan kilted skirt swung against her bare knees, her legs were brown and slender, terminating in well-polished light moccasins, her tailored jacket matched the skirt, and the round white collar of her blouse framed her neck. She looked a very important, well-cared for little affair altogether. Watching her go, the only part he could see that was really herself were those smooth brown calves, so slim and childish, and that glossy fall of brown hair.

Suddenly she stopped and half turned, calling back to him, "I have met your father and mother and the baby and I just love them. Particularly the baby. Your mother said I could help give her her bath. That is what I am going to do as soon as I have carried this buttermilk to Grandma. I think your mother is beautiful. So I have to go now, Ken."

Turning again, she continued her way to the door, now and then taking a few running steps as she came out from the lee of the spring house and the wind hit her. She mounted the steps of the terrace, carefully held the tray with one hand while she opened the front door, and then vanished from Ken's view.

Ken did not know how deep a sigh he heaved, did not know that he sighed at all. Did not know how long he stood leaning there against the stone wall of the spring house. Fragmentary thoughts zigzagged through his mind. In the house . . . she was there . . . soon he

would be going in . . . she would help his mother bathe Penny . . . upstairs near his own room . . . up there himself soon, taking a shower and dressing for supper . . . might actually run into her in the hall or on the stairs . . . Oh, Gosh, Oh, Gosh . . . was it real? . . . perhaps he had just imagined it all . . . no, no, the filly . . . Thunderhead. . . It had all happened and everything was different. . .

MRS. PALMER kept her eyes fastened on the door, looking out from beneath a cold compress which covered her forehead. She was resting on the wide double bed of the McLaughlin's downstairs guestroom, her head and shoulders supported by pillows. She had removed shoes and dress and put on high-heeled red velvet mules and a red silk wrapper.

She removed the wet handkerchief from her brow, dropped it into a bowl of ice water which stood on the night table and again directed her eyes to the closed door. She was still an handsome woman; the outstanding features of her face being a delicate, aquiline nose, and high arched eyebrows which were black and finely penciled, over light, rather cold, grey eyes. Her expression was one of restrained fury.



At last Carey's footsteps were heard, the door opened and Carey stepped in, holding her tray carefully, her eyes going swiftly to her grandmother's face as if to gauge her humor.

"What do you mean by keeping me waiting so long? What have you been doing?"

Carey carefully closed the door behind her and went forward to her grandmother's bedside. She made room for the tray on the table, at the same time saying contritely, "Oh, Grandma! I'm sorry! Something delayed me—you've taken off your compress. Oh, I think you should have it on—your head is so bad." She squeezed ice water out of the compress and was about to lay it on her grandmother's forehead again but the old lady's head was quickly turned aside.

"I'm sorry," murmured Carey, dropping the compress back into the bowl.

"You're sorry! That's what you say! But here I lie, ill and helpless on this bed in a strange house. And you cannot even do me the one small favor of bringing me a drink of buttermilk without getting sidetracked and 'delayed.' What have you been doing all this time?"

Carey hesitated a little. "I didn't get sidetracked or do anything else, Grandma. It was just one of the boys who was coming into the spring house when I was bringing your milk. One of the McLaughlin boys, and we stood there talking a moment. It wasn't really long. It's just that you're so tired and nerv-

ous and thirsty. I'm sorry." And she tenderly put her hand on her grandmother's forehead and smoothed it.

WHEN Mrs. Palmer again turned her head away Carey went softly around the room, picking up garments, hanging them in the closets.

She saw that her grandmother had taken her fine embroidered handkerchief and was pressing it against her eyes. Carey hurried to her side and sat down on the edge of the bed. She put her hand over her grandmother's. "Oh, don't, Grandma. You'll make yourself ill!"

"And who cares if I am ill?" The anger had gone from her voice. It now quivered pathetically. "What difference did it make to anyone that I didn't want to come on this trip?"

"We wanted you to stay home, Grandma."

"Oh yes, I know I wasn't wanted—You don't love me, Carey, you say you do, but you don't act it."

"Oh, Grandma!" Carey slid down and laid her arms about the old woman.

"No, you don't. And you're all I've got in the world, Carey—" her chest heaved.

Carey comforted and protested, laid her soft young cheek against her

grandmother's and her own eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Grandma, don't feel like that, it isn't true. Why, we all love you, we couldn't get along without you."

Mrs. Palmer wiped her eyes and became quieter but when she removed the handkerchief from her face she looked dreadfully sad. "Do you, Carey, my darling? Do you really love your old grandmother?"

"Of course, of course!"

"Better than anyone else in the world?" And as she said this, there crept the hint of a teasing smile across her face.

Carey heaved a sigh of relief. "Oh, yes, Grandma!"

Mrs. Palmer put out a hand, a thin, white, aristocratic hand ornamented with several rings and smoothed the girl's hair. "Do you love me the very best? Better than you love your uncle?"

Carey's smile broadened. "Oh, I love Uncle Beaver, too. Lots. But—but you're not well, Grandma, and you need me, and I've got to take good care of you and I feel so badly when you are upset like this."

The old woman was calm again. She lay back on the pillow and looked at Carey.

"How about a little of the buttermilk now?" suggested Carey as if to a captious child. "It's so nice. I had a dipperful in the spring house before I filled your pitcher. And it's an hour yet before supper."

She poured a glassful and Mrs. Palmer began to sip it. "And what do

you think," Carey said, "Mrs. McLaughlin said I could help give the baby her bath."

The glass of buttermilk stopped halfway to Mrs. Palmer's mouth. "When?" "Soon, now."

Mrs. Palmer made no answer. The glass of buttermilk did not move. Even her expression did not change. Carey hastily added, "But I don't think I will. Not today, anyway. Perhaps tomorrow."

MRS. PALMER finished the buttermilk and set down the glass. "How long do you imagine we are going to stay in this god-forsaken place, anyway?"

"Well, it might be several days. They're going to try to find Jewel, you know."

"All this fuss about a horse! You have horses enough at home. It would be better if you studied more and practiced your music more and rode less."

"Oh, but Grandma! This one is special! And she's just for me and she's come all the way from England!"

Mrs. Palmer made no more protests. She held out her glass for more buttermilk and drank it down. Then Carey asked her what she would like her to do until suppertime. Read to her? Or, if she wanted to be quiet, perhaps she could rest better if Carey left the room?

"No," said Mrs. Palmer, "you need a rest yourself. Take off your suit and lie down here on the bed beside me until it's time to dress for supper. Pull the window curtains."

Obediently Carey drew the chintz curtains then stood fingering them, fascinated by the pattern of miniature bucking broncos and stage coaches.

"Stop mooning," commanded her grandmother.

Carey left the window, removed her gabardine suit and her blouse and flung herself on the bed.

"Put your wrapper on."
"I'm not cold."

"Do as I tell you."

Sighing, Carey rose, found her pink wrapper and slipped it on. Then she lay down again, flat on her back. Her feet and legs were bare. She propped the heel of one slim, brown foot on the toes of the other, contemplated them a moment, then jacked up her knees and cupped them with her hands.

The only sounds in the room were the measured and rather heavy breathing of Mrs. Palmer, and the wind making strange noises, like a subdued chattering around the chimney.

Mrs. Palmer said drowsily, "What a terribly windy place! But Mrs. McLaughlin is a charming woman and a perfect lady."

"Uh—huh," said Carey, wondering how her grandmother could be sleepy when there was so much to think about.

Her thought slipped back to early yesterday morning when they had risen at five, expecting to find Jewel at the Red Buttes station and load her on the trailer. Her uncle's face, when he had heard what had happened, had told her instantly that he considered the filly as good as dead, and she never would forget the sick feeling that had gone through her.

But she wasn't dead! All sorts of strange things were happening to her. It bewildered Carey. She understood race horses and horses that were brought up to the door saddled and bridled. But horses that eloped, that kicked each other out of crates, that lived exciting lives, off in the wilds, independently of men—

"And Mr. McLaughlin," continued Mrs. Palmer in her sleepy voice, "is one of the finest-looking men I have ever seen."

Carey did not answer this. Her hands were playing a happy but silent little tattoo on her bare, brown knees. Ken was going to get her filly back for her! He had said he would.

Her hands came to rest on her knees.

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Her eyes widened, seeing faraway scenes. She saw Jewel and Thunderhead racing with incredible speed over the prairie. She saw a band of mares with little colts. Saw a crowd of men, Westerners like the posses in the movies, galloping after them. Suddenly she saw just Ken's face, close to hers, looking at her, and she knew that she would never again feel just the way she had felt before she came to the Goose Bar.

SUNSET filled the dining-room where the McLaughlins and their guests had gathered for the evening meal.

Nell stood behind her chair at the far end of the table and Beaver Greenway pulled it out for her and then seated himself at her right. He talked, thought Ken, in the silly way that old gentlemen talk to ladies, about the way her blue dress matched her blue eyes.

Ken himself was on the other side of Greenway. He placed his napkin across his knees, determining that he would never talk to ladies like that, but Nell seemed to like it. She smiled and chatted with Mr. Greenway so charmingly, and smoothed the blue silk dress over her bosom. Ken glanced quickly across the table at Carey and met her eyes. This embarrassed him so he looked at Mrs. Palmer who sat next to her, at his father's right hand.

Ken had noticed that wherever Mrs. Palmer went there was a sort of rustle and bustle about her. People paid attention to her. His father had bowed as he pulled out her chair. His mother made gracious remarks to her. She was something like a queen with her head held so high and importantly, and her smiling, condescending way of talking that now and then changed suddenly to fierceness.

He had noticed, too, that Carey was very attentive to her. Carey sat at Nell's left with her grandmother on the other side of her, and Mrs. Palmer kept glancing down at her, her face changing from the gay way she looked when she talked to Rob, to the sharp way in which older people look at children when they want to find something to correct. Perhaps this was what made Carey seem so young.

Ken answered almost grudgingly when they asked him more questions about his trip to the valley. They knew it all anyway. There was nothing more to tell.

"What seems strange," said Greenway, "is how poison grass suddenly got into a secluded mountain valley when it had never been there before."

"I think," said Rob, "that the mares must have taken alfalfa seed in there from the outside range. They were out on the range near here a year ago—and it sprang up the following spring. Then there might have come a cold spell. We've had snow here on the Fourth of July. The alfalfa got frozen, the horses ate it, and that was the end of them!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, shuddering. "Dreadful!"

While the men discussed this possibility, Nell watched Ken, amused at the effect Carey had produced upon him.

Nell had wanted the boys to meet more young people of their own age during their vacations and she had said this summer she was going to have company at the ranch for them, and insist on their accepting invitations to visit elsewhere. But it had not worked out that way. As usual, there was endless work to be done. Rob believed in keeping them busy in some useful way. So this, now; the way he was looking at Carey, this was something new!

THE telephone jangled noisily and Rob went to answer it.

This telephone was another of the conveniences the sheep had made pos-

sible. Rob had set posts all the way from the house to Tie Siding and strung them with wires. A telegram could be sent or received without driving five miles or so to the station. A luncheon date could be arranged for Nell in Cheyenne or Laramie in an hour. Rob could send a message asking for more men from the employment office or put in a hurry call for the veterinarian. The world was nearer and life was easier. And for local messages, it served as a kind of clearinghouse.

Rob returned and took his seat. "That was from Reuben Dale," said he with satisfaction. "He's got six sons, all fine horsemen and clever with ropes. He and two of his sons will go—they'll be over this evening to talk it over."

Gus had said he thought the wind would hold, and as long as it held the snow would not come. Perhaps not for several weeks yet. There was snow in the sky, plenty of it, but not immediately threatening, unless the wind dropped.

Now the wind had dropped. Rob and Greenway, too, kept turning to look out the window. The lowest layer of clouds which had been grey were now crimson and edged with gold, and behind them were swirling depths of fiery color, changing in hue every minute.

"But the wind always drops at sunset," said Nell, "and then rises again in the evening or during the night."

"Well—everything depends on the weather," Rob kept saying.



"Nothing wrong with that mule!"

"A swell idea! We'll ride together, Carey, you and I, while the rest of them go off on the horse-hunt. It'll be like being at the Blue Moon together, won't it?" He turned to Nell. "Carey and I ride together often."

"Mr. Greenway," asked Howard, "why did you call your ranch the Blue Moon?"

"That's quite a long story, Howard," said Greenway, smiling.

"A story!" exclaimed Ken, his face lighting up.

"Let's hear it, Greenway," said Rob.

"Goes back a long way," protested Greenway, "all the time to when I was a young man, and that's many a year."

"All the better," said Nell.

GREENWAY glanced at his sister and she at him. Their memories stretched back together to that far-distant time, and their eyes sparkled in sympathy.

"All right, here goes. We were born and brought up in Philadelphia. Five of us. One girl—here she is," he ducked his head and Mrs. Palmer tittered self-consciously, "and four boys. All the older members of the family had died off and we were left with an enormous fortune. We didn't know what to do with it, or with ourselves. We had always ridden a lot, loved horses, owned our own. As young people will, we thought it would be great if we made a business out of the thing we loved. We decided to get a ranch out West, stock it with horses, live there and breed race horses and race them. We spent many days discussing just the sort of place we wanted. It was hard to agree. Everyone had a different idea. At last I was sent out to scout around and find it. And I found it there in Idaho, such a place that, as I examined it from one boundary to another and remembered the expressed desires of every member of the family, I realized it was made to order. I went back and announced to them. 'It's only once in a blue moon that you'd find a place made to order like this one. And it was Terry, the youngest, the one who was killed at St. Mihiel in the war, who said, 'All right, then! It's a go! The Blue Moon Ranch.'"

The boys stared at him, fascinated at being able to see into the storied past of a different family than their own.

"A fine name for a ranch," said Rob smiling. "Are your other brothers still there with you?"

"No. Mark was killed at Verdun. Harold got through the war all right, but he spent a lot of time in England, fell in love with and married an English girl and finally became a British subject."

Nell turned to Mrs. Palmer. "And how did you like the Blue Moon Ranch when you first went out there?" she asked in her gracious and interested manner.

"Very much," said Mrs. Palmer. "But I didn't stay there long. I was leaving all my friends behind in Philadelphia, you know."

"Yes, and soon she deserted us," put in Greenway, "and went back to Philly and married her best beau and lived there."

Mrs. Palmer pressed her napkin to her lips. "Yes, my dear husband died there. And my daughter, my only child, was born there."

"And grew up and married," said Greenway cheerfully. Mrs. Palmer withdrew her napkin from her lips.

"And had me," put in Carey.

Mrs. Palmer's expression became tragic again as Greenway said, "And when Carey was five, both her parents were killed in an automobile accident and I've had them ever since. And what a fine little horsewoman Carey turned out to be! It's in the blood, of course, and she has her share of it."

"Carey rides very well," conceded Mrs. Palmer, "but her greatest talent is her music. She practices two hours every day."

Everyone at the table looked at Carey with a new interest. This caused her no embarrassment.

"I see that you have a fine piano here. After dinner," said Mrs. Palmer, "Carey will play to you."

"Do you groom your own horse?" asked Howard.

Carey shook her head. Her grandmother, with a flash of her dictatorial spirit, answered for her, "I do not like her to be in the stables."

"Wouldn't do her a bit of harm," grumbled Greenway, "no use in wrapping a child up in cotton wool."

"Carey is not strong," said Mrs. Palmer firmly.

"Oh, Grandma, I'm all right. I'm never sick."

As if amazed at this contradiction, Mrs. Palmer looked angrily at her granddaughter. Carey's cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright. She was looking, not at her grandmother but, eagerly, first at one of the boys, then at the other.

Mrs. Palmer began to cough violently. As the paroxysms continued, all conversation ceased and she became the centre of attention. Rob offered her a glass of water. Carey half rose out of her chair and looked at her anxiously, "Is it your asthma, Grandma? Shall I get the medicine?"

Mrs. Palmer emerged from her napkin smiling, waving them back to their seats, apologizing. She made Ken feel uncomfortable. What was it that kept everybody fussing about her?

The entrance of Pearl with coffee brought things back to normal, but when Nell told Ken that after supper he ought to take Carey out for a walk and show her the ranch, again there came over Mrs. Palmer's face the shadow that appeared whenever Carey was tempted from her side.

For the moment she said nothing, but as Carey accompanied Ken to the door her grandmother said very pleasantly that she must not go out again—the day had been too long—it would be too much for her.

"Oh, I'm not a bit tired, Grandma," pleaded Carey.

Everyone was looking at Mrs. Palmer. She smiled unpleasantly.

Beaver Greenway waved his hand and said genially, "Go on with you! Trot around with these young fellows and see what's to be seen. Caroline," he turned to his sister, "let her have a little fun now and then!"

Mrs. Palmer cast one furious glance at her brother, then said, "Put your coat on, Carey," and Carey ran to obey.

Rob said to Howard, "Take the car, Howard, drive over to Crosby's—I haven't been able to get word to him. See if he will come over tonight."

Nell suggested that Carey and Ken ride out to the highway with Howard and then walk back.

THEY got into the new Studebaker which was standing on the hill behind the house. Howard took the wheel, Carey and Ken sat in the back. Howard watched Carey in the little mirror over the windshield. She looked at him, now and then smiling. Ken noticed this and fell silent, sitting morosely in the corner. At the highway they got out and walked slowly back together.

The sunset colors had died down, the wind was blowing hard again, and there was a feeling of wildness and desolation in the strange twilight that was shed from the cloud-covered heavens.

"Oh, I love the wind!" cried Carey, spreading her arms wide and running before it. Ken grasped one of her hands and they ran down the road together.

A big jackrabbit leaped out of the brush, sailing on the wind with long

jumps, and Carey stopped short. "Oh, look! I thought it was a deer!"

"Look over there," said Ken.

She gave a scream of excitement. "What is it? Where? Is it Jewel?"

Ken shook his head and pointed. She saw the three deer then, feeding quietly by the stream and near them, a black colt grazing. Ken went to the barbed wire fence and whistled a soft, far-carrying trill. Deer and colt raised their heads, then the deer resumed feeding and, as Ken continued to whistle, the colt came to the fence.

"This is WhoDat," said Ken, stroking the colt's face.

Carey laughed at the name, and Ken told her how it had come to be given to the foal who, on the very day of his birth, had lost his mother in a blizzard.

"It's a wonder we raised him, but he's a beauty. He's going to be our stud when he's old enough. He gets special feeding and care."

"But what about Banner?" asked Carey, who, when she had first arrived at the ranch that afternoon, had been taken with her uncle by Rob to the pasture to see Banner and his mares and colts. Banner, Rob had explained, was usually out on the range, but yesterday morning had been found by Gus waiting at the pasture gate. Obviously the stud had come down from the range to pay a call on the family and of course would not think of moving without the entire brood. Cary had stood looking at the big stallion, who remained aloof, watching the strangers. His hide was red gold, the smooth elastic muscles rippled on haunch and neck, his bony, strongly modeled face was full of intelligence. Rob had explained that Banner had never been broken, he was a range stallion and nothing else, that the greatest concession he would make was to eat oats out of a bucket if Rob held it. "No one can even touch him, see?" Rob had said. He had approached the stallion with his outstretched hand. Banner's body trembled, he drew his weight back without moving his feet, his ears strained forward, his chin drew down and back. The whites of his eyes widened. It had been, Carey thought, as if he had struggled to hold his ground and allow that well-loved person to caress him, but at the last moment could not, and retreated with dignity, slowly, step by step.

"Banner's getting old and tired," said Ken. "A range stallion has tremendous responsibilities, you know. He has to care for the mares on the range, keep the band together, keep any other stallion away even at the risk of his life. He's got to protect them from wild animals and guide them to good food and shelter and water. Dad says it would take two or three cowboys, working day and night, to give the mares and colts as fine care as one good range stallion."

"I never knew they could do all that."

"But you see it's awfully hard on them," continued Ken. "And when you think of the weather, too, the hard winters, the terrible storms and blizzards, it's no wonder they wear out sooner than stable-kept stallions. Banner has fewer and fewer colts every year. That's why we have to have a junior stud coming along."

THEY walked farther, turned a corner and here came a big piebald to meet them from another part of the pasture.

"He heard my whistle," said Ken, stroking him. "This is Calico, the nursemaid of the colts."

"The nursemaid!" exclaimed Carey.

"Yes. He takes them from their mothers when they are six months old and teaches them manners. He's just crazy about colts. Dad says it's because he's a risling. Hereabouts when there's an old animal that's crazy about babies he is called a 'Granny.'"



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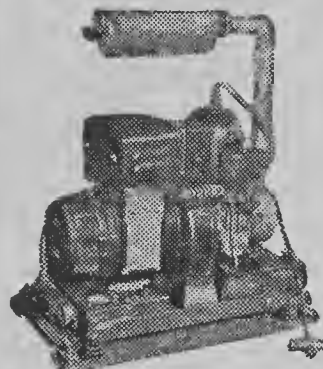


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Carey clasped her hands in her ardent, childish gesture. "I have a Granny! Isn't it funny that colts have them too?"

"And lambs," said Ken. "A Granny is always appointed by the herd to take care of the young ones. In the spring soon after the lambs are born the grannies take them to places high up on the hillsides, like nurseries, whole flocks of them, while their mothers graze down in the valley. They curl up under rocks and snuggle against each other and sleep. Often they pile on top of the granny—several of them at once. She leads a hard life."

"How does Calico teach the colts manners?"

"He teaches them not to be afraid of their master, and to come when they are called, and to obey. They are put in the calf pasture with him. They see that he obeys the whistle, so they follow him. And that teaches them that the whistle means something good—oats and hay, or water and shelter, or just a little loving. It gets to be second nature for them."

They walked on down the road and presently Carey said, "Why don't you take Thunderhead for your range stallion now that Banner's getting worn out?"

Ken answered, his face clouding a little, "Dad doesn't like Thunderhead much. Doesn't like the Albino's blood line. He says it's a wild, bad strain."

"But Thunderhead's not wild and bad?" Carey looked up at him questioningly.

Ken glanced at her and then quickly away, shaking his head, as he remembered all the trouble he had had raising the colt, the constant running away, the fighting against control and training. "Pretty wild, pretty bad," he admitted, "and still—" he looked at Carey again, at the wide, questioning, grey eyes, so eager, so childlike.

"And still—" prompted Carey. They smiled at each other, as if, without words, they could understand how lovable a wild, bad horse could be.

"But I'm awfully sorry he stole your filly, Carey. I wish he hadn't."

"Well," said Carey, "it wasn't all his fault. Her crate fell off the car. He wasn't responsible for that. Anyway, we're going to get her back. You said so. Ken, tell me about Thunderhead."

She was climbing a great irregular rock that sloped up to the base of a hill. She turned and fitted herself into a cranny of it.

Ken stood before her, his foot propped up, his arm leaning on his thigh.

"He's the most wonderful horse in the world," he said slowly.

"You don't know Jewel!" exclaimed Carey.

"Neither do you."

She laughed. "Well, I know about her. She won her maiden race as a two-year-old at the Craven Meeting. And she won the three-year-old hunter's class at the Dublin horse show. And that's something, let me tell you! She has four blue ribbons. And in her ancestry there are some of the finest race horses that ever were. She goes back to Eclipse."

"Race horses," said Ken slowly, "are different. Thunderhead isn't a race horse even though he *could* win a race."

"What is he then?"

KEN was silent quite a while. "I don't know. We all wonder. He's just like a great person, different from anybody else. But oh, Carey, how I wish I could ride him in another race!"

"Do you, Ken?"

"More than anything else in the world."

"If you get Thunderhead and my filly back, we'll ride races on them, shall we? Just you and I?"

"Gosh! That would be swell!"

"I wonder which is the fastest?" she sat up excitedly. "I bet mine is!"

"I bet mine is!"

Carey burst out laughing, and Ken joined in. Then Carey said, "Tell me some more about him. What is the fastest he ever went when you were riding him?"

Ken thought back. "Oh, I don't know. The fastest we ever clocked him, he made a half-mile in forty-seven seconds. But I'm sure he's gone faster than that with me when we were just out riding for fun. Once — when he was rounding up his mares after he had killed the Albino—"

"Killed the Albino!" exclaimed Carey. "He killed a horse?"

"That was his own great-grandsire, a kind of outlaw horse, white like Thunderhead, and Thunderhead is a throw-back to him."

"But why did he kill him?" She gave a shudder. "Ugh! That's awful."

"It was awful and terrible, but still wonderful to see." Ken told her how he and Howard had gone to the Valley of the Eagles riding Thunderhead and Flicka. And how Thunderhead had got away from them and challenged the old stallion and killed him.

"And then what?" breathed Carey.

"Well then I got on him to try to



"No dear, that isn't the way you stick out your tongue for your doctor."

get control of him again, and bring him home because we were going to enter him in your uncle's Free-For-All at Saginaw Falls. But he wouldn't come home with me."

"Why not?"

Ken looked at her with a deep strange look. It seemed to him that he knew so much more, had experienced so much more than she, that she could not possibly understand. The Valley of the Eagles had entered into him and nothing like that was in her life—just carrying trays to an old sick woman, and changing her clothes, and being obedient to the old harridan and riding a horse that was cleaned and saddled by a groom and brought up to the front door for her to mount.

But he tried to explain. "There were all the mares there. The mares and colts that had belonged to the Albino's band. Now they were Thunderhead's. That's what he had fought for and risked his life for. Now he was the victor and they belonged to him so he took them."

"How?"

"I jumped on his back and tried to make him come with me. He had always obeyed my command before but now he wouldn't pay the slightest attention to me. He began to round up the mares. Did you ever see that, Carey?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Well, a range stallion, when he wants to get a band of mares running, rounds them up. He puts his head down low to the ground—it sort of snakes along in front of him. His ears are so flat back you can't see them at all and his eyes bulge out. He runs around and between them, whipping them, nipping them, gathering them together—in and out, like a whip lash. They try to get away from him, and he's only one, and there are a lot of them trying to go in all directions at once, but he's faster than all of them, and quicker to turn and twist, and so he gets them together."

"He did that with you on his back all the time?"

"Yes, I hung on. I had to. Then he got going, going like the wind straight down the valley, with all the mares pounding along with him. By that time I was all in. I just finally slid off."

CAREY'S eyes were wild with excitement. She was silent a long time, envisioning that ride. At last her face changed and she looked at Ken as she had not looked at him before. "I've never done anything like that, Ken."

Ken said nothing, taken out of himself, as he always was when he remembered that morning in the Valley of the Eagles.

After a long silence he added, "It tells about Thunderhead in the Bible."

Carey looked up to see if he were kidding her.

"Sure enough," insisted Ken. "Mother read it to me out of the Book of Job and I learned it." He struck an attitude and declaimed, "*Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? . . . He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength. . . . He mocketh at fear. . . . He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage.*"

Carey's mouth opened in amazement. "Why I never heard of such a thing!" She gave a burst of laughter. "Why, Ken!"

He nodded at her, they looked into each other's eyes and the effect of the words he had just spoken seemed to grow and spread within both of them. They felt a thrill, a prickling of the scalp.

"And that isn't all," said Ken, "there's another about the eagle." He told her of the eagles in the valley, of his own battle with the one-legged

eagle, and how when the herd had been poisoned, the eagles had come down, with vultures and hawks, to feed upon the carcasses. "*Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock . . . and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey and her eyes behold afar off . . . and where the slain are, there is she.* Gosh!" exclaimed Ken as he finished the verse, "where the slain were, there were the eagles all right!"

Again Carey was astonished and thrilled. "By whose command?" she asked. "It says, 'at thy command.'"

"It means, God's command."

"Oh."

For a moment they were silent. Then Ken said abruptly, "I wish it was the beginning of the summer instead of the end."

There was silence for a long minute. Then she picked up a little stone and with it began pounding at the rock she was leaning against. Then she glanced at Ken and gave a little smile, her mouth going up at the corners and drawing together in the centre. That was the way she had smiled at Howard.

Suddenly she tossed the stone carelessly. It bounced against a rock and a little brown cottontail shot out and streaked away. They both laughed.

A car whizzed past on the road. Ken looked after it. "That's Reuben Dale. I bet he's going up to talk to Dad about going after Jewel."

Carey jumped up. They did not want to miss any of the talk and planning. They hurried to the house.

FOURTEEN men were to go on the search. This included Ross Buckley. Gus and Wink and Tim could not be spared. Howard and Ken were to go, but had to be back at the ranch by September eleventh whether or not the search was successful, for they were to leave on the twelfth for school.

All evening, cars drove up to the ranch house. The living-room gradually filled with tall, weather-beaten men in boots and spurs. Outside there was the blustering wind and the clashing of trees, and strange noises, like voices, around the chimneys. Inside was the crackling of logs in the stone fireplace and Rob's deep, harsh voice explaining and planning and an occasional word or short question from one of the men. They seemed to communicate with each other by monosyllables and glances and silence.

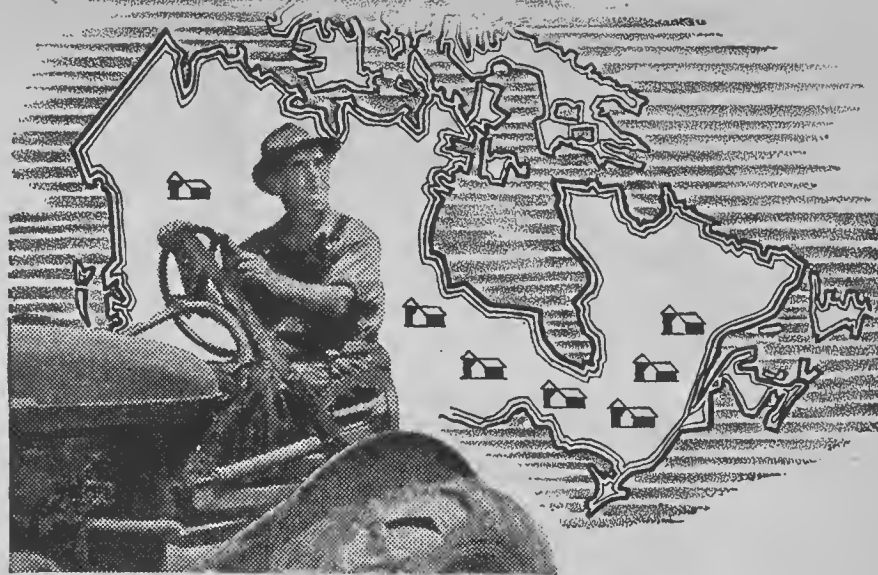
Reuben Dale was there with two of his six strapping sons, all fine horsemen and clever with ropes.

Crosby had finished his haying and he and his two hired men would go. Others had been reached by relayed messages, the country grapevine, which, as effectually as the South African's mysterious method of disseminating news, had spread the knowledge of this interesting event over the countryside.

And the men were glad to go. Work or no work, they would snatch at any excuse to get away from the monotony of their daily routine. Besides, in this case, there was real excitement. They were thrilled at being actors in a drama that was, as you might say, of international importance. A ten thousand dollar filly! She must be made of gold.

But even, Nell explained to Mrs. Palmer, if it had been nothing exciting, if it had been a real chore, they would all have answered the call and put aside their own interests to help in an emergency. That was the way they were.

Collins was there, but very lugubrious. Sitting in the living-room with the McLaughlins and Mrs. Palmer and his master offended his English sense of propriety. Besides, he had played a somewhat ignominious part in the loss



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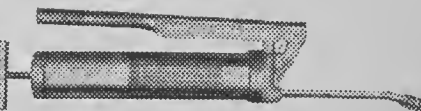
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"And they're easy to digest, too. Go pour me a big economy package. And take a look at those recipes for cookies and other good things made with Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes. I'll be back this way later."

of the filly, though where he should have been riding except in the caboose was hard to say. Moreover, it was up to Collins to state whether he would go on the search or not. He well knew that he could not undertake such a ride, and yet it was not an easy admission to make. A man likes to boast a little, it is practically his duty to, but Collins could not—unless he boasted about the virtues and exploits of Crown Jewel. Yet this hardly seemed the time for that either. So he sat on the extreme edge of the piano bench, his head down, his arms supported on his thighs, his hands hanging between them twirling his plaid cap, a very hang-dog object altogether.

The men preferred hard wood to soft cushions, sheering away from these almost in alarm, so when the supply of chairs gave out, they found seats on wood-box, piano bench, or tables, while the davenport was occupied by Mrs. Palmer and Nell with Carey between.

ROB was particularly pleased that he had got Milt Norcross to go on the search. Milt was an old man, but then, he always had been. He never shaved, and little of his face could be seen between the thatch above his eyes and the whiskers below. But no one could stay in the saddle for more hours at a stretch than he, no one knew the country better, nor the habits of horses, nor the likely places to pick up tracks.

But it was Gus, Rob's foreman, the old Swede with his round pink face and his halo of grey curls and the childlike spiritual eyes whose opinions carried most weight.

A message came in over the telephone which created a stir. It was from Joe Daly. His boy, Buck, had been able to follow the trails of Thunderhead, Jewel, and Pete, through the Buttes. Then they had headed west, and only three miles away joined up with a band of eight other horses.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Ken, "he had his band of mares not three miles from where we were!"

Daly's boy said the band was moving west, straight toward the desert-like expanse of country south of Laramie. If they kept on, they would end up in the Snowy Range. They were moving slowly, grazing as they went. Also, near the Monument which commemorated the massacre of a troop of cavalry by the Shoshone Indians, he had found the filly's blanket coat, torn and filthy. Looked as if it had been ripped off by the stallion's teeth.

Following this message, there was more talk. There seemed a good chance that the search party might come up with the horses quickly. Then what to do? What ranches were in the neighborhood? Which ones had the highest and staunchest corral into which the horses could be driven? And if this proved not to be feasible a new corral must be built. Where could they procure the wood? Tools must be taken along for such a contingency.

Gus said thoughtfully, "There's no water in that country. Not till they get near the mountains. They'll have to start moving fast—unless snow comes. We shouldn't lose no time."

But Carey was thinking of something different. She started to get up. Her grandmother's hand pressed her knee. "Sit still, dear."

"I just want to ask Collins something," said Carey urgently, and her grandmother let her rise.

Carey sat down on the piano bench on the other side of Collins—young Georgie Dale, blushing scarlet, rising to make room for her. "Collins, will she catch cold? Jewel, I mean, without her blanket?"

Collins made one of his weary and discouraged gestures. "Gawd knows, Miss. She's wore 'er blanket hall the

trip hout, hin 'er crate, hin the hex-press car. Now she's aht hin the wild with nuthin hon!" He shook his head.

"Out in the wilds with nothing on," repeated Carey in a wondering murmur as this picture unfolded itself to her mental vision. And suddenly Jewel looked not like a filly but like a little naked, shivering girl.

KEN came over to them. "What's that you said, Collins? Do you think she'll catch cold?"

"She's never 'ad a cold hin 'er life, but wot's 'appenin' to 'er naow runnin' abaht with hall them wild beasts hin Greenland's hicy mountings, 'oo can sye?"

Several of the men went out on the terrace to inspect the weather. Collins joined them and Ken sat down on the piano bench beside Carey.

Sitting there he could think of nothing to say. Carey turned to him and he raised his eyes and met hers. That made his heart pound and he felt almost frightened, but Carey just looked at him searchingly and wonderingly for a moment, and then looked down. The dark lashes lay on her cheek and she smiled the way she had smiled at Howard, that bewitchingly sweet but mischievous smile when the centres of her lips seemed almost to draw together while the corners went up.

"I'd better take de horses in de truck," Gus was saying, standing in the middle of the room, talking to Mr. Greenway and Rob.

"Yes, that would save time," said Rob, and added with a grin, "motorized cavalry."

"Start early," said Gus, "pick up all de horses and get to de Monument about eight. Unload dere."

"It would save a whole day's riding," said Rob.

The men gathered around.

"Have to start by daylight," continued Rob.

"We'll be ready."

"I'll drive to all de ranches," said Gus, "and load on all de horses. De truck'll hold fifteen head."

"What about the men?" asked Reuben Dale. "If they all drive their own cars, likely some'll have engine trouble or tire trouble."

"Howard can take the men in the station wagon. He'll follow you, Gus. Hear that, Howard?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the saddles?" asked Reuben.

"Ken!" called Rob.

Ken woke out of a dream and leaped to his father. "Yes, sir!" Carey followed and stood behind him.

"Gus is going to pick up all these fellows' nags at daybreak tomorrow and load them into the truck and drive them to the Monument. Howard will take the men in the station wagon. You'll take the saddles and equipment in the pick-up. Set your alarm for three o'clock."

Someone said, "How about the chuck?"

Provisions for the trip, however long it might last, would have to be carried in a chuckwagon. There was a big beef outfit in that part of the country, owned by Bill Beasley. He had a number of chuckwagons and teams, always stocked and ready to start out at a moment's notice.

Rob went to the telephone and fifteen minutes later came back with the word that Beasley would provide a well-stocked chuckwagon, a good team, cook, and have it meet them at the Monument tomorrow morning at eight. In case a corral had to be built, tools could be carried in the chuckwagon.

"Beasley's got good horses," said Georgie Dale, "and they'd better be, for rough country like the Buttes and the badlands."

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THE LIFE OF THE SURFACE

GREENWAY suddenly took Ken and Carey, one by each arm, drew them away from the crowd. There was a larky conspiratorial expression on his face that intrigued both of the youngsters. "Carey, how would you like to drive out with Ken in the pick-up to the Monument—then come back with Gus in the truck?"

"But that's just what I said, Uncle Beaver! I'm just dying to!"

"Well, *would* you?"

She drew her breath in and squeezed her hands together. Her mouth opened and closed soundlessly, her whole face was ecstatic.

"Okay! Then we'll fix it."

Carey found words, almost horrified words, "But, Uncle Beaver! Grandma would never, never let me!"

Greenway's face took on its intimate winking expression and he held her elbow tight. "Carey, by the time you get to be ten or twenty years older, there will be a few larks you can look back upon—things you did you weren't supposed to do, nights or early mornings when you skinned out and went galivanting somewhere without anyone's knowing—everyone's entitled to that. I can look back on quite a few escapades of that sort and—tell you a secret—" he put his mouth close to Carey's ear, "your Granny can, too!"

Carey looked utterly shocked, "Oh, Uncle Beaver, I don't think so!"

"I'm tellin' you! And this will be one for you! A barrel of fun, and not a bit of harm."

Again Carey's breath lifted her breast in a great gasp. "But Uncle! I sleep with her in the same bed!"

"Didn't I hear that you were to set your alarm at three o'clock, Ken?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, your Grandma is a very heavy sleeper, Carey. Especially at three in the morning. You can slip out of bed, go to the bathroom, have your clothes there, dress there, and presto! What's to stop you?"

"Clothes! gasped Carey, visualizing all this, "Oh, Uncle Beaver, may I really do it?"

"You not only may, but I insist upon it, and I'll have no disobedience."

"When we unload the horses," said Ken, "I'll give you a ride on Redwing."

Carey looked from one to the other completely carried away.

"Come on with me," said Ken, "and we'll pick out some riding clothes for you, boots and pants, then you can stow them away in the bathroom."

"Give her a lumberjacket, Ken," said her uncle, "it's going to be mighty cold at three o'clock tomorrow morning."

"There's a black leather jacket there," said Ken. "Mother used to wear it. Lined with plaid wool."

KEN and Carey sat on the floor in the big closet under the elbow of the stairs. Piled about them were jackets and jodhpurs, boots, sweaters, blue-jeans. Carey stood up and held one pair after the other against herself until one of the right length was found. She sat down, took off her shoes, tried the boots on, and finally found a pair.

Ken dandled them in his hands. "I think I wore those when I was about six. Carey, how are you going to wake up? You can't have an alarm clock."

"Grandma has a nightclock with a luminous dial. If I happen to be awake I can see the time."

"But if you don't?"

Carey was sure she would. She was so excited she thought she would not go to sleep at all.

"What side of the bed do you sleep on?" asked Ken.

She looked up at him. In the dim light his face looked gentle and beautiful.

"The side nearest the window."

"Leave the screen up a little. I can

put in my hand and reach your shoulder."

Her head sank. It was a gesture of assent, but that was not all. There was something tremulous that moved between them. For a few moments they sat so, in silence. Then they got to their feet and returned to the living-room where the men were now pulling on their coats and making ready to leave.

THE winds returned to their lairs. The brisk southwest wind, which for weeks had been chasing clouds and mists eastward, turned tail and fled home. The movement of the lowest layer of clouds ceased and all the cross-currents above them ceased, too, and the cloudy sky became one solid heavy mass and sank lower and not a living thing on the plains but knew that a threat hung above.

What moving air was left came from the east as there drifted softly back all the mists and moistures that had been pushed eastward. There was not much pressure behind this drift from the east. It was slightly stuffy. A harmless-seeming thing, but, even during the breakfast in the bunkhouse before dawn when everyone, including Rob McLaughlin and Beaver Greenway, was filling themselves up with coffee and hot cakes, oatmeal, sausages and fried eggs, Gus made several trips outside to stand in the darkness and feel the air, to sniff at the weather, to lift his head as if he could by some sixth sense examine the heavy sky of which not a glimpse could be seen. Low and full of snow. He could smell it and feel it. But how near? How soon? And the nearness of the snow was to be balanced against the nearness of the horses they were going in search of. They were near, too. But how near?

Carey's uncle said to her, as he put her into her seat in the pick-up, "You'll want to see all you can," and hung his binoculars on their leather strap over her shoulder. And as she was thanking him, he leaned closer and whispered that the only reason he wasn't going along himself as far as the Monument was to leave her free to have her little spree without supervision. Carey suspected that the stiffness which he was feeling as a result of his ride yesterday had something to do with it, too.

At the same moment Rob was telling Gus, "Watch out for the little girl, Gus." And Gus said, "Ya Boss," and their eyes met on the promise.

And then, just as Ken was letting in the clutch of the pick-up to follow the station wagon, Rob jumped on the running board and Ken pulled the car to a stop.

"Yes, sir?"

"Keep the same order you are in. Don't pass Howard."

"Yes, sir."

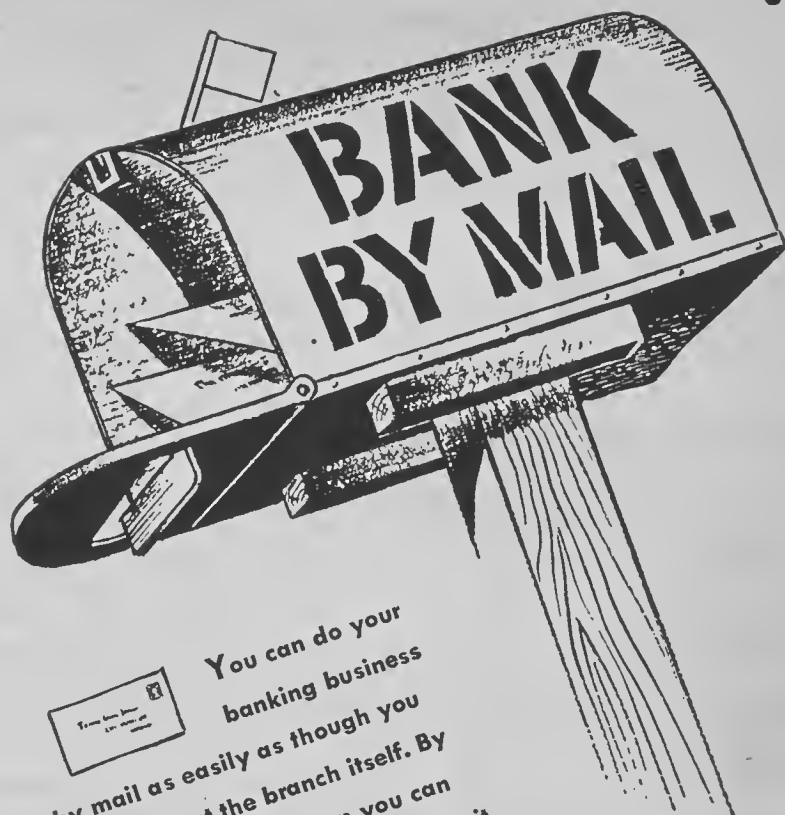
Rob dropped off the running board and Ken let in the clutch.

"Why did he say that?" asked Carey curiously. "Why couldn't you pass Howard? You don't have to stay behind him just because you are the youngest, do you?"

Ken gave a funny little embarrassed laugh, tucking his chin into his collar. "No. It's just that Dad didn't want—well, he didn't want us to be racing each other and trying to pass each other on the highway."

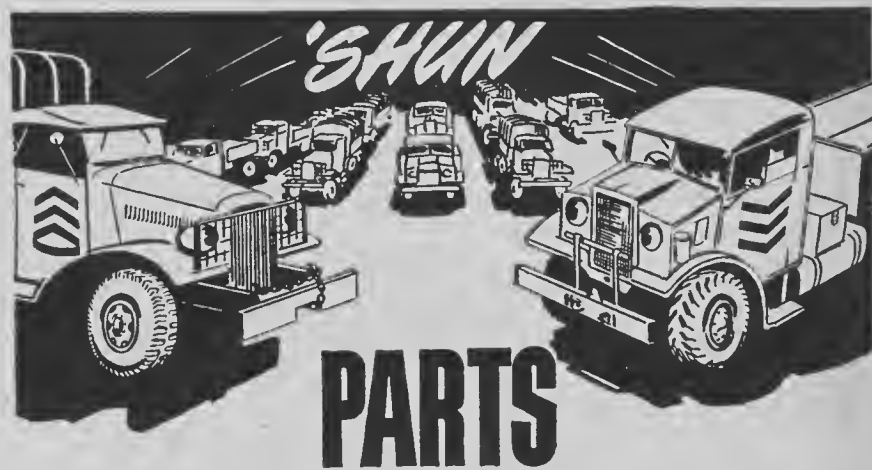
Carey thought this over. Then suddenly she began to understand. She had seen other boys do that. Weaving in and out at top speed, yelling at each other as they passed, taking the most horrible risks, frightening everyone who saw them. Howard and Ken McLaughlin, too, then—just like other boys! And suddenly she began to scream with laughter, flinging her head down into her lap, then back again.

"No!" she gasped. "I should think



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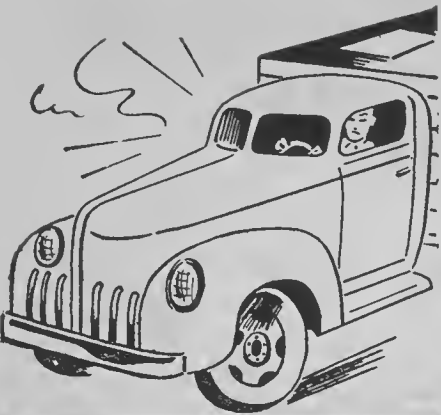
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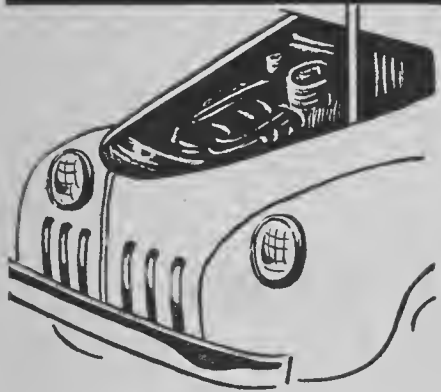
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not!" In the half-light and half-shadow of the cab she looked at Ken and he at her, and they laughed together wildly.

Carey actually jounced a little on the seat. How exciting this was! Nothing had ever been like it before. It was so dark. It seemed like the dead of night, and here she was, cooped up alone with Ken, all sorts of adventures before her.

THERE was the wildest feeling of escape. It was escape, of course, from her grandmother. Mrs. McLaughlin was sweet. Maybe that was the difference between mothers and grandmothers. If her own mother had lived. . . . Anyway, soon she was going to help Mrs. McLaughlin give Penny a bath. Maybe not tomorrow, because her grandma would still be angry, but the day after.

The lights in front of them curved off. She felt the rough-going of a country road; then other curves, awkward and tilted; then some terrible chuckholes through which Ken eased the truck expertly, then suddenly they were in a wide yard before the black shape of a house, parts of it picking up outline from the lights of the truck. A window sprang into light as a blind flew up. There was a chorus of yapping dogs.

The air was torn by the sound of a horse neighing and several answering from a distance, the rough, harsh voices of men shouting, then came the clatter of the horse's hoofs as he pounded up the ramp into the truck. There were more shouts, and then the slamming of wood and iron as the back of the truck was closed. Howard's car was already moving, backing to get out of the way of the truck. A man appeared at the side of the pick-up. He was a grotesque shape, loaded with saddle, and an armful of equipment.

"Hello, Ken."
"Hello, Hal."

The saddle and equipment were dumped into the pick-up and the man vanished.

This was repeated many times, with small variations of more or fewer chuckholes, barking dogs, neighing horses, women leaning out of windows, or standing outside shouting at the men and kidding them.

More and more the smell of leather and horses filled the pick-up and made Carey's nose tingle. She loved it.

Then Ken said, "That's all." And curving away from the last ranch house, Carey caught sight of the truck, crowded with horses packed in head to tail, the frightened, excited faces staring wildly over the high wooden side as the headlights from Howard's station wagon for a moment played over it.

And now they were on the highway. Smooth going. And Gus increased his pace.

Ken suddenly said, "We're not going to see each other hardly any more, are we Carey? Maybe not at all."

Carey looked at him in astonishment. "Why not?"

"Well, I'm going after Jewel with the men, and you'll go back to the ranch with Gus. And the minute we find her we'll bring her back, and then you'll go away with her, won't you?"

After a little silence, Carey answered, "Yes, I guess we will. But—maybe you won't find her so soon."

"Anyway, I'll be out hunting, and you'll be at the ranch, and in eight days we've got to leave for school."

There was silence for a few moments, then Ken added heavily, "Yes, I guess this is just about our last time together. Carey—will you write to me this winter? The address is Bostwick's School, Duncan, Mass. Or you can write to the ranch and it will be forwarded."

Carey slowly nodded her head.
"And I can write to you at the Blue

Moon Ranch?"

She nodded again.

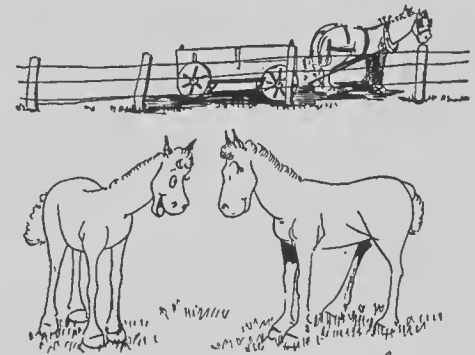
Ken said, "Of course, when I said that, that this is just about our last time together, I mean for *now*. Because I'll see you again. Sure. Probably next summer."

KEN had said all this without taking his eyes from the road. Carey stole a look at his profile. How handsome these two McLaughlin boys were! Ken looked very manly and responsible. Carey sat in silence, her thoughts confused.

The darkness was fading and farms and sheds and mountains and the shapes of animals on the plains were coming into vision as if they were just being created and had not been there at all in the darkness. This she had never seen before, and it gave her a feeling of wonder. If you were always on the edge of light, moving out of the darkness, then you could see world after world being created.

"Did you sleep?" he asked.

"Like a log," said Carey. "I didn't think I would, because there was so much to think about and to look forward to, but I guess I passed out the moment my head touched the pillow, for I don't remember a thing until I woke up suddenly, and it was pitch dark, and Grandma was snoring, and I got up on one elbow and looked over her to the night table where her little clock is, and I could see the luminous



"Mom says we'll play around till we're broke, and then we'll have to go to work."

dial and it was just five minutes to three."

"Gee!" said Ken. "That's like me. I always can wake up when I want, but Howard can't no matter how hard he tries."

"Does he try to?"

Ken laughed. "Sure. You miss out on things sometimes, if you can't wake up when you want."

Carey sat thinking that she wouldn't have missed out this morning, because Ken would have put his arm through the window and wakened her. She wondered if he had come to the window.

"Didn't your grandmother hear you when you got out of bed?" he asked.

"She didn't hear a sound. I didn't make a sound. I took a long time to open and shut the door. I was afraid it would squeak, but she was snoring so loud—"

"I went to wake you, you know."

"Did you?"

"Yes, the way I said I would. I got up at quarter to three. I went out around the house to your room, but when I passed the bathroom, I saw there was a light in the window and then I knew you were in there dressing."

The cars ahead swung off the highway, crossed the railway tracks and took a dirt road that went southwest. It was not a very good road, and Gus slackened speed a little. Carey could see that the country was changing. They were getting near to the Buttes. Would there be ways to get through these badlands without bringing danger to the horses in the truck? Her thoughts flew to Jewel. All of this effort and work and risk was for her. Carey thought back—Was it only day before yesterday that Jewel had been

lost? So much, so awfully much had happened it seemed as if she had lived a year since that moment when she had dressed herself in her tan kilted suit in the early morning, expecting to go out and see Jewel taken off the train and loaded onto the trailer.

Then she thought back further still, much further, to the day when she and her Uncle Beaver had had their heads together over the papers and letters and pictures from the Beckwith farms in England, and Uncle Beaver had at last leaned back and said, "You want her, honey?" and she had nodded her head, and he had said, "She's yours, then."

From that moment, up until the morning when she arrived at the Goose Bar Ranch, there had been only one thing she had wanted: Jewel. Now her life had spread out like an open fan upon which were painted scenes of new and fascinating places and people. She no longer knew just what she wanted most of anything.

THE chuckwagon, in charge of one of Bill Beasley's cooks, was at the rendezvous before them. Carey did not know exactly what she had expected the Monument to be, but certainly not just a great rock sticking up out of the plains, roughly shaped like a small pyramid, with one face smoothed off and inscribed with the brief tale of the massacre of a troop of American cavalry by Shoshone Indians in the year of 1873.

Cookie had already made a fire. Over it hung a big coffeepot on a tripod. The back of the chuckwagon had been let down, forming a table upon which were a can of sugar, a pile of tin cups and spoons, a few dozen doughnuts and some cans of evaporated milk. The team had been unharnessed and, together with a couple of other horses, was hobbled and grazing at a little distance.

When Ken and Carey got out, Howard was already studying tracks on the ground and he called Ken to him. Ken, with a hasty word of excuse to Carey, went to his brother.

Gus, leaving the horses still in the truck, walked slowly to the chuckwagon for coffee. Some of the men did likewise, others were following the example of Ken and Howard, studying and discussing the hoofprints that were plainly to be seen pressed upon or cut into the ochre-colored, dried up grass. Here and there was a pile of dung.

Howard suddenly gave a yell that brought the men crowding around him. "See here? That's Pete's hoofprint! As big as a bucket! He's still with them."

A horseman appeared galloping toward them from the southwest. It proved to be young Buck Daly who had arrived at the rendezvous some time ago and had followed the tracks southward a few miles.

He dismounted and told his news. Jenny, his father's mare, had disappeared. Thunderhead had come in the night and stolen her.

There was a roar of delighted laughter from the men at this. They began to banter each other as to what mares had been left behind on their ranches. They crowded around Buck and asked if he had seen the tracks? Sure, he had seen the tracks, coming and going, Jenny's going away with him. He had been out since daylight, following them. Hadn't seen the horses, but the tracks were plain. They were heading toward the Snowy Range and they were travelling faster than they had yesterday.

Carey noticed that the men were noisy and hilarious, as if they were out for a good time. It was a good time, of course, a picnic, horseback riding, a chase, how could there be any better fun for these men or for anybody? Suddenly there came to her a strong sense of closeness to earth and grass and the smell of the horses and men. Emotion made her tense. There was something

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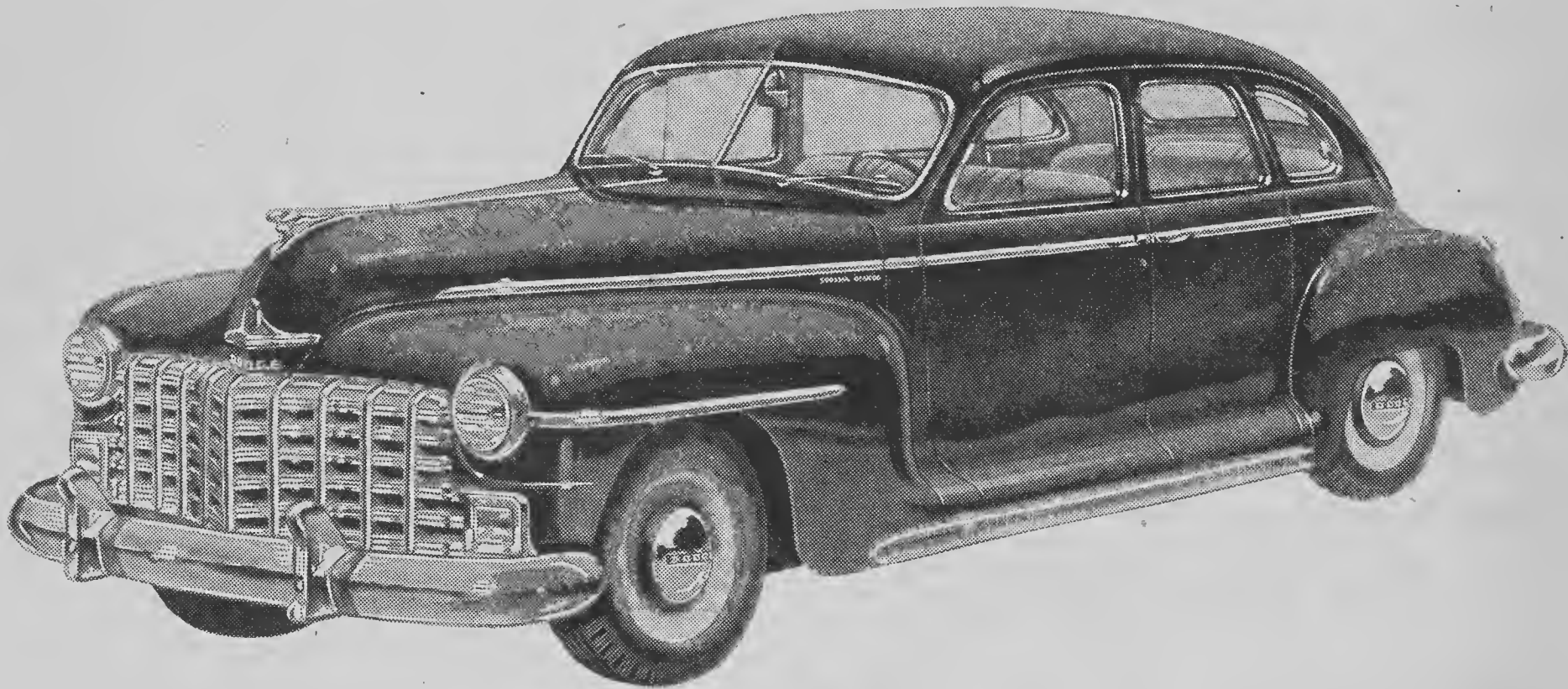
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Does "pink tooth brush" spell trouble? Better take that one up with your dentist. But mark our words—If your tooth brush *does* "show pink"—don't ignore its warning. *See your dentist without delay.*

He may well say it's sensitive gums—gums denied exercise by soft, creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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else—it was freedom, wild and soft and sweet and exciting.

The men, stamping about, kicking at the tracks on the grass, talked and bantered as they had not done last night at the ranch house. They argued about the weather, stood looking at the sky, making empty bets as to how many hours it would be before the storm hit them and how much of a chance they had to catch up with the horses. They strained their eyes to the southwest. The low grey sky acted like a shade or hat brim and increased the visibility. Every object stood out as clearly as if magnified. They could see a herd of cattle grazing far away—it might be five miles. There were ridges, solitary trees, upstanding rocks and knolls, the endless plains, and in the far distance the gradual rise of the ground toward the Snowy Range. That was at least fifty miles away. Its summit—a table top—was hidden in the clouds.

Buck thought hard riding might catch up with the horses before the day was over. No tellin'—they might be tucked away in some depression of the ground or some little draw within five or ten miles of the Monument. It was worth a try anyhow.

EVERY man had a cup of coffee and a couple of doughnuts. They came and went, joshing with Cookie.

Gus and Moody were talking about the weather. A storm was sure coming. It was getting cold fast. But they might catch up with the horses before it broke. This sky—it was getting lower—looked like it was going to be fog pretty soon. If they didn't get the horses now, before this storm came, they wouldn't get them until spring. This wasn't just a storm coming. It was winter. Look at the thick fur on the horses. Been getting ready. A hard winter and an early winter. Thunderhead was taking his mares to the foothills of the Snowy Range, and when they once got there, goodbye.

Spring, thought Carey, her heart sinking. Into her coffee cup fell a big feathery flake of snow. For a split second she saw the star shape of it, then it was gone. She raised her face and looked for more, and saw them here and there, drifting softly. And the wind was more than a drift now, and it was from the east.

"Here it comes, boys!" yelled Georgie Dale. "We better get moving!"

They bolted the last of their coffee and doughnuts, picked up their bridles and crowded around the truck. The back was lowered, the horses clattered down and each man took his own.

Carey wondered if Ken had forgotten that he had said he would let her have a ride before they got off. No, there he was coming toward her leading a big sorrel. "Here's Redwing, Carey. You're going to have a ride before we leave."

But Carey shook her head. "I don't believe there's time, Ken," she said. "Look at them. They're all mounting."

Gus raised his voice. "Looks to me like you're licked. Dis is an easterner an' it's comin' fast. You can try, but you may be wantin' me before noon, so I won't go back to de ranch right away. If you don't stay away too long, I'll be here to take you home."

Leonard Moody swung into his saddle and turning his head said, "Come on, fellers."

"Go on, Ken," said Carey. "I'll be seein' you."

For a moment he hesitated, looking at her. This was the end of seeing Carey. The faded bluejeans fitted her neatly. Her hands were stuffed into the pockets of her black leather jacket, the collar was turned up around her glowing face and all covered with the fall of her glossy brown mane. Her eyes were starry with excitement, her cheeks red, and a snowflake fell and melted on the tip of her nose. An old, blue linen hat was pulled down over her head. Ken could not look away from her. The

big sorrel with his head high over Ken's shoulder pricked his ears and looked at Carey, too, knowing that this was somebody new. It went through Ken's mind that yesterday morning he had not even known of Carey's existence, and now—at the thought of leaving her—

"Come on!" It was an impatient yell from Howard, who was already mounted.

"Goodby," said Ken. He put out a hand and they shook hands gravely. Their eyes met.

Then Ken mounted Redwing and joined the others.

THE whole troop moved off. The boys waved to Carey. Ken kept turning in his saddle to look at her. Over and over again they put up a hand to each other, until suddenly the men and the horses seemed to disappear into a hollow, then emerged on the other side, cantering on in an indistinguishable mass.

Gus had hardly watched them leave. He had the hood of the truck open and was inspecting the engine which had been missing. Wink and Tim, who had come along to drive the pick-up and station wagon back, were cleaning the manure out of the truck.

Carey felt very deserted and her face quivered. The wind was terribly cold and it cut through the cotton of her trousers to the skin.

"Don't the little gal have a horse to ride?" asked Cookie sympathetically. "See that roan pony over there a-grazin'? Ye can take a ride on her, as good a pony as there is in Wyoming. I've had her eight year."

"But," said Carey quaveringly, "she's yours, and you'll be taking her along with you. I've got to go back with Gus."

"Gus ain't goin' till noon or so. An' I'm not startin' after the boys just yet. Ain't had my breakfast."

"You mean your second breakfast!" yelled Tim.

"Or your third!" contributed Wink.

Cookie ignored them. "When everybody else is fed, then I get mine. I won't be leavin' for a while yet. I'll saddle the pony for ye and ye can get a look around anyways."

Carey pointed to a group of cone-shaped hills to the northwest, one quite high. "Think there's time for me to ride up that hill? I could see from there, I could see the men riding." She lifted her binoculars, "With these," she added.

"Sure, sure, plenty of time," said Cookie amiably and went to saddle the roan for her.

Gus sang out, "What you saddling up for, Cookie?"

"The little gal wants to try my pony," shouted back Cookie. "She kin be ridin' around while I eats my breakfast."

The Swede nodded and put his head under the hood of the engine again.

Carey mounted the roan. It pranced a little, feeling the strange hands and the unaccustomed lightness of the rider. Carey slid around in the far too large saddle.

"The stirrups are too long," she said and held the mare while Cookie shortened the stirrup leathers. Then she took command of the pony, got a firm hold with her knees, touched her heels into its side and swung it in a small circle.

"Say! You're right handy with a horse!" exclaimed Cookie admiringly. He stood watching, his arms folded over his stomach underneath an unbelievably dirty, white apron.

"What's her name?" asked Carey.

"Name's Mamie."

"Well, come on Mamie. We're off." They cantered away.

COOKIE watched them a moment, then turned to his wagon, busied himself at the table. He mixed a quantity of honey and butter together on a large tin plate, stirring it with the flat of his knife as a painter mixes paints on a palette, then cut himself a thick slice of the white bread which he made him-

self once a week, and placed this on top of the mixture, pressing it down, lifting it with a fork and soaking the other side.

Gus left the engine and walked over to him.

"Better keep away!" warned Cookie jovially. "When I get started everybody better have a bathin' suit on!"

But Gus had something else on his mind. "Dot pony she's ridin'—is it a mare or a geldin'?"

Cookie hastily swallowed his mouthful of bread and honey and wiped his mouth, looking at Gus.

"It's a mare, Gus. I never give it a thought."

"Well, that ain't so gude with this stud around." The two men turned and watched Carey cantering toward the group of hills. Gus spoke in a worried way, "Dot white stallion of Ken's is nuthin' to fool with."

"Sure, I know all about it," said Cookie, "but say, she ain't goin' in that direction." He pointed at the troop of men, riding southwest, still clearly to be seen.

Gus took off his hat and scratched his head. He looked first at the riders, then at Carey who, even as he watched, disappeared behind the nearest of the cone-shaped hills. He looked back at the riders and spoke his thought. "When horses is out free dey don't go in a straight line, unless dey be headin' fur some place. T'underhead an' dose mares cud have circled around and be watchin' us from behind our backs, right now."

THE wind died down again and the snowflakes that had been drifting through the air seemed to have been sucked up from the earth. It became much colder, and once again the air was crystal clear under the lid of the sky, and far objects seemed near.

As Carey climbed the little peak she realized that no more feathery little stars or gauntlets were falling on her sleeves or face. She kept turning to watch the riders. They progressed in a close pack and a cloud of dust followed them.

When she reached the summit she halted her mare, put the binoculars to her eyes and tried to see if she could pick Ken and Howard out of the group. Then she swung the glasses to right and left, studying every detail of the plains which, because seen through the round circle, took on a startling significance. They seemed not real at all, but something created and planned especially for her.

There slid into view a beautiful picture, framed in the narrow circle: the statue of a horse, pure white, standing on a sharp crest. He was motionless, slightly turned, his head twisted up, every muscle taut and ready.

Carey lowered the binoculars. Her heart was thumping. Was it Thunder-

head? No—it wasn't real at all; it was just something in the binoculars—

She sat a moment trying to gather her wits. She looked, without the glasses, at the hill where she had seen the horse but could see nothing now except the barren-looking plains, the ridges and rocks, the Snowy Range far away. No, there it was! A speck of white on a hilltop!

She put the binoculars to her eyes again, seeking him, swinging the glasses in small circles until she captured him. She adjusted the focus with painstaking care until every detail of the stallion was revealed as if in an etching—the intent, white-ringed eyes, the sharply cocked ears, the widely flaring nostrils with a hint of scarlet inside. They palpitated. Was he actually smelling her? Certainly he was watching her—examining her and the mare inch by inch just as she was examining him.

It seemed to Carey that she had never seen anything so beautiful, so wild and so pure.

Then, as she watched, the low sky sank lower. A mist dimmed his shape—he was completely blotted out.

Astonished, she let the glasses fall on their strap and looked around her. Everywhere the sky was sinking. Mist, clouds, fog, snow enveloped her.

She heard a whining in the air. It was in the wind. The snowflakes were not big feathery stars now, but a cutting frozen mist, a horizontal sheet of powdered ice that bit and burned.

She whirled the little roan mare and put heels into her side. "Get back there to camp, and get there in a hurry!" Mamie plunged willingly down the slope.

At the bottom, Carey found she had forgotten just how she had reached that central, highest peak. On every side there were these steep stones going up. The snow was thicker. She could not hold her eyes open against it. Mamie plodded forward. She seemed to be going up another peak. Carey stopped her and tried to remember. Sitting still on her horse for that moment, she chilled through. Where the wind drove the snow against her leg it melted and instantly froze so that as she tried to brush it off, it was a thin sheet of ice that shattered beneath her hand. And immediately there was another sheet of ice forming on her thigh. Then on her cheek. She kept brushing the ice off. Mamie started forward of her own accord. Carey remembered now that she had gone up and down one small hill before she had reached the central peak. It was this small hill that lay between her and the camp. Mamie was right. They must go up this hill. She urged the little mare forward, bending low, shielding her face and eyes with one arm. She tried to see where she was going but there was only the thick white smother. She

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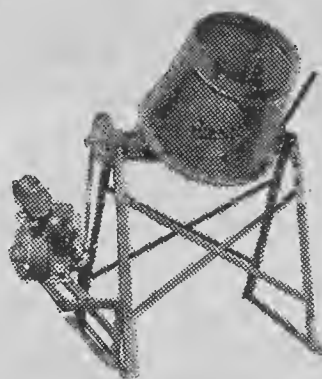
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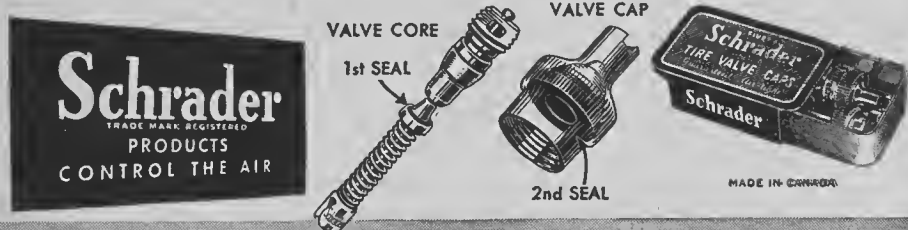
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thought wonderingly. Why, it's like a sheet wound around me!

THEY went up the hill and down.

Presently Mamie started up another hill. Carey halted her. That's wrong, she thought, there weren't two hills to go up and down. Mamie pulled restlessly at the bit. Carey thought of the wind. It was an easterly, she remembered. The wind was driving from the east. That should direct her to the camp. But here amongst the peaks, the wind was swirling from every direction. You couldn't tell a thing from the wind.

Her teeth were chattering and her body shaking violently. Automatically, she touched her heel to Mamie's side and loosened the reins. The mare plodded forward, up a hill, and Carey didn't know why she let her, for there had not been two hills. It was then she realized that she had no idea where the camp was, and no way of finding it. She was lost.

Mamie plodded part way up the hill, then began to circle it. Carey stopped her again, turned her and forced her to retrace her steps. She was more cold than frightened. She wondered if her face were really freezing as she kept shattering the ice on her cheek and ear. She was glad she had found warm felt gloves in the pocket of the jacket.

The cold drove at her on the whining wind as if it were determined to destroy her. Again, in complete uncertainty, she stopped the mare; Mamie was discouraged and stood with her head hanging. Carey leaned forward and patted her neck and spoke to her, glad to hear the sound of her own voice even though the wind whipped it from her lips. Mamie could hardly have heard it, but still she lifted and turned her head as if comforted.

Everyone knows that horses will find their way home if given their head, thought Carey. But I want to go to the camp. Will she feel that is home because the team and the chuckwagon and the other horse and her master are there? Or will she head for her real home, the Beasley ranch—and how far away is that? She did not remember, but thought it was seven or eight miles. If Mamie had real sense, real horse sense, she would go to the nearest place; she would go to the Monument. . . . She gave her her head again, and said, "It's up to you now, Mamie, you find the way."

Mamie went more briskly, in and out the little cones, winding around some, going over others. So chilled that her brain was getting numb, Carey wondered dully if this could really be the way to the camp. Of course, when one is cantering along on the way to a place it doesn't seem any time at all before you're there. Now, fighting back in through a blizzard like this, it could seem far, far longer, and still be all right.

But maybe it was wrong. Maybe they were going farther from the camp. Why move at all? Wouldn't it be better just to stay in one spot and wait for Gus or Cookie to come looking for her? But you couldn't stay still. She wondered why no one ever stayed still when they were lost, but wandered on and on.

If she weren't so cold.

SHE had no idea how far they had gone or how much time had passed. There was nothing to measure by. No change of light. No landmarks to be seen. Just the utter sameness of white driving snow and wind, and the cold getting deeper into her.

Coming out from behind a hill, the wind was behind Mamie and she began a slow trot. She went down a little gulch abruptly, making Carey pitch forward. Up again the other side. In unexpected places there were big drifts of snow already, then a space swept

perfectly clean. Mamie plowed on through some of the drifts, skirted others. Carey knew now that beyond any doubt this was not the way to the camp. They had not crossed any gulches coming. This was more like the badlands. Mamie was going to the Beasley ranch, or she was lost and not going anywhere. Carey decided they must go back and tried to stop the mare. But Mamie fought for her head. When Carey pulled her more determinedly she reared, then plunged. Her foot slipped and she crashed to the earth. Carey rolled free, still holding the reins. But her fingers were stiff and when Mamie scrambled to her feet, one jerk of her head pulled the reins from Carey's hand. In a second, the mare had vanished, and there was no further sight nor sound of her.

Carey sat on the ground for a moment, turning her back to the wind, shielding her face, then got to her feet and started forward. It was, she realized, just an aimless wandering. She had not the faintest idea where she was going. But you can't keep still in a storm like that. You'd freeze. Really freeze to death. People did. It was on the front pages of newspapers. Farmers froze to death trying to get from their own barns to their houses. Or people caught in automobiles on highways. You've got to keep your blood circulating. You've got to keep moving. . . .

She kept at it a long time, then, worn out, flopped in the lee of a rock on a hillside and told herself she would just rest a minute or two, get a little strength back, and get going again. If only someone would find her now, before she had to move.

It seemed impossible to get going. She tried once, but decided to rest a little longer. Then she did get up. She was shaking all over. She weaved as she walked. She was stiff with the cold. She must sit down again and rest a little longer. Sitting there, her thoughts took a different turn. . . . Perhaps she was not going to be found. Perhaps she was going to be one of those headlines on the front page. "Grandniece of Beaver Greenway lost in the Badlands during a blizzard, frozen to death!" Then she thought of Ken, and hot tears stung her eyes and she had to swallow a lump of self-pity. For this to happen, just after she had met the McLaughlins and all these exciting things had come into her life!

She whipped herself back to reality. A fine thing to do! Just to sit there with her head hanging on her chest, letting herself be frozen to death!

But she could not take another step. Anyway, her only hope was for them to find her. Shout, then! Help them find her! So she opened her mouth to shout and heard the words, "Oh, Ken!" come from her lips and ride away on the wind.

Her head sank on her chest again. She would do it regularly, at intervals, the way a foghorn blows. So every minute or so, she raised her head and sent the cry of desperation out to the boy who had ridden away to the southwest in search of her filly.

She made herself a little more comfortable where she was crouching in the lee of a rock. There were longer and longer intervals between the calls. She was really getting rested. She didn't feel so cold. For long minutes she slept profoundly. Then the command she had given herself to call for help, and not to cease calling, flogged her awake again, and she raised her head and cried as loudly as she could, "Oh, Ken!"

Having performed this duty, she smiled happily as her head sank to rest on the arm which was between herself and the earth. She did not wake to cry again.

It was Gus who found her an hour later.

It was as if he had known exactly what to expect. He jerked her to her feet, shook her as hard as he could, shouted at her. Her legs collapsed. Her head rolled on her shoulders. Dropping her to the earth, he took a flask out of his pocket, leaned over her, forced some whiskey into her mouth and massaged her throat. She choked on the strong liquor. He pulled her to her feet and shook her and jounced her up and down.

No one could know more about the snow sleep than Gus. In Sweden, in the dead of winter, not a month passes but one hears of someone sleeping themselves to death. Not from fatigue. Not from cold. But from a mesmerism that comes from the ceaseless white passes of the snow, binding the will, forbidding effort, bringing peace.

"Und now you git goin'!" thundered Gus, shoving her ahead of him. When she fell, he lifted and shook her and shoved her on again.

She did not whimper. Her eyes flashed open at him now and then; and saw a strange, snow-encrusted being who was shouting at her, pushing her and forcing her to wake and walk.

Enough consciousness was roused in her to know what was happening. Agony crept into every limb as her blood began to move again. She must obey him; she must keep going, when she fell, she must get up.

It was a struggle that seemed endless to her, the more she woke and moved, the more pain flowed through all her veins.

Other men joined them before they reached the camp and she was aware of the riders coming galloping in, horses and men so coated in snow that they were unrecognizable. There was much shouting. Gus lifted her and put her into the cab of the truck which was warm because the engine was going and the heater was on. Gus left the door open and stood outside, talking to the men. Cookie had harnessed the chuckwagon.

She could hear what they were shouting—to make for Beasley's ranch. Cookie knew every turn of the country and could lead the way—a safe way for the truck to follow, and the station wagon and pick-up, and the men on their horses since it was impossible to load them into the truck. Some of the men shouted that they would make for home.

Suddenly Gus slammed the door shut and she was alone in the cab. The feeling of comfort and security was almost too much for her, and again her eyes

were hot with tears. She stuck her fists into them. Her body still felt queer.

The door opened and Gus put Ken into the cab beside her. "Keep her movin' and talkin', Ken, shake her if you have to, I'll be back."

Ken's face was both awed and frightened. He took her hands and rubbed them as if he feared they would break. She tried to smile at him.

The other door opened. Gus climbed in, speeded up the engine, opened the window to stick his head out and shout some last orders, then the truck was under way. Gus closed the window, without a word handed the flask to Ken and told him to make Carey get some more down her.

Carey obediently gulped the strong stuff, Gus looked down into her eyes searchingly and said, as the truck lurched on, "You be all right now, Carey."

Carey nodded at him but still did not speak until she turned back to Ken and suddenly said, "Oh, Ken, I called you and called you and called you!"

"Gosh, Carey!" Ken mumbled helplessly as he fastened the top of the flask and handed it back to Gus.

"Ken! I saw Thunderhead!"

The boy stared at her, wondering if this was part of her snow-sleep dream.

"I really saw him, through the binoculars, standing way off there on a crest, like a white statue, just what you said."

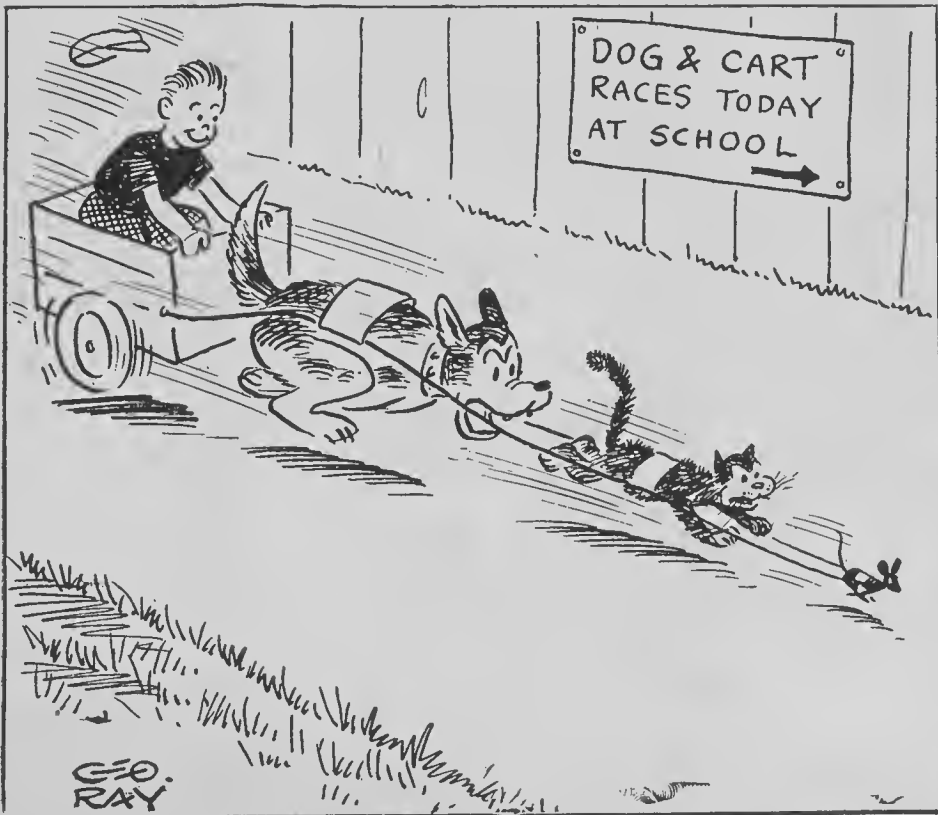
For a long moment their eyes met, sharing all that had happened, for Carey's mind had gone all of the way toward death—the rest would have been easy—and her eyes clung to Ken's and she leaned toward him, putting the burden of this on him too, to help her carry it, and suddenly the long-held tears and sobs burst through and she cried, "Oh, Ken!" and flung herself on his breast. He put his arms around her and held her tight.

The cars carried no lights. They followed one behind the other close after the chuckwagon. It was the team in the chuckwagon that led the way, knowing it well, going at a smart trot, their heads turned away from the storm, and their backs hunched slightly, heading for home.

Gus glanced sideways at Ken and Carey and said with a little grin, "Looks more like huggin' dan shakin'—vell—so long as she don't go to sleep again."

Fifteen minutes before the little cavalcade turned into the Beasley ranch, Mamie trotted up to the bunkhouse, her reins dragging. She stopped before the lighted windows and gave a beseeching whinny. [To Be Continued.]

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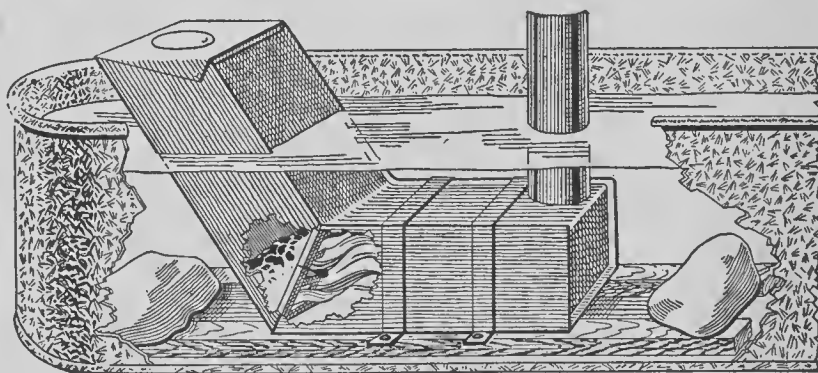
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also see his milk production rising — as well as a nice extra income from selling his surplus stock to neighbouring farmers.

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The Countrywoman

SUMMER travels this year took me eastward. The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada was holding its Fifteenth Biennial Conference in Halifax, during the second week of June. An invitation had been kindly extended to speak on Rural Housing. The weeks since that conference met have slipped quickly by. Daily press dispatches carried the main news items to members in their home provinces. Representatives have returned with copies of reports given and shortly the biennial reports will be available for local groups to study. I shall not attempt a report of the meeting but rather give the highlights and some impressions.

The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada was formed in 1919. It is 20 years since the Biennial Conference met in Nova Scotia. It chose as its new president a farm woman from Prince Edward Island, Mrs. A. C. MacMillan, who succeeded Mrs. Cameron E. Dow, O.B.E., of Port Daniel, Quebec, who served for two terms. The national meeting of the F.W.I.C. is not a convention but rather a conference of appointed provincial representatives. They present reports of special committees, and of activities carried on by the Women's Institutes, decide on program and policy and elect the national officers.

Besides the physical difficulty of getting to a meeting place in a country so vast as Canada, there is the added problem of financing a national organization. Members can fairly readily understand the importance of a local or a provincial organization. The national may seem remote and possibly vague. The F.W.I.C. finds that provincial contributions to the federal body are inadequate for the business which needs to be done, and for carrying on with work which is rightly the concern of a national organization.

Mrs. Cameron E. Dow, retiring president, pointed out in her address: "When the national federation was formed (with the blessing of the federal minister of agriculture) the records show that the budget approved at that meeting was based on the assumption of receiving a \$10,000 grant from the department. When the grant did not arrive, it became necessary to stretch the \$700 in the treasury (fees from the seven provinces first joining) to cover all the needs. After 28 years we are still waiting for the grant. During the past term 1945-1947 we have reached the heights of five cents a member for our national organization."

Officers of the F.W.I.C. have been called into consultation on national business and have made distinctive contributions. During the past two terms Mrs. Dow acted as representative of rural women of Canada on the Wartime Prices and Trade Board in regard to Regional Women's Advisory Committees. Mrs. T. L. Townsend of Manitoba has served as representative of the F.W.I.C. on the Canadian Council of Nutrition. Mrs. A. E. Abercrombie of Lennoxville, Quebec, attended the Conference of International Non-governmental Organizations at Lake Success, N.Y., last February. There have been other prominent W.I. women who have rendered distinctive service in other ways during past years.

Now, when it is so necessary for women and men to think and take action on international matters, it has become important that they first be trained to think and act on the national level. Here, national as well as provincial officers of organizations will have to make a real effort to interpret national business to the average local member. Women's organizations have been pressing for larger representation

Conference in the east furnishes ample evidence of the worthy contribution of the Women's Institute to Canada's well-being

By AMY J. ROE

of women on important boards and committees. National organizations are the training ground for such future representatives.

"We don't live in a nice world. We have not yet attained a world government. The strength of any nation lies in the hearts of its people," Col. Charles Krug, assistant director in the Department of Secretary of State, Ottawa, told the conference. He was the special speaker on Citizenship and his address might well become a matter of serious study by W.I. locals across Canada. He welcomed the support of the W.I. who "have an idealistic program, a faith, and yet have their feet on the ground."

"It is a good thing to belong," he said. Under Canada's new Citizenship Act, a newcomer is furnished with a certificate showing that he has legal status as a Canadian. He takes a binding oath of allegiance. "As rapidly as possible we must make the newcomer feel that he actually belongs. He must be taken into our churches and clubs and be made to feel at home among us. He must be given the basic tool—language, not just enough to get along with but enough so that he can read our papers and other publications. Otherwise he is dependent on the foreign press in Canada, which is not purely Canadian in its origin."

"THIS knowledge of language should be supplemented by a knowledge of Canadian history and Canadian geography. He needs to know the forms and functions of Canadian government. He needs to know something of the way we have come—and where we are going. He must know that our way out of difficulties is first by rationalization of problems, then discussion in the press and free, open meetings before arriving at a final solution. Communists and Fascists each teach points 1, 2, 3 and 4 of their doctrine and are apt in impressing these on the minds of their followers. We too must be able to express the basic principles of democracy. The newcomer must learn that our freedoms are growing things to which he has

the right and the responsibility to make his contribution. All the provinces of Canada now have adult education programs under way. Language and citizenship training might well be a part of these. A proper atmosphere and environment is required for that training. This is a job for men's and women's clubs."

The F.W.I.C. has two standing committees: Citizenship and Home Economics. Mrs. A. S. Dennis, of Vancouver, presented the report on Citizenship. It showed what has been done across Canada by the W.I. in affording scholarships for university study, forming and using libraries and book groups, conducting forums, studying legislation, supporting such measures as the formation of the Standards Division, community centres and making an effort to see that women exercise the franchise.

RESOLUTIONS, growing out of the study on Citizenship, passed by the conference asked: That the Federal government be asked to implement legislation to provide compulsory training in the English and French language for immigrants upon their arrival in Canada; That there be citizenship training for all our youth from 17 to 21 years; That citizenship training be provided for adults; That the Union Jack be a component part of any flag adopted for Canada; That a national memorial day be set apart for honoring our war dead; That a scholarship fund for the youth of Canada be established as a fitting memorial to those who gave their lives in the war; That the Archambault report on penal institutions be implemented immediately; That better supervision be given to the types of fiction sold in bus and railway stations, and that the name Dominion Day be retained for the national holiday of July 1.

The Home Economics report was presented by Mrs. T. L. Townsend of Fort Garry, Manitoba. It covered wide fields of: Health, nutrition, clothing and textiles, housing, family life, agriculture and Canadian industries. Mrs. Townsend pointed out that in this, the jubilee year of the Women's Institute organization there was special interest and incentive in reporting on support given to these fields of endeavor. It was through the effort of Adelaide Hoodless, the founder of the W.I., that the first Home Economics college at Guelph had been established. Locals have supported health measures in their province; have conducted courses in clothing; are interested in better housing, and those things which make for better family life; they have studied and supported measures for greater and more scientific production and use of foods.

As a member of the Canadian Nutrition Council, Mrs. Townsend had been able to carry forward recommendations for further research work in the nutritive qualities of our food products, particularly in relation to vitamin C content. Both of the standing committee reports will be made available for study by all W.I. membership, which now numbers approximately 70,000 rural women in Canada.

Resolutions growing out of the report and discussions asked: That the Dominion government be commended for setting up a Standards Division within the Department of Trade and Commerce; That steps be taken to establish standards in household equipment, furnishings and clothing along with a method of labelling that will provide information as to quality, care, color fastness, finishes and shrinkage. The F.W.I.C. was asked to make every possible effort to ensure a steady and increased supply of food to the countries still in want of food. A policy of selective immigration was advocated.



BY means of radio, for a half hour each school day, during 24 to 30 weeks of the year, pupils across the four western provinces have the opportunity to listen in to programs in language, music, art, science, social studies, literature, story and drama. Broadcasts are specially prepared for classroom use and teachers are furnished with special aids to assist them to get the most out of the lessons. Now that good radios are

available the number used in schools is rapidly increasing. School broadcasts, prepared by the very best teachers provide exceptionally good opportunities for country children. This scene shows a grade 1 class in a Brandon, Man. school listening to a story of Hansel and Gretel being told on radio. Views on next page show the children drawing, each giving the idea that came to his mind.

Precious Cargoes

THE school bus of modern design remains as yet something to be considered in the future as far as most of Canadian provinces are concerned. But the school van, which may be a horse-drawn sleigh or a private passenger car is a familiar object on most country roads today.

Two factors have helped to increase the transportation of children to and from home and school. One has been the shortage of teachers, which has been overcome in some instances by combining two or more schools into a larger district. The other is the centralization of schools in towns and villages in order to provide better graded classes and high school grades for country children. It is probable that the use of special school buses will increase as roads and highways are im-

By means of a moving picture, education is given in safety measures to be observed in transportation of school children

December in Manitoba, both horse-drawn school vans on railway crossings. One case resulted in the deaths of two children, and in the other, two children and the driver, a man of 70 years of age, met their deaths.

The Highway Traffic Act was amended at the last session of the Manitoba legislature, laying down certain further regulations concerning safety measures in regard to vehicles used as school vans and the qualifications for drivers of same.

The question of safety precautions in the transportation of children to school might well become a subject of study by farm groups of men and women, of Home and School Clubs and other organizations



Trustees' and parents study good routing of school bus. Children should be trained in necessary safety precautions.



proved and municipal councils are able to secure and maintain road-clearing machinery.

The driver of the school van or bus is employed under contract by the school board. These contracts are filed with the department of education of the province concerned. The filing of the contracts is chiefly for the purpose of estimating and paying conveying grants. On the school board rests the responsibility of insurance against risk, but in most cases the separate risks are handled through a pooled system of insurance, through a provincial office. A number of vans may operate in one school district. Manitoba has 621 school vans in approximately 110 school districts. There were two serious accidents last

concerned with public welfare. As we move gradually but surely into a period of time when such transportation will increase, it is well to be informed on what has been done elsewhere.—A.J.R.

Educational Moving Picture

By LYNE S. METCALFE

ONE out of six children enrolled in elementary and secondary schools throughout the United States reaches school via school bus. To transport these children in safety, it is necessary (1) to have skilled drivers, (2) to have the best possible vehicles obtainable and to keep them properly maintained



The right type of bus driver is important.

and (3) to practise safety operating measures while the bus is in transit." So says Marian Telford, special field representative of the School and College Division, National Safety Council.

Now that nearly every district of the nation is committed to the policy of supplying safe and rapid school bus service, supported by public funds; and the obvious fact that such transportation will be used even more widely in the postwar era, educators, police and civic groups are studying all possible means of making these trips as safe as human ingenuity can. As a step in this direction, the Superior Coach Corp. has had the Jam Handy Organization produce an educational-informational sound motion picture titled, "Priceless Cargo" which is free of advertising, and which is being shown free of charge throughout the United States to interested groups such as police, school boards, parent teachers, granges, church groups, luncheon clubs and women's clubs.

This is the first time that this highly important phase of American educational service has had motion picture "treatment," and a constructive and realistic approach has been assured by sponsors and producers. The picture opens up with a sequence showing how mankind takes vast precautions to protect money, jewels and documents in transit, and suggests the analogy that this "most precious" of all "cargoes" presents a problem because of the present-day need for speed with efficiency and safety. It is shown that the modern school bus is geared to these modern speeds and designed and built upon experience and expert knowledge; that roads and transport regulations in or near school areas must also be planned and kept under control in order to reduce to a minimum, accidents which endanger the life and limbs of the

country's millions of school children.

An interesting movie contrast of the old school buses and the road hazards of the twenties and the vast improvements available today is achieved by means of a motion picture cut-back. The story is built around a typical modern day-trip school, conducted by a conscientious and responsible bus driver, driving his "precious cargo" in an up-to-date postwar school bus, the contrast with the old being visualized as he recalls going over the same route years ago. Today we are shown the precautions that are taken by road-builders, police and others interested in providing a maximum of safety at every stretch, at every point, curve or intersection of the trip.

With respect to the driver who is doubtless the principal factor in achieving a maximum in safe travel, the driver as a character in this film reflects the type of conscientious personality which all those responsible will seek to employ. After all, next to the vehicle, the man in charge of it determines the protection which is provided for this "precious cargo."

The primary purpose of this film is to visualize by scenes and commentary (plus dialogue) for those who are directly interested in the subject, what constitutes a safe school bus operation in the postwar era. There is an interesting motion picture presentation of the improvements that have been made in roads, streets, safety measures in traffic control, and the special consideration that many communities render to the school buses when in service in many parts of the country.

Accidents of all kinds, including vehicular, and in some instances in backward communities, school buses furnish a surprisingly large percentage of juvenile injuries and deaths. While school building and home accidents have been studied and remedies applied, not all sections of the country have come to a full realization of the importance of using only modern, safe buses, employing trustworthy and skilful drivers and working toward safer traffic control and road and street construction in the postwar world.

It is interesting to note that according to the U.S. National Safety Council, 1944 reports showed types of accidental deaths among school age children were, first, motor vehicle (31 per cent), second, drownings (22 per cent), third, burns (15 per cent) and fourth, falls (seven per cent).



After an experiment in listening to the story of Hansel and Gretel, told over radio, four Grade II children in the David Livingstone School, Brandon, Man., earnestly endeavor to draw the pictures which came to their minds.



Using bright crayons and large sheets of paper these Grade I children are shown, each intent on putting down his idea of characters and incidents in the story told to them over radio.

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ing out well. It is so easy to mix, and rises very quickly.

"I bake bread twice weekly, and rolls once a week. I also make cake as often as my supply of sugar permits and I have not had a single failure in all my 30 years of married life.

"For prize winning products," says Mrs. Durkee in a word of advice to all home-bakers, "choose Robin Hood for all your baking as it is just as good for cakes and pastry as for light fluffy bread."

DESSERT

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ROBIN HOOD APPLE COFFEE CAKE

It'll be *third* helpings all around when teeth sink through whipped cream and tart apple into this featherlight, tender cake!

And it's so e-a-s-y, *really* easy, to bake light tender cake with Robin Hood Flour!

Bread and pastry are easier too!

That's why 4 out of 5 champion home-bakers use Robin Hood Flour for *all their baking!*

RECIPE

2 tablespoons butter	2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon salt
1 egg	¼ teaspoon nutmeg
2 cups sifted Robin Hood Flour	¾ cup milk

1. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg.
2. Sift and add dry ingredients alternately with milk.
3. Pour into buttered cake tin (about 8" x 8").
4. Slice apples in thin even sections. Arrange on batter to completely cover batter. Sprinkle with sugar and dot with butter.
5. Bake in a moderate oven (350 F.) 45 to 50 minutes, pouring ¼ cup cream over apples when cake is half baked.

Serve hot or cold, with whipped cream or heavy table cream.



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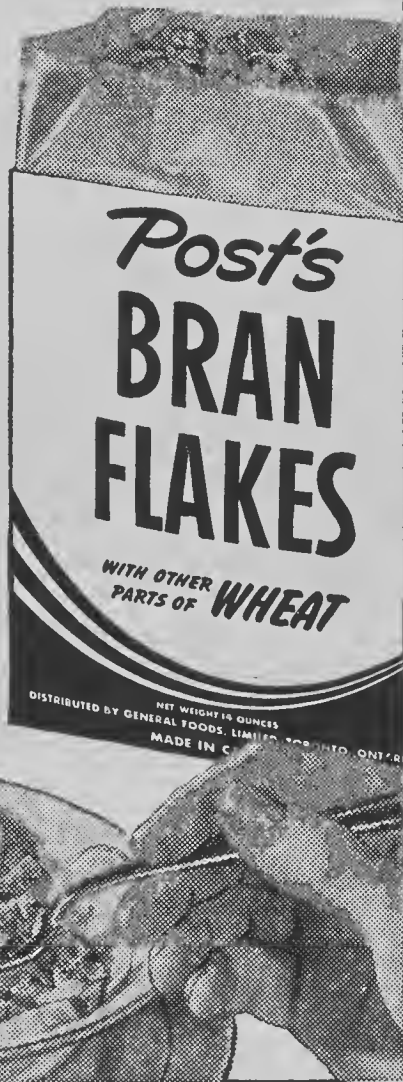
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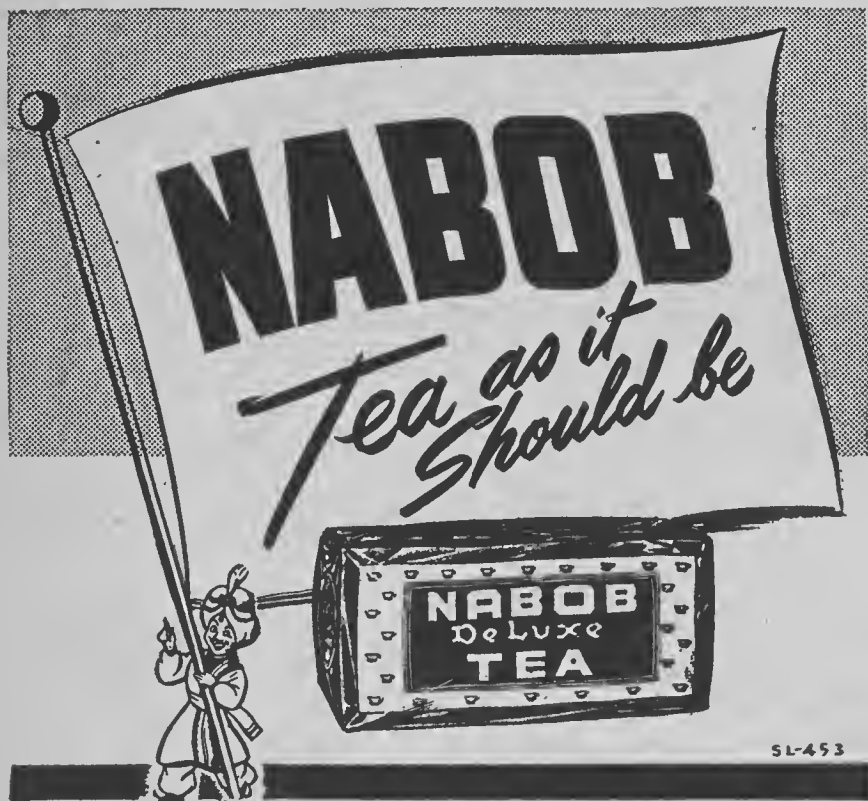
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Meals from the Garden

Suggestions for using fresh crisp vegetables

By MARION R. McKEE



Toss your own salad from a selection of fresh vegetables and crisp bacon.

FINICKY summer appetites are often sharpened by new and different ways of serving the summer vegetables which are so plentiful in the garden. The favorite method of eating them is simply with butter, salt and pepper after they have been boiled in as little water as possible to the right degree of "doneness." Delicious as they are this way, it is pleasant to have some variety and change in the method of preparation, and a welcome break is appreciated.

The next time green beans are on the menu try serving them as "spicy green beans" as in the following recipe. Creaming or frying those extra cucumbers as described in the recipes will cause a stir of interest around the table.

Eating vegetables raw in crisp salads is both healthful and appetizing, and if the raw vegetables are provided it is fun for everyone to mix his own according to taste. Some crisp slices of bacon or small sausages will give more body to the meal if desired.

Baked Carrots

12 medium-sized carrots ½ tsp. salt
2 T. butter 1 T. chopped parsley
3 T. minced onion 1 T. cream

Cook the minced onion in the butter; shred the carrots or slice them thin, then add them, together with the chopped parsley and salt, to the onions. Cover the pan and bake the carrots until they are done. When they are tender add the cream, heat them again and serve. If the day is warm and the oven is not to be used for other foods, simmer the carrots on top of the stove in a covered pan.

Green Onions on Toast

Cut the green onions to about six inches in length. Cook in boiling salted water for 10 minutes, drain and arrange on slices of buttered toast. Pour a cheese sauce over it all.

Savoury Greens

2 lbs. greens, about 3 strips bacon, chop-
3 c. cooked (beet ped
tops, spinach, ¼ c. chopped onion
swiss chard, etc.) Salt and pepper

Wash and cook greens. Meanwhile partially fry bacon, add onion and cook two or three minutes. Add to hot cooked greens, season with salt and pepper, and serve at once.

Fried Cucumbers

Peel the cucumbers and cut them

into half inch slices. Leave them in ice water for half an hour, then drain, wipe dry, dip in beaten egg and roll in seasoned bread crumbs. Fry to a delicate brown in boiling salted fat and drain on brown paper. Served very hot either plain or with a tomato sauce poured over them, these cucumbers are delicious and novel.

Creamed Radishes

3 c. prepared radishes 1½ c. milk
2 T. mild flavored fat Few grains cayenne
2 T. flour 1 tsp. salt

Wash white or red radishes, cut into strips or dice if large; cut in half if small. Cook until tender in boiling salted water (about 8 minutes). Melt fat in pan, and stir in flour and salt. Add milk gradually, stirring until thick. Add cayenne. Pour sauce over the hot drained radishes and garnish with paprika. Six servings.

Creamed Cucumbers

3 medium cucumbers 1½ tsp. salt
3 T. mild flavored fat ½ tsp. pepper
4 T. flour Dash of mace
2 c. milk

Wash and peel cucumbers. Cut in half lengthwise. Scoop out soft pulp and seeds with a spoon. Cut cucumbers in one-quarter inch slices. Melt 2 T. fat in pan. Saute cucumbers in it for five minutes, tossing constantly. Make a cream sauce of remaining fat and other ingredients. Add cucumbers, reheat and serve. Six servings.

Spicy Green Beans

1 quart green beans, 4 tsp. butter
cooked ½ tsp. nutmeg
1 c. chopped onion 1 c. cream
1 tsp. salt

Saute the onion in the fat until it is tender, then add it to the cooked beans with the cream, nutmeg and salt. Simmer the mixture for 10 minutes or place it in the oven to finish cooking.

Steamed Carrots and Celery

3 T. shortening ½ tsp. salt.
4 carrots Few grain pepper
1 c. celery, cut in ¼ c. water
pieces ½ tsp. sugar
1 small onion, sliced

Melt shortening, add onion and brown slightly. Wash, scrape, and slice carrots. Add carrots, celery, salt, pepper, water and sugar to the onions and butter. Cover tightly and steam till tender. When done all the water should be evaporated.



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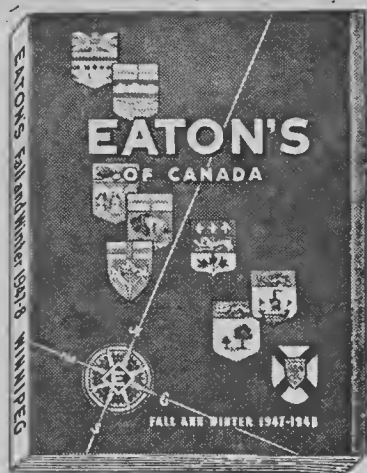
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Summer is a thirsty time of year, and plenty of cool, refreshing drinks are in great demand. Besides the old standbys such as lemonade, orangeade, and iced tea, some new and different beverages are always welcome and thirst quenching. Keeping a small supply of concentrated fruit juices on hand which only need water added to them, is a wise move for the summer hot weather.

Since sugar dissolves very slowly in a cool drink, a syrup of water and sugar may be prepared beforehand and kept in a cool place to be used for sweetening. This is easily dissolved in the beverage and leaves no waste on the bottom of the glass.

Chocolate Dream

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. grated chocolate Extract of cinnamon
1 quart water 1 pint cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar

Blend the chocolate till smooth with a little of the water, then add the remainder of the water, first bringing it to a boil with the sugar. Cook for five minutes, stirring carefully to avoid burning. Flavor to taste with extract of cinnamon. Let cool, add the cream and beat the whole mixture hard until well frothed on top. Serve in tall glasses. Serves 8.

Mint Ginger

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. fresh mint leaves 2 c. orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar 2 c. ginger ale
 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. lemon juice 3 slices lemon

Rub mint leaves and sugar together until well mixed, then add lemon juice and orange juice. Stand in a cool place. Strain just before serving, and add ginger ale. Garnish with lemon slices and a sprig of mint to each glass, and serve as cold as possible.

Spiced Grape Juice

1 pint bottled grape juice $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. cinnamon Speck of powdered cloves

Combine grape juice, cinnamon, nutmeg and powdered cloves in a saucepan and simmer for five minutes. Strain through fine cheesecloth and chill. Pour into sherbet glasses and serve. Serves six.

Rosy Dew

$\frac{1}{4}$ c. crushed raspberries Few grains salt
2 T. sugar $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. milk

Have the ingredients chilled, beat them together thoroughly, and serve the rosy dew plain or topped with whipped cream.

Oriental Punch

2 lemons $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar
6 whole cloves 3 c. orange juice
2 c. freshly made hot tea 2 c. grape juice

Slice the lemons through the rind and pulp. Put with the cloves and sugar in a pitcher or bowl, and pour the hot tea over them. Cover and set aside until cold. Add the orange and grape juice and serve. Serves six.

Tomato Juice Cocktail

2 c. strained tomato juice $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. tobacco sauce
4 tsp. chopped parsley 4 tsp. chopped olives
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. lemon juice $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Worcester sauce
1 tsp. salt

Let olives and parsley stand in tomato juice for three hours. Strain and add seasoning. Chill thoroughly, shake well and serve in glasses. Serves six small glasses.

Egg Lemonade

1 egg $\frac{1}{4}$ c. cold water
1 T. powdered sugar 2 T. lemon juice

Beat the egg just enough to mix the yolk and white. Add sugar, water and lemon juice stirring until mixed. Strain and serve cold.

Brown Knock

1 egg $\frac{1}{4}$ c. milk
1 to 2 T. chocolate syrup Few drops vanilla

Beat egg slightly, add chocolate syrup, milk and vanilla. Beat well, strain and serve.

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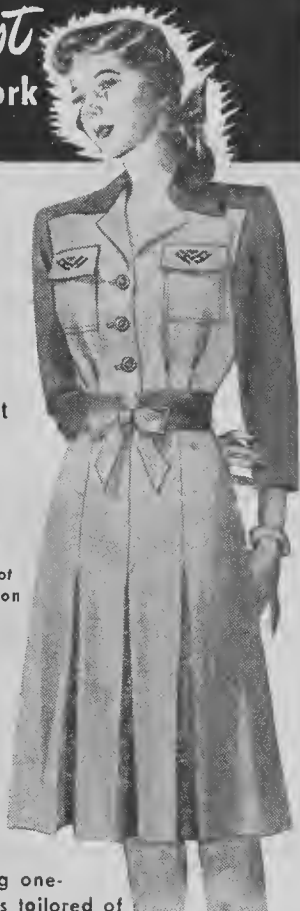
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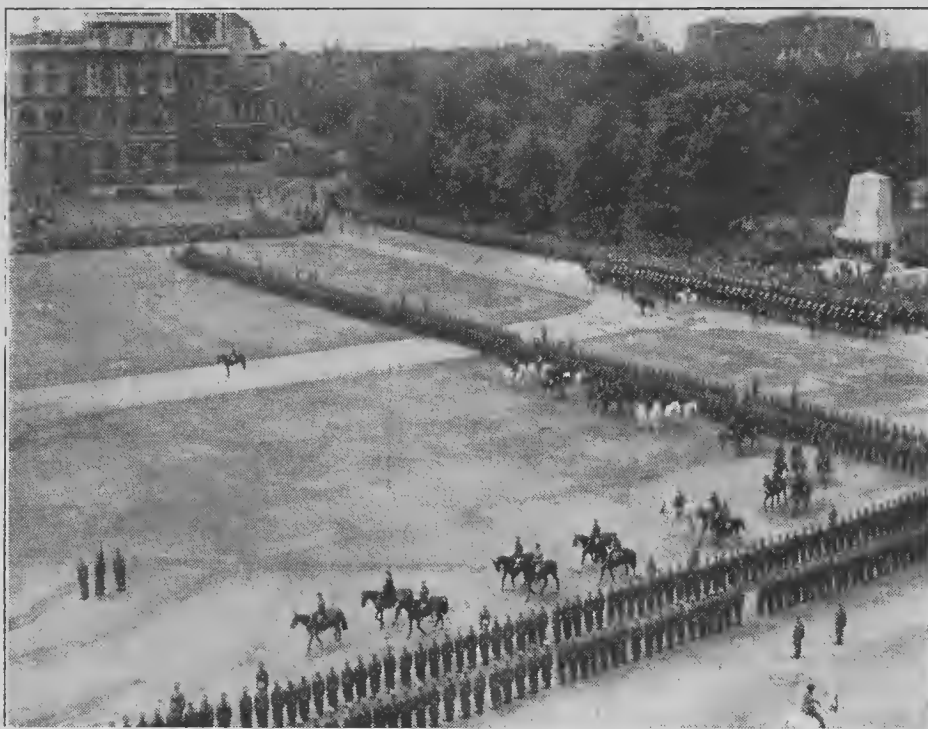
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In England Now

Lovely summer days—some thoughts on market-gardener problems—and the resumption of traditional features are told in diary notes

By JOAN M. FAWCETT



Trooping the colors on the Horse Guards Parade. The King is followed by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, Commander of the Brigade of Guards.

Wednesday, June 11th, 1947.—After one of the worst winters we have ever known in this country, we are now experiencing a truly lovely summer. The snow went late but almost at once, it seemed, we jumped into summer. All May was lovely, with warm days and rainy nights, and during June we have had increasingly hot weather and very little rain—for us here on dry, sandy soil, almost too little—but it has been a joy to be hot again. Day after day the skies have been blue and our depleted wardrobes of summer frocks are working overtime. And the shops are having to cope with a great demand for summer shoes. A great percentage of our summer shoes are heelless and toeless models, I suppose as a reaction to the wartime ban on such frivolities. I do not admire them except on young people with pretty feet.

As market gardeners the combination of the hot weather early in the year, when no one had lettuce or radishes in their own gardens, and the appearance of the Colorado beetle in Holland, so putting an end to the import of salad stuffs and early vegetables into England, has meant a booming season for us. Lettuce is still in good demand and the price holds as high as four shillings a dozen to the shops, while in other years it has been down to as little as sixpence a dozen by now, even if you could find a market at all. Peas are one shilling and sixpence a pound and gooseberries two shillings a pound wholesale. It is most cheering and only goes to prove that if only the government would stop or even restrict the import of Dutch lettuce and early vegetables and fruit, the English market-gardener would get a far better price for his products and would feel confident, with an assured market, to grow far more to meet the needs of the home market. As it is, each year he sees the market swamped with Dutch lettuce and other vegetables and he dare not take the risk of planting large crops in case he gets landed with them. Last year, for instance, farmers were plowing in fields of lettuce here. One would imagine that the Dutchman could find a ready market for all he could produce in starving Europe. This is what we feel; no doubt the politicians could tell us another story but in the meantime we are benefitting indeed from the Colorado beetle. It is a hard

thing to say, when you remember the appalling famine that hit Ireland about a hundred years ago because of this beetle but it is only natural that one should be glad of a fair, or even more than fair, return for one's labors after a difficult beginning.

There are a great many German youths still working on the farms here. One meets them in the village, bicycling, driving a tractor or a lorry, wheeling milk cans to the assembly point for collection. Now, those with good conduct records are to have some of their pay in English money which they may spend in shops, cinemas or buses, but not in public houses. They look fit and brown and usually good tempered and seem pleased if you wish them good morning. But what thoughts are going on behind their eyes? It makes you wonder and wish they could be gone. It is two years now since the end of the war with Germany and it seems wrong that one set of human beings should keep another in bondage except in time of war. They would no doubt get a good deal less to eat in Germany but they would at least be able to help to grow more food for their fellow countrymen.

But to jump from the vexed question of Germany and her food to France and her railway strike. Because of it many hundreds of English people were deprived of their holiday or else had a longer one than they had planned thrust upon them. This last situation was not easy for those who had pretty well spent up their allowance of £75. You can see how difficult it would be if you thought you had just one more night and one more breakfast to pay for and so treated yourself to a show and a pair of stockings, only to find that somehow you had to live for another four or five days at least. Other people, with hotel accommodation and passages booked, got as far as Calais only to find that they could get no further and so must return to England on the boat in which they had just crossed. Can you imagine anything more disappointing after all these years of being cooped up in our "island fortress" only to get out of it for a glimpse of wider fields and then having to return with not even your bag unpacked? But it is an ill wind, etc., for the BBC has been broadcasting for a few nights that no troops home on leave from

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France or Italy were to attempt to get back to their units until further notice.

Thursday, June 12th, 1947.—Today we went to the circus. It was an unforgettable thrill for the children, who because of the war years, had never seen a big circus before, and almost as big a thrill for the grownups too, if they would admit it. Bertram Mills' Circus is touring the country and this week was at Lincoln. It was a thrilling sight to stand outside the big tent set upon a piece of open land among trees where the town thins a little, and look up above it all to the hill where the old town and the lovely cathedral stand out against the sky. Lincoln is like that, wherever you are you can look up and see the cathedral towering above you; the people of the Middle Ages had a great gift for choosing a situation for their building.

When we had pressed our way into the big tent and found our plush covered seats, we had time to look around at the hundreds of children who were all talking at once, trying to make themselves heard above the band. And then the curtains were drawn aside for a moment and the clowns tumbled into the ring and the show began. There were elephants and lions, acrobats and tight-rope walkers, performing dogs and funny men, but the horses were the wonder of the show. I have never seen more beautiful animals, perfectly matched and groomed and trained. It was a lovely sight to watch them cantering around the ring with their necks arched and their eyes full of intelligence and interest. Mouse, who at ten loves a horse better than any other being, human or otherwise, was in the seventh heaven and has been riding her own pony bare-back ever since. After the show, we went around the

stables and watched the horses having a meal before the evening performance and stroked their noses and listened to all the grooms had to say about their keep. It took three special trains, they said, to move the animals from one town to another and it cost £4,000 a week to keep the show going.

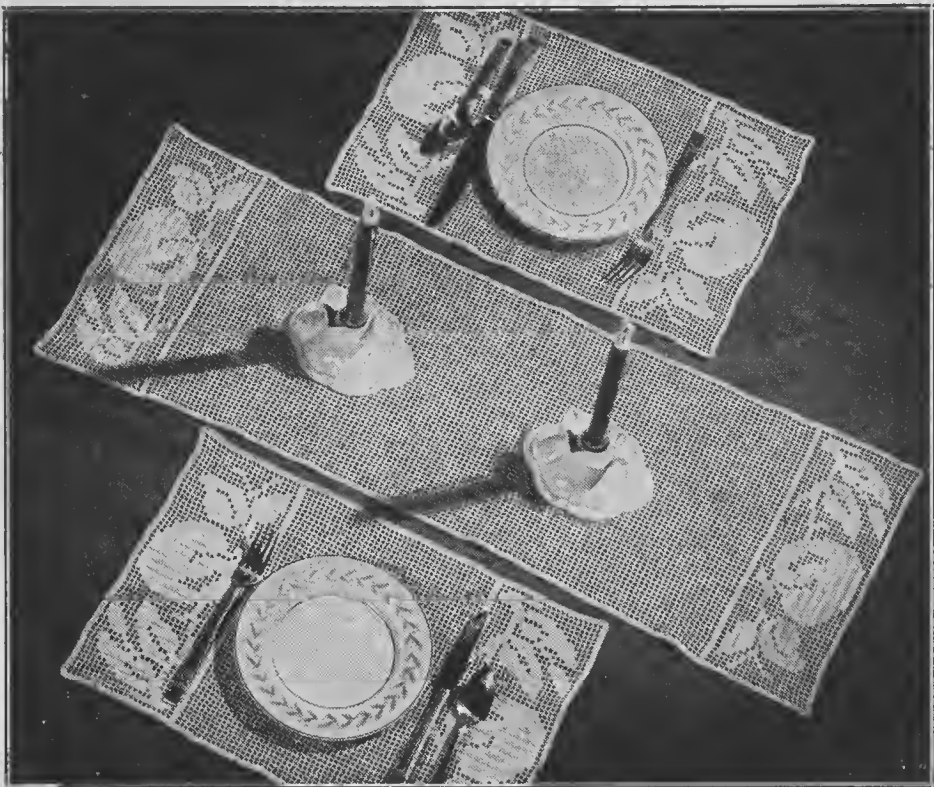
It is wonderful to have this circus back with us again, for Bertram Mills' Circus at Olympia at Christmas and afterwards on the road is part of our national life.

Friday, June 13, 1947.—Yesterday, the King's official birthday, the Trooping the Color ceremony was held again after a lapse during the war years, on the Horse Guards Parade and this year for the first time Princess Elizabeth rode with the King. She rode side-saddle and wore a dark blue habit with brass buttons upon the jacket, and a peaked cap with the badge of the Grenadier Guards of which she is Colonel. She looked very gallant and young riding among so many men at this great gathering and it is fair to suppose that many hundred throats tightened at the sight of her going by.

The summer season in London is slowly regaining much of its old glory, in spite of the fact that there are Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace instead of Courts and debutantes wear short dresses and hats instead of trains and feathers, but there are once again the traditional ceremonies, such as this Trooping the Color, and such old favorites as the Military Tournament at Olympia, and next week the Court goes to Windsor Castle to entertain a house-party for Ascot races. And so in our old, slow, undramatic way we move away from war to all the beauties of peace and soon we hope and believe to plenty as well.

Apples On A Luncheon Set

By ANNA DeBELLE



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3 lbs. small pickling cucumbers
1 qt. Heinz Distilled White Vinegar
½ cup Heinz Prepared Yellow Mustard
½ cup salt
3 ½ cups sugar

Wash cucumbers. Combine vinegar, mustard, salt and sugar. Heat to boiling. Add cucumbers and heat to boiling. Quickly pack one hot, sterilized jar at a time. Fill to ½ inch from top. Be sure Vinegar solution covers the vegetables. Seal each jar at once. Yield: 7 pints.

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Whipped Cream Substitutes

Nothing dresses up a dessert so delightfully as whipped cream, but alas, not everyone, even on the farm has the cream these days! However there are some tasty substitutes. One of these is very simple. Mash a slice or two of banana in the white of an egg and beat to a foam. Sweeten to taste.

This recipe for Mock Cream is satisfactory: 1½ tablespoons cornstarch, ¾ cup milk. Moisten some of the cornstarch with a little milk, then add the rest. Bring it to a boil and boil for 10 minutes, stirring constantly while the milk is boiling. Cool and when almost cold, add slowly ¼ cup butter, ¼ cup icing sugar, ¼ teaspoon vanilla (first mixed together and beaten to a cream). Combine the mixtures and continue beating until stiff like whipped cream.

Fluff Frosting is almost as good as real whipped cream. To make it: Beat one egg white with a dash of salt, until stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Add one-third cup dark corn syrup gradually, beating constantly. Continue beating until frosting will hold its shape. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla.—Dorothy C. Wright.

To remove varnish and paint, add two

tablespoonfuls of lye to one quart of thick starch. Mix carefully and apply with a discarded paint brush. Leave on until varnish is soft, then remove with cold water, using an old paint brush. Let stand a few hours before repainting or varnishing.—Miss V. L., Man.

* * *

To save time and to avoid having to strain lumpy gravy, put the flour and water into a small sandwich spread jar or pint sealer, fasten the lid on tight and give it a few shakes. It takes but a few seconds to combine it this way and if the jar is rinsed immediately with cold water your trouble is nil.—Mrs. R. D. E., Alta.

* * *

Water spots on furniture can be removed by rubbing the spot briskly with a cloth wrung out of warm water to which has been added a few drops of household ammonia. The spot should be dried quickly, then waxed and polished.—Mrs. H. S., Man.

* * *

If a roast appears to be getting too brown in the oven before it is thoroughly cooked, place a dish of water beside it. The steam will not only prevent scorching but the meat will cook better.—Mrs. D. K., Sask.

A Scale Plan of a Kitchen

How to draw a plan of your kitchen when remodeling

By F. F. LeMAISTRE

THE question will naturally be asked—How can I draw a scale plan? I'm not an artist or a draftsman. I do not know how to begin. Well, it is not as difficult as it may look at first sight. No elaborate equipment is needed; a sheet of white paper, a well sharpened HB pencil, an eraser, and a foot-rule or tape measure are the essentials.

First you will measure the room. For this, first make a freehand line drawing. This need not be drawn to scale. Measure the overall size of the room, then the various distances of doors, windows, etc., and mark them down on the free-hand drawing. With these measurements you can then proceed with the scale plan.

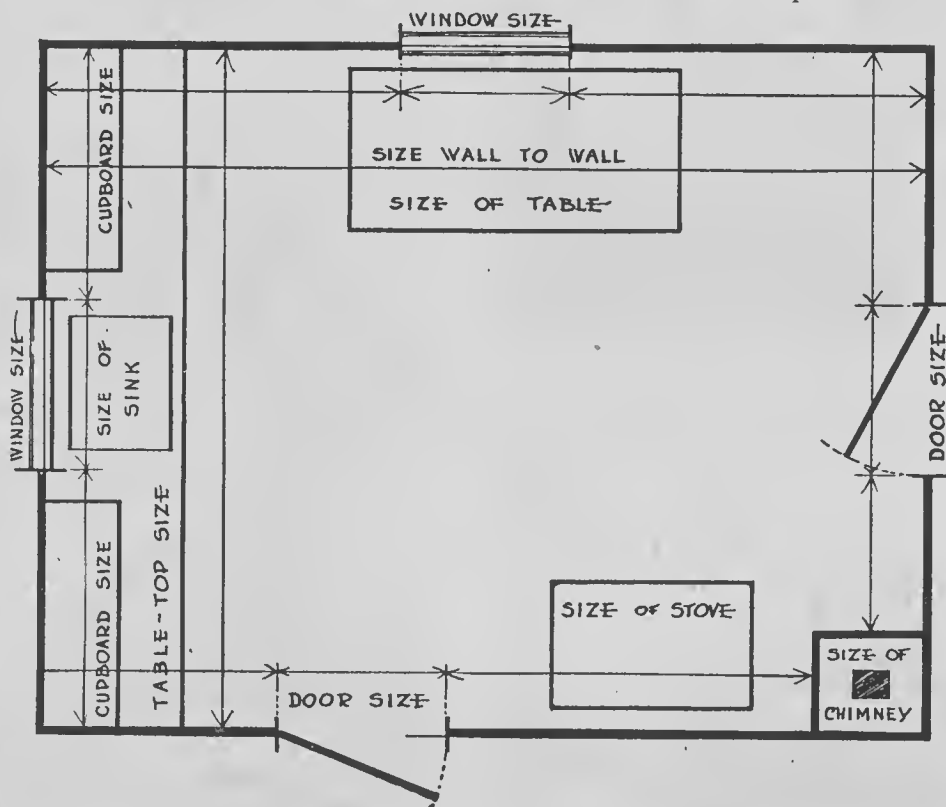
The paper may be fastened with thumb tacks or gum paper to the kitchen table or any large, flat board. If it is what is known as half-imperial size, 22 inches by 15 inches, it will be big enough for most scale plans. In placing the paper on the table choose the side on which the light is best for drawing lines. It is difficult to do this type of work in shadow or light reflection. The lines should be first drawn in lightly, then gone over with a heavy line. It is desirable that the lines should

be parallel with the edges of the paper. In this way it is easier to draw the lines straight and the right angle lines true—also looks neater.

If a tee-square and a 45 degree angle set-square are available, these will help in making an accurate plan. As a substitute, an ordinary carpenter's square of the type found on most farms can be used.

As to the unit of measurement or scale to be used, this should be large enough to be easily scaled. For a plan such as this, a scale of a half inch to one foot is recommended. Thus, a wall 20 feet long would be 10 inches on the drawing. With this size scale everything in the room can be accurately placed. We illustrate below a free-hand line drawing of a typical kitchen showing the method of measuring. The arrow leads show dimensions required to make a scale plan.

If you are considering remodeling or changing the layout of your kitchen, it is a good plan to cut out of stiff paper or cardboard the movable furniture, stove, table, etc. These can then be fitted into new locations. To give your scale plan a "finish" print on it the names of the various parts.



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A Post-Summer Check-Up!

Overcoming the ravages of over-exposure to summer sun should head the fall beauty program

By LORETTA MILLER

WEATHER plays an important part in our personal-upkeep program. Not very long ago we were told to get ready to counteract the effects of the burning rays of the summer sun, and now it is time to give attention to our end-of-summer appearance.

A becoming summer's tan, with perhaps a few freckles, is a definite beauty-asset providing it is not overdone. But when the complexion becomes as dry as leather, when freckles cover too much of the face, when hair-ends are faded and split and when the hands show neglect, then it is time to check up and get busy.

Most complexions, regardless of the skin condition or type, appear dry and parched by the middle or end of August. If this is your problem, you will find lots and lots of rich, greasy cream beneficial. Even the usually oily skin is made soft and finer textured by frequent applications of cream. Let the lubricant remain on for an hour or more, (of course after first cleansing the skin) then remove all trace of it with soft tissues or a cloth. A pad of cotton saturated with skin tonic or astringent, and rubbed lightly over the skin, will take off the final traces of cream. For skin which is normally dry, but much more so because of frequent exposure to sun, the cream should be allowed to remain on for a longer period and the final application of skin tonic should be eliminated. The slight amount of cream left on the skin will prove beneficial. If possible, the lubricant should be used during the day, before putting on makeup.

The Hair

Just as the sun dries out the natural oils of the skin, making it leather-like in texture, so does it have a drying effect on the hair. Over-exposure fades the hair too, and causes split ends that are difficult to manage. The most practicable treatment for hair that has been so abused is to clip off the dry ends. If the hair is naturally thin, and of fine texture, shortening it by doing away with the ends will make it ever so much easier to manage, and certainly far more attractive. It seems to give more body to thin, fine hair.

In addition to doing away with the unattractive and unruly ends, it is well to give weekly treatments of oil to hair and scalp. Any good vegetable oil will prove beneficial. Pure olive oil is excellent. Simply make a part, apply the oil with a pad of cotton, then make another part an inch away and there apply the oil. Continue applying oil to the scalp until the entire head has been covered. Then saturate the ends with oil. A heavy Turkish towel wrung out in very hot water and wrapped turban-fashion around the head will help steam the oil over and through the hair. Repeat the hot towel application for 15 minutes, but let the oil remain on for at least one hour before shampooing the hair. It isn't necessary to keep the oil on overnight or all day, as no more benefit will be derived after the first hour. Naturally the oil will not be easy to wash from the hair, so be sure to use soft water and a shampoo that lathers well. If possible, the hair should be dried by hand, and over-exposure should be avoided for the remainder of the summer.

The Hands

Hands that wield a hoe, guide a tractor over fields or do nothing more than the general housework, probably need



A liberal application of cleansing cream to remove makeup is used.

a good going over by now. And even if they really look quite hopeless, let me suggest a quick pick-up for toil-worn hands. First scrub the hands over and over with a well lathered, stiff bristled brush. Go around the fingertips many times, and over and under the nail tip. Then rinse off all soap and dry well. Now pour a goodly amount of any good creamy hand lotion into the palm of one hand and slather it liberally over the backs and palms of both hands. Massage and massage over the hands until the lotion is completely gone.

Next, use an orangewood stick, or any nail cleaning instrument and clean under the free edge of the nails. If cuticles are split or cracked, use either a cuticle or nail oil, or a drop of olive oil on each fingertip. Massage over the nail lubricant for a few minutes, then again scrub the hands. Lightly this time. Dry well and, if necessary, use a second and equally generous application of hand lotion. Repeat this entire procedure each day, if necessary, in order to return the hands to their well kept condition.

The Feet

It is generally too hot doing summer chores to worry too much about good looks, but now with thoughts of school, clubs, or closer association with friends this fall, we naturally turn our thoughts to ourselves. Are we going to be able to get our size six foot back into our old size six shoe? Or have those loose, but most comfortable moccasins allowed our feet to spread?

The chances are the feet will rebel a little at first, but let me suggest that you wait until the first cool day. Then bathe the feet, dry, sprinkle powder over them, and put on your hose and shoes. Don't try to walk around for a few minutes, but let your feet get accustomed to being confined, and within just a very short time your feet will feel comfortable. If, by chance, the feet are inclined to spread, putting on your regular shoes for a few hours every week or two will prevent them from getting too much out of control.

Posture is likely to slump during the summer. A series of straightening up exercises will bring the figure back to its springlike buoyancy and do wonders toward getting rid of newly accumulated girth around the middle of the body. Hard work, plus heat and freer clothing all contribute to a decontrolled figure. But squaring the shoulders, raising the chest and drawing in the abdomen will increase the height and do away with "the slumps." Frequent reminders to "straighten up" will serve to keep the figure-conscious on her toes and soon bring her posture and figure into more alert and youthful lines.

Summer can be a time of increased good looks, or it can play havoc with one's appearance. It depends upon the pre-summer care given the skin, or, failing in this, it depends upon the end of summer routine.



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No. 2805—Simple frock for hot days. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch fabric.

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Be sure to state correct size and number of pattern wanted.

Patterns 20 cents each.

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Send 20 cents for Spring and the Summer magazine which includes a complete sewing guide. Illustrated in color, presenting many pages of charming pattern designs for all ages and occasions.



MANITOBA PIONEERED MILK CONTROL

Continued from page 9

quart, the dairyman receives 62.7 per cent and the distributor gets 37.3 per cent.

Although these figures are accurate, they do not tell the whole story from the producer's standpoint. They are based on the contract price at which roughly 80 per cent of the producer's milk is sold. His contract price is \$3.20 per hundred pounds for ten-elevenths of his quota, and \$2.65 for the remainder. However, in order to fill his quota during the period of seasonal low production, he will have some surplus during other times of the year. Distributors are required to buy all the milk he sends in, but pay only the local creamery butterfat price for the surplus. During the past year this surplus milk has averaged about \$2 per hundred pounds.

ANOTHER expense which must be deducted from the price of milk to the producer is the freight. Of the 1,161 shippers in 1946, about two-thirds of them paid 25 cents per hundred or less, to have their milk trucked to the city. Seventy-two of these shippers, with a combined total of 492,600 pounds of milk, live more than 50 miles from Winnipeg, and pay up to 40 cents per hundred, delivery charges.

Wm. Elliott, secretary of the Manitoba Milk Producers' Association, and until the past year himself a shipper, estimates that the average producer nets about \$2.80 per hundred on his milk. This allows for freight and the lower surplus milk price. This still gives him about 55 per cent of the retail price.

The Milk Control Board functions principally in the Greater Winnipeg area, but also regulates the fluid milk industry in Brandon, Portage la Prairie, and the summer resorts adjacent to Winnipeg. During the past year the Neepawa town council asked the Board to take that area under its jurisdiction.

Milk control had not been in operation in Manitoba long when other provinces adopted similar legislation. Alberta was first. There the milk control board is still an appendage of the Public Utilities Board. Ontario was next to institute control. There, each interested party—producer, distributor, consumer—has a representative on the board.

British Columbia was last of the provinces to provide province-wide control. The first legislation adopted was ruled unconstitutional. The present director of milk control constitutes a one-man board, responsible only to the minister of agriculture.

The quality of milk delivered by the producer has steadily improved since the introduction of milk control in Manitoba, although there is still room for improvement when its quality is compared with that of certain other provinces. The board is not directly concerned with enforcement of health regulations, but issues a license to a producer only when he is in possession of a permit by the Department of Health of the City of Winnipeg. The license to sell milk costs a dollar, but the health certificate is issued without charge, after a health department inspector visits the dairyman's premises and finds that their condition conforms

to health regulations. Where the board exercises control outside the Greater Winnipeg milk shed (at Brandon, for example), the local health units, under supervision of the provincial Board of Health, are responsible for enforcing health regulations on dairy farms and in plants.

Inspections carried out by the Milk Control Board are confined to distributors' plants. As producers sometimes are not satisfied with the butterfat test made at the plants, a periodic check is made of these. An independent test is made, and the results compared with those issued by the distributor. The inspectors also check weights of milk delivered.

Re-inspections of the producers' premises by the health department are made as frequently as possible. However, with well over a thousand dairy-men sending in milk, the two full-time inspectors cannot make the complete round very often. They concentrate on tests they make of milk coming into distributors' plants, which they grade No. 1, 2, 3 or 4, according to quality. If the grade falls below No. 2 more than two or three times, a trip is made to the farmer's home to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the lowered grade. Suggestions are made for improving the quality. If there is no improvement the certificate is cancelled, and the Milk Control Board cancels the license.

One distributor offers a premium on Grade 1 milk, although no price differential has been authorized by the board. Also this company has informed its shippers that anyone will be dropped from its list of suppliers if Grades 3 or 4 milk is sent in more than two or three times. Whether other retailers will adopt this practice remains to be seen.

About 97 per cent of the milk sold in the Greater Winnipeg area is pasteurized. The remaining three per cent is supplied by 15 raw milk producer-distributors, who bottle the milk on their premises. Their herds are all tuberculin tested, ensuring that the milk will not be a source of infection. The health department inspectors make sure that these plants, as well as the 12 pasteurization plants in the city, comply with regulations under the Public Health Act and local by-laws.

VARIOUS tests of milk from pasteurizing plants and from the wagons on the streets, are made by the Department of Health. The tests are made at the laboratory in the basement of the City Hall. One of these tests, known as the Resazurin test, determines the keeping quality of milk. In April, 1,521 of these tests were made.

According to Dr. E. J. Rigby, chief food and dairy inspector, who is in charge of this work, the phosphatase test to determine whether the milk is properly pasteurized, is the most important test that they make. To most people, he said, the word "pasteurized" on a label means "safe." This test will detect, within one-tenth of one per cent, the amount of unpasteurized milk, if any, in a sample. In this way an undetected leaky valve could be brought to light. Also, if pasteurization was stopped at 20 minutes instead of the required 30 minutes, this test would reveal that pasteurization was not complete.

Other tests include the Babcock test to determine percentage of butterfat; a test to reveal contamination before pasteurization; another to show up contamination after pasteurization; a bacterial count test; and a sterility test of washed and sterilized bottles, just before they go into the bottling machine.

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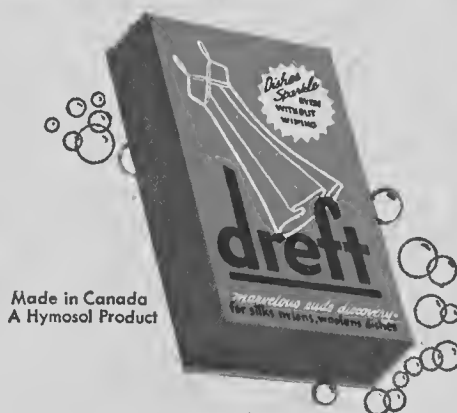
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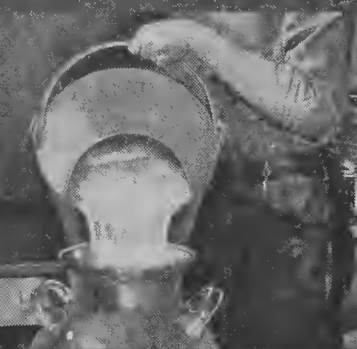
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The Country Boy and Girl

Daisy Duck

By MARY E. GRANNAN

D AISY was the nicest duck in the henyard. Everybody liked her. She was fat and white and she was always laughing. Whenever Farmer Fisher heard a great quacking down at the duck pond, he knew Daisy was there.

One day when Daisy was singing for the other ducks, there was a visitor at Farmer Fisher's. The stranger heard the song Daisy was singing and said to Farmer Fisher, "What on earth is that? It's the funniest noise I've ever heard."

"I know it is," said the farmer. "That's Daisy Duck singing."

"But ducks can't sing," said the visitor.

"I know that," said the farmer. "So does Daisy, but she sings just the same, and she makes the barnyard folk laugh, and grow fat."

The stranger shook his head in wonder. "Well, upon my word, I've never heard tell of the like. Will you show me this singing duck?"

"Sure," said the farmer and took him down to the duck pond. The stranger looked at Daisy and said, "Daisy's the finest, fattest duck I've seen in a long time. Why don't you send her to the Fall Fair, Farmer Fisher? She'd take a first prize. I know she would."

"That's an idea," said the farmer. "I'll do that. I'll enter her name right away."

So Daisy's name was put on the list of ducks to be shown at the Fall Fair. She didn't know about this for a long time but when she did, she was frightened.

"Don't be frightened Daisy," said the speckled hen, "Think how proud we'll all be when you win the first prize."

"I'd never take a prize," said Daisy.

"Of course you'll take a prize," said the hen. "You're the finest duck in the countryside."

Mrs. Hen was right. Daisy did win a prize at the Fair. She was treated like a queen. She had a special little dish with flowers on it for her corn meal. She had a bright ribbon hanging on her coop, which said she was the finest duck at the Fair, and hundreds of people stopped to look at her.

"She's a beauty," one would say.

"Look at the breast on her," another would say.

"She's got such pretty feet," said one little girl.

"Look at the cute turned up tail on her," said a little boy.

Daisy began to feel very important. She waddled around like a queen now, and she held her head very high. When the Fair was over and Daisy went back to the farm, she wasn't the same Daisy at all. She was proud. The ducks and the hens and the chickens all ran to meet her to tell her how glad they were she had won the first prize. She walked by them and went to the pond, without so much as a "Thank you."

They all looked at her in surprise, and then they looked at one another. "She's tired," said the speckled hen. "Leave her alone for a while."

Later they went down to the pond. When the ducks jumped in she snapped at them, and told them to go away. "I want the pond for myself. I don't want to be swimming with everybody."

They couldn't believe it, but they let her alone.

She swam alone. She ate alone. And she felt very important. There was no more laughing in the barnyard.

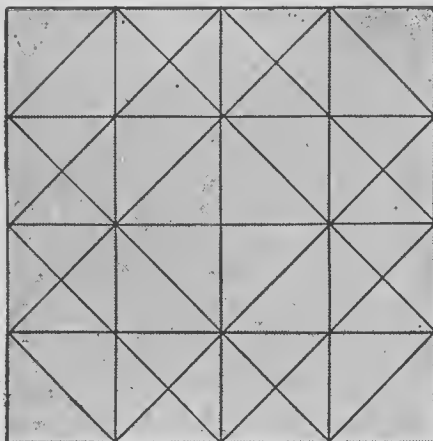
Then one night a fox came. He saw Daisy all by herself. She was so fat! He smacked his lips. He went slinking up to her. When Daisy saw him coming,

WHAT an important time of year on your farm when the golden wheat is being harvested which will soon be made into bread for the world. Aren't you proud to have a share in helping to feed so many people? Just think—every day somewhere in the world wheat is being planted! While you are harvesting your wheat the farmers of Australia and South America are getting ready to plant their crops for they will sow their wheat in September and harvest it in December when you are celebrating Christmas. Early frosts will not destroy their crops but many rabbits will be troublesome to them. Did you know that the combine you use was invented in Australia?

This month we have a puzzle for you to solve and an outdoor game we think you will like to play with your friends. The diagram contains 25 squares and 48 triangles. Can you find them all in five minutes?

The game is called "Puss in the Circle." Mark a large circle in sand or in loose earth. All the players stand outside the circle except the one who is chosen to be "Puss" who stands inside the circle. "Puss" tries to tag any player who puts a foot inside the circle. The players take every opportunity to tease "Puss" by stepping in and out of the line. Anyone whom "Puss" touches is a prisoner and becomes another "Puss" and must help to tag the others. The last one tagged wins the game.

SQUARES AND TRIANGLES



Ann Sankey

PUSS IN THE CIRCLE



she cried out for help. But no one made a move to help her.

"You wanted to be alone," said the turkey gobbler. "Now you are alone."

"Oh help! Help me! Don't let him take me!" cried Daisy.

The old speckled hen then spoke to the ducks, and the roosters and the turkeys. "We'll be just as bad as she is, if we don't help her," she said. "Let's chase this fox away."

So the rooster and the gobbler, and the old speckled hen went after the fox. He was no match for all of them together so he took to the woods again.

Daisy hung her head. "I . . . I don't know what to say," she said. "I've been so silly to think I could get along without friends. I don't know why I thought I was better than the rest of you because I took a prize. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes," said the speckled hen, "if you'll be the old Daisy that you were again."

That afternoon the barnyard was laughing again. Daisy Duck was singing.

Be A Backyard Champion

MANY a world's champion tennis player, high jumper, golfer, marksman, and polo player obtained his preliminary training right in his own backyard.

Why not set up your own outdoor gymnasium close to the pantry and the shower tub? Even though you never reach the dizzy heights of stardom in sports you can have barrels of fun and exercise that you will remember as long as you live.

Below you will find a few suggestions for backyard games which are attracting more and more attention from sport-loving folks. None of them requires any great amount of skill to start, they can be played by both boys and girls of any age from 7 to 70 and, best of

all, they demand very little space and no fancy equipment. What they do require is an organizer with plenty of pep and enthusiasm for family sports, someone who will dig in and set up the playing field and organize a neighbor's league. That's where you come in.

First, there's the ancient game of horse shoes. Right now it is estimated there are over 3,000,000 enthusiasts on the American continent so you may rest assured you have plenty of company when you toss the irons. Discarded horse shoes will do in a pinch but the regulation shoes made especially for the game are best. These have proper hooked ends which catch the stake and hold on to the ringers. Small-sized horse shoes are obtainable for grandmothers and tiny-tots but you can always get around pitching difficulties by reducing the distance of the throw. Your own scoring system may be devised to suit the occasion but usually 21 is a game with a ringer counting 3 points, two shoes closer than opponent, 2 points; and one shoe closer, 1 point. A leaning shoe has no extra value. The standard pitching distance of 40 feet will be much too far for a family game. Better cut it down to 25 feet or 30 feet at the most. Each player throws 2 shoes.

Deck or ring tennis is another excellent backyard pastime. For this, all you require is a rope stretched from the garage to the clothes-line post about 8 feet high. The playing object is a rubber ring obtainable at any sports store. This ring is tossed over the net by the players who endeavor to make it land on the ground inside the playing court of their opponents. A playing field 15 by 40 feet divided in two at the net is ample. Either the tennis or volleyball system of scoring may be used.

And you must know volleyball. It is one of the very best conditioners for the future football, tennis, or basket-

ball champion. A clothes-line with a few pieces of cloth dangling down at intervals of 6 or 8 inches makes an ideal net. If you cannot afford a real volleyball, you can have fun enough with a toy balloon but the playing court will have to be greatly reduced.

The setting up of a pee-wee golf course may appeal to you but clock golf is much simpler. For this all you require is a circle about 30 feet in diameter with 12 tin cans sunk in the ground at 30 degree intervals on the circumference and a thirteenth "hole" at the centre. The idea is to start at centre and score at one o'clock, then play from one o'clock back to centre before teeing off to two on the dial. This is continued all the way around the clock, and the player making the trip with the fewest number of strokes wins the play. The ball must be placed within 12 inches of the hole before making any stroke. This is really a top-notch family game and, of course, you do not have to stay by the circle idea. You can just as easily make an 18-hole square course or a 6-hole triangle. Use your imagination. You need two golf sticks (second hand ones will do) and two balls.

For the prospective archery expert you can easily set up an outdoor range using a home-made lath bow and a shingle arrow. Instead of using a target have the contestants aim to get the arrows into a box nailed onto the fence.

Paddle tennis can be played using the volleyball court, a soft sponge rubber ball and a paddle bat cut out of a flat board.

A different sort of game for a small space can be set up by mounting a long board on two boxes and rolling marbles along the alley in an effort to sink them into a tin can set below the board at the opposite end to the starting point. Ten marbles are fired by each player but an extra shot is allowed for every three marbles which land in the jack pot.

It is always more fun to play a game than to watch it. And remember, your fun is doubled when you organize a game with apparatus you have rigged up yourself.—Walter King.

Don't Close the Door

THE girl who worries about her ability to handle a responsible job is often the one who turns in a very creditable performance. So, the next time you are asked to take office in your school or community group, don't drag out those "escape" excuses again.

Accept this time and be heartened by the fact that everyone who holds public office has started somehow, sometime. The first essential is to plan your work carefully and as far ahead as possible. The second is to follow through without faltering.

Once you start doing this sort of thing, it is not so easy to become a follower again. If you have done a job to the best of your ability, you will find that your friends have found you out and have you on their "able" list. Also, you may feel that you would like to go on to bigger and harder jobs and yet—you hesitate. Here then is a quotation I suggest you treasure in your mind. It comes from a wise and able clubwoman, who knows the anxieties of those who do public service:

"If those who know you and your work consider you equal to a new responsibility, never refuse on account of self-distrust. If you do you will close many doors of opportunity in your own face."—M. B. Evans, Nipawin, Sask.

THIS SOIL WE USE

Continued from page 8

different kinds of material which the glacier picked up and eventually left in different areas have given us a wide variety of soils, including those which are very stony, others that are heavy clays with no stones, and others sandy. Some soils contain much lime, and others much shale.

All that has just been said indicates how important parent material is in the formation of soils. As soon as the glacier melted, climate began to change these parent materials into soils as we know them. In fact, soil is the best record we have as to what the climate of the prairie provinces has been since the glacier disappeared. To a considerable extent, climate determines plant and tree growth; and when parent material and climate are combined, they have a marked effect on the nature of soils. We see this in western Canada where the soils in the three prairie provinces have been divided into five large areas, within each of which the climate, vegetation and soils are generally similar. We call these large areas soil zones. Within each of these zones the soil, plant growth, climate and adaptation to farming are quite similar. Moreover, these prairie soil zones are closely duplicated in parts of Russia, where the climate and plant growth are quite similar to those of the same soil zones in the prairie provinces.

MUCH has been written and spoken about our soil zones in recent years. Briefly, they are called Brown, Dark Brown, Black, Grey and Transition zones. The Brown soils are the driest, and these areas have the highest temperatures and evaporation of moisture from the soil is the greatest to be found anywhere in western Canada. Consequently, the landscape is treeless prairie, with short grass. The Dark Brown soils are somewhat darker, because they contain more humus. Both temperature and evaporation are a little lower and the grass is thicker and a little taller. The Black soils are still higher in humus, which gives them their color, while lower temperatures and still less evaporation permit a lush, rank growth of grass. Clumps of trees are common, and in some areas tree cover is fairly complete. We sometimes call this area Parkland. Grey soils result when the land has been covered with trees for a long period. Temperature and evaporation are both low. The soil is low in humus and in cultivated fields has a grey color. Most of the trees are poplar, with some spruce or black pine. Between the Black and the Grey soil zones there is an in-between or change-over area which is called the Transition zone. These soils were at one time black and were covered with grass. For some time, however, they have been covered with trees, with the result that they are changing from black to grey soils and are therefore in process of "transition."

Many people believe that the differences between soil zones is due to a difference in rainfall or precipitation. This is not true. The real difference is the efficiency with which moisture is used. This, in turn, depends on average temperature, the rate of moisture evaporation and length of the frost-free period. If one goes from the dry, open prairie at Swift Current in Saskatchewan, to Saskatoon and then to Melfort, a gradual and more or less steady increase in plant growth will be noted. The grass becomes thicker and taller. Clumps of trees appear, and both grass and trees increase until Melfort is reached. Nevertheless, the average rainfall in the Brown soil zone at Swift Current is 15.18 inches; at Saskatoon in the Dark Brown soil zone it is 14.8

inches; and at Melfort in the Black soil zone it is only 15.25 inches. This means that there is less than one-tenth of an inch difference in total precipitation between Swift Current and Melfort. It means, also, that an inch of rain at Swift Current does not produce as many pounds of plant growth, or bushels of grain, as it would produce either at Saskatoon or at Melfort. Here, then, is a point of great importance: Climatic as well as actual soil differences exist between each of the soil zones in the prairie provinces, and they create significant changes in farm practice.

We have noted the effect of parent material and of climate in forming soils. Now let us briefly examine the effect of the kind of vegetation on our grassland prairies. A considerable amount of humus has developed in these soils over the centuries, due partly to the fact that at certain seasons there is not enough moisture to bring about the complete decay and decomposition of the dead grass. The shortness of the grass encourages this slow decomposition and dryness of the soil, which also leads to a much slower chemical activity in the soil itself. Under trees, however, it is cooler and there is also more moisture, which permits more complete decomposition of dead leaves and grass. This in turn produces chemicals which act on the minerals in the upper part of the soil so as to turn it into an ash grey layer, under which is a tough, heavy sub-soil. If grassland soil becomes covered with trees, it too begins to develop such a grey layer. From a practical point of view, climate determines what crops we can grow and vegetation is important in determining the cost of bringing the land under cultivation. Taken together, the climate and vegetation of the past have been responsible for many soil characteristics which are important in determining farm practice.

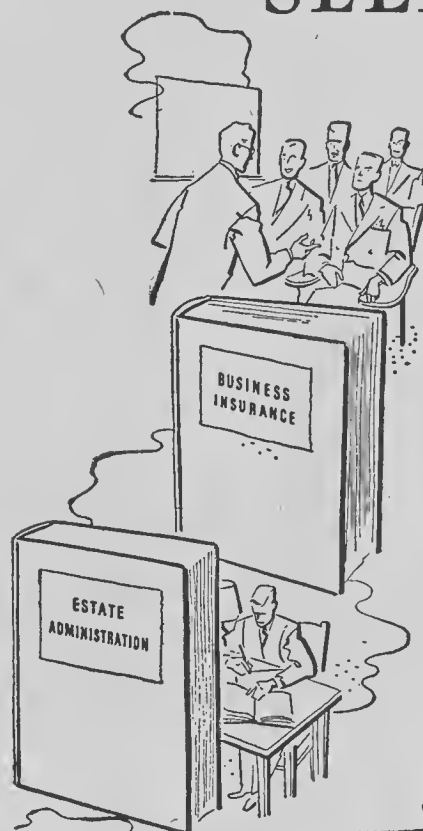
NOW, as to the effect of topography, or the lay of the land, on the formation of the soil. Most people have noticed that where coulees, creeks and rivers run in an east-west direction, the north bank is usually grass-covered and dry, while the south bank, which is moister, usually has a good deal more tree growth. This is because the north bank receives the direct, hot rays of the sun, making it warm and dry, like the Prairies. On the south bank, the sun's rays strike at an angle, causing less evaporation and enabling the soil to retain more moisture. This brings about heavier tree and grass growth. Hills are sometimes seen on which grass grows on the south side and trees on the north side. Moreover, the soil on the grass-covered south slopes will be similar to prairie soil, while that on the tree-covered north slope will be more like the wooded soils.

Road cuts through knolls also illustrate effect of topography. On the tops of knolls the soil is shallow, becoming deeper as one goes down the slope, with the deepest soil occurring in the hollows. Moisture runs toward the hollows, which keeps the knolls comparatively dry and covered with scant growth, which in turn helps to maintain the shallow depth of soil. These knolls, then, provide farm problems, since, being dry and less fertile, they prevent crops from maturing uniformly on rolling or undulating land.

It has taken 10,000 to 15,000 years for the soils of the prairie provinces to form. We cannot afford to ruin them in a few decades. We should aim to use the soil so that its productivity will be maintained through our lifetime for use by our descendants. Farm science has proved that this is not only possible but highly profitable. Let's keep this soil we use.

(Note: Dr. Bentley is Assistant Professor of Soils at the University of Alberta, Edmonton).

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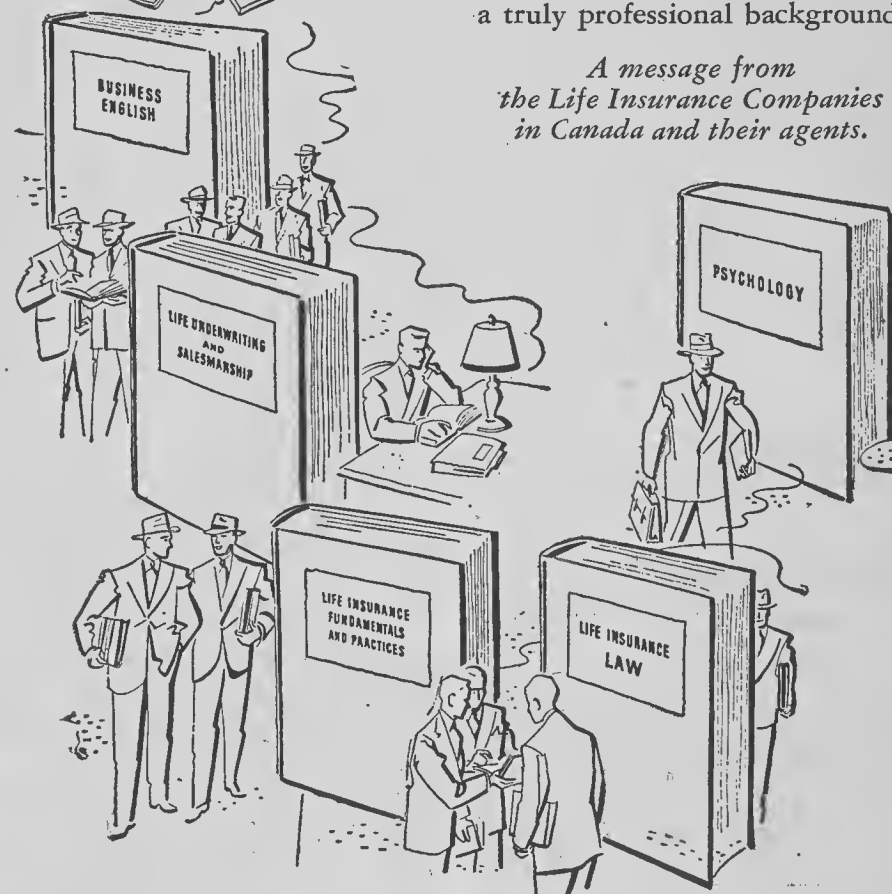


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Ad. Index

Apart from giving Guide readers a ready reference to items advertised in this issue, the coupon below may be used to order literature, samples, etc., offered our readers, by our advertisers. Advertisers offering literature, samples, etc., are numbered at the left and these numbers should be used in the coupon. Where stamps, labels, etc., are required an "X" appears alongside the number. The ad itself will tell you what to send.

FARM

	Page
1. Auto Accessories—Free Catalog	36
2. Auto Repairs—Free Catalog	18
3. Army Truck Parts—Free Circular	45
4. Batteries—Details	33
5. Coveralls—Free Almanac	67
6. Farm Equipment—Literature	36
7. Farms—Free Booklet	30
8. xFarm Lands for Sale—Information, Specify	36
9. Lighting Plants—Details	18, 36
10. Flies—Free Literature	25
11. Fur Raising and Trapping—Free Booklet	18
12. Generator Plant—Free Information	23
13. Livestock Loss Prevention—Information	24
14. Livestock Supplement—Free Folder	40
15. Milk Cooler and Grain Grinder—Free Catalog	17
16. Oil Filter—Free Booklet	40
17. Portable Power Tools—Free Folder	22
18. Post Hole Digger—Information	17
19. Power Tools—Catalog	18
20. Puller and Fence Stretcher—Free Literature	58
21. Tractor Umbrella, Information	25
22. Windmills—Free Information	16

HOME

23. Cleanser—Free Booklet	63
24. Coal Heater—Free Folder	22
25. Enamel—Free Booklet	44
26. Feminine Hygiene—Free Booklet	60
27. Lamps—Free Brochure	62
28. Water Softener—Free Booklet	18

MISCELLANEOUS

29. Asthma Remedy—Free Sample	58
30. Detective Training—Free Information	26
31. Memorials—Information	18, 33, 61
32. Men's Clothing—Free Almanac	61
33. xMusic Lessons—Free Booklet—Specify	40
34. Oil Burners—Particulars	58
35. Radio School—Free Particulars	22
36. Rheumatism Remedy—Free Booklet	33
37. Rupture Remedy—Free Information—Trial Offer	18

GENERAL

Agents Wanted	36
Anemia Remedy	61
Animal Disease Control	22
Autos	13, 47
Auto Accessories	29
Baby Chicks	26
Banking Service	24, 45, 49, 52
Batteries	22, 37
Bedding	60
Boys' School	18
Bread	58
Breakfast Food	44, 56
Building Paper	50
Cattle Supplement	25
Cleanser	59
Dividend Notice	36
Electric Generators	41
Farm Belts	36
Farm Machinery	68
Flour	55
Floor Finish	58
Gasoline and Motor Oil	3, 19
Glazing	18
Gloves	18
Grain Co.—Institution	49
Grinders, Air Comp., Vaults	52
Hand Cleanser	58
Heaters	25
Insecticides and Fungicide	17, 20, 26, 36
Laxative	33, 60
Life Insurance Service	65
Liniment	16, 26
Livestock Remedy	26
Lonely Hearts Club	36, 60
Lubrication Equipment	43
Lubricant	27, 46
Machinery and Repairs	22
Magneto Repairs	33
Mail Order House	57, 58
Meat Curing Compound	57
Motor Repairs	18
Patents	18
Pectin and Memba Seals	58
Pest Exterminator	18, 22
Pile Etc. Remedy	40
Plow Share Edges	21, 43
Power Chain Saw	41
Power Mixer	49
Radio	30
Rope	20, 42
Roofing	42
Rubber Heels and Soles	33
Shoe Polish	24
Skin Remedy	58
Snow Fencing	17
Steam Engine for Sale	26
Syrup	51
Tea	56, 59
Tea Bags	51
Tires	17
Tobacco	30
Tooth Paste	48
Tractor	34, 35
Tractor Canopy	17
Trucks	4, 28
Vaseline	57
Valve Cores and Caps	50
Vinegars	60
Wagons and Sleighs	25
Washline Machine Parts	25
Water Heater	36
Weatherstripping	16
Weed Killer	26
Yeast	57, 58

THE COUNTRY GUIDE, August, 1947. Winnipeg, Man.

From the items numbered I have selected the following in which I am interested in the literature, etc., offered.

Name

P.O.

Prov.

Numbers Please print plainly.

Between Ourselves

AFTER some of the good covers on recent issues of The Country Guide, it was with a feeling of disgust that I looked at the July cover. To picture a baby as flirting, with head tilted in the manner of a Hollywood glamour puss is repulsive to anyone who knows real children. The picture is most unnatural. I wonder where the artist found a model. The picture looks as if he hadn't one. Please don't give us any more of the like of that. Give us dogs, cats, horses, cows, flowers, trees—anything rather than that!—Anne Baehr, Woodpecker, B.C.

MAYBE we would have done better to use the eloquent picture reproduced on this page, sent to us by Elaine Howard, Marsden, Sask. Youth and Age. Referring, of course, to the contrasts between the bay and the grey in appearance and attitude. And maybe Miss Howard's contribution to the effect of the picture might rate her a few fan letters without bringing down on her the heavy denunciation that fell on our little girl of the July cover.

GENERALLY we pay no attention to anonymous letters, but this one in an envelope with a Melfort, Sask., postmark pans us in a way we expected to be panned, so we give it the respect due to a properly authenticated letter. It starts with fair words. "If your new serial, 'The Green Grass of Wyoming,' is as good as the two previous ones by the same author, you have made a good choice." And then comes the blow. "But how does a publication which knows as much about shipping livestock as The Country Guide ought to, let an author get away with the incredible story about shipping a colt from the Atlantic coast to Idaho in a crate on a flat car! The crate slips off the flat car and is destroyed, an important incident in the development in the story. My eye! My respect for the author's inventiveness slips with worse results than what happened to the contents of the car. You'll have to do better than that next time."

THE portable still, to which we gave only a couple of column inches in the July issue, may turn out to be a revolutionary invention. But F. H. H. Lowe, of Ninette, Man., writes to say that 55 years ago a German, with the aid of a similar contrivance, manufactured alcohol from corn stalks, husks, potatoes, in fact anything which would ferment. The resulting extract could be retailed in those days as low at 16 cents a gallon and can be utilized by ordinary internal combustion engines. Mr. Lowe thinks the oil companies would be very much interested in this contrivance as it would help them powerfully in reducing the price of fuel, which now costs him 40 cents a gallon at the local pump. We are glad to pass the idea to them at no charge.

"WHY can't you publish more ads like the one for Nugget Shoe Polish on page 49 of your July issue," writes Joe McCrimmon. (This was the ad in which the acrobat was so anxious to show off his shoe shine that he insisted on wearing his street shoes for his tumbling act, with cruel results to his partner). "So many of the boys who were overseas got a kick out of the humor which the English were not afraid to put in their ads. No one who saw the ads for Guinness' Stout during the war will ever forget them. They did a great deal to lift the corners of English mouths in the years when there wasn't much else to make them laugh. An ad like that will do more for your



Youth and Age.

paper among its readers than a good article."

We endorse your sentiment 100 per cent Joe, down to and including the word "laugh." If you will fix it with the advertisers, who pay the shot, we will reserve unlimited space for humorous ads that come up to our high requirements in other respects.

THE Guide is pleased to pay tribute on its editorial page to the late Lord Bennett of Hopewell and Calgary, and Mickleham in the County of Surrey, or as he was irreverently called by Canadians in London, "Lord Bennett of Hopewell and points west." Readers will note, however, that in listing the important legislation passed during his term of office, no reference is made to The Farmers' Creditors Arrangement Act. Which leads us to a bit of political back room gossip.

This very useful piece of legislation was really born in the Palliser Hotel, Calgary, during a conference between representatives of the three prairie provinces. Alberta had led the way by the previous enactment of debtor's relief legislation, followed by Saskatchewan. While this provincial legislation did some good, cases initiated under it often came to deadlock because the province had no coercive powers in cases of this kind.

At the Palliser meeting, J. E. Brownlee representing Alberta, and M. A. McPherson, then attorney-general of Saskatchewan, agreed on the necessity for federal legislation which would give referees the power to enforce their decisions. They roughed out the features which were subsequently embodied in the Farmers' Creditors Arrangement Act and laid their joint production before the prime minister at the next Dominion-Provincial conference.

Lord Bennett's action was unexpectedly and violently hostile. He charged the two westerners with promoting radical legislation of the sort which was bringing the West into disrepute. The westerners took up the challenge with spirit and the other participants at the conference were treated to a bit of legal cloak and dagger which could have been provided only by men of the calibre of the three antagonists.

Once away from the conference room the prime minister compared notes with Rod Finlayson, his secretary, who allowed that the discussion had been at cross purposes because the prime minister had not accurately understood the proposition put forward. R. B. made amends gracefully by calling the provincial spokesmen separately to his office, and the upshot was the Act which tempered the force of adversity to so many farmers who have since become securely established.

What's In This Issue

Editorial	10
Under the Peace Tower	11
British Columbia Letter	12

FEATURES

Maritime Wrongs—By R. D. Colquette	5
Cowboy Fair—By Kerry Wood	6
This Soil We Use—By G. F. Bentley	8
Manitoba Pioneered Milk Control—By J. T. Ewing	9
A Deputy Minister Speaks Out	15
War on Cougars—By Harry Gregson	18
Colquette Retires	24
Sheep Dogs in the Heather—By Richard C. Stone	36

FARM

News of Agriculture	14
Livestock	16
Field	19
Workshop	25
Poultry	26
Horticulture	27

HOME

The Countrywoman—By Amy J. Roe	53
Precious Cargos	54
Meals From the Garden—By Marion R. McKee	56
Keeping Cool In England Now—By Joan M. Fawcett	58
Apples on a Luncheon Set—By Anna DeBeile	59
A Scale Plan of a Kitchen—By F. F. LeMaistre	60
A Post-Summer Check-Up—By Loretta Milier	61
Cool Fashions	62

YOUTH

The Country Boy and Girl	64
--------------------------	----

FICTION

Green Grass of Wyoming (Serial—Part II) by Mary O'Hara	7
--	---

AUGUST, 1947

CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED

Non-fiction, articles or features may be reproduced where proper credit is given to The Country Guide.

Practical Books and Bulletins

"A Country Guide Service"

22. Hardy Fruits, by G. F. Chipman—25 cents postpaid.
23. Farm Workshop Guide, edited by R. D. Colquette—illustrations and instructions for gadgets, and practical farm plans—50 cents postpaid (or Free with a \$1.00-for-2-year subscription).
50. The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 1—Kitchen Labor Savers, Home Decorating, Pattern Reading, Getting Rid of Flies, Bugs, and Beetles, etc., etc.—25c postpaid.
52. The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 3—Nutrition (foods necessary for proper quantities of vitamins, calories, minerals, etc.), Canning Meats and Vegetables, Curing Meats, Drying Vegetables, Storing Vegetables, etc., etc.—25c.
53. Farmer's Handbook on Livestock: Book No. 4—Livestock Nutrition, Livestock Pests and Diseases, etc., etc.—25 cents postpaid.
54. Farmer's Handbook on Soils and Crops, Book No. 5—Types of soils. Erosion control. Weed control. Forage crops, etc., etc., postpaid 25c.
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1. How to Take a Home Manicure.
2. Care of Hands.
3. Care of the Feet.
4. Treating of Superfluous Hair.
5. Daintiness in Dressing.
6. How to Care for Your Skin.
7. Skin Problems.
8. Take a Facial at Home.
9. Care of the Hair.
10. Hair Problems.
11. How to Use Powder, Rouge, and Lipstick.
12. Mouth Hygiene.
13. Getting Ready for a Permanent.
14. Use and Care of Hair Brushes.
15. How to Choose Toilet Soap.

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